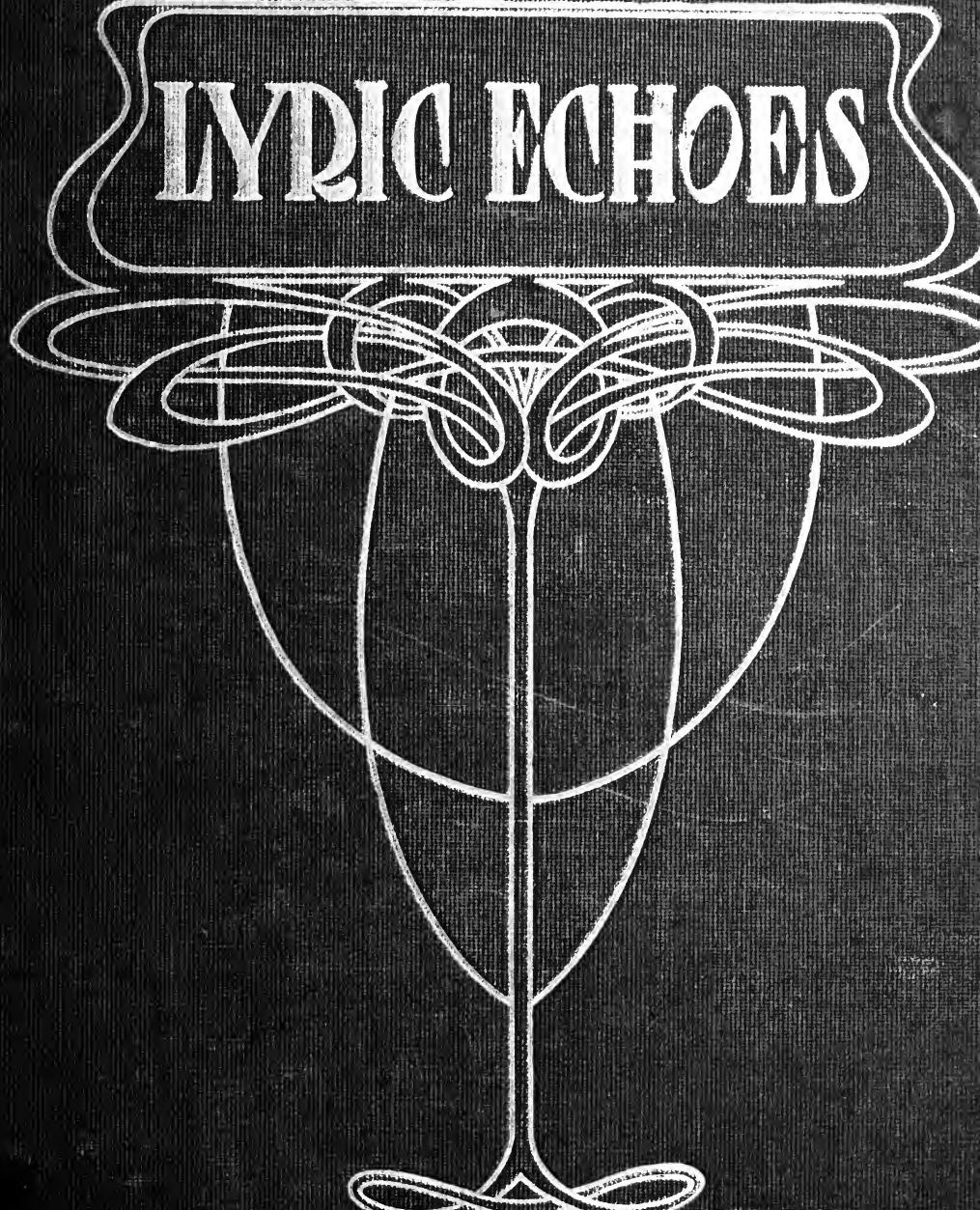


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LYRIC ECHOES



A large, stylized, symmetrical floral or vine illustration is centered on the page. It features two main, curved stems that meet at the top, forming a heart-like shape. The stems are decorated with various leaves and small, circular floral motifs. The entire illustration is rendered in a light, off-white color against a dark, textured background.

BY
RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS

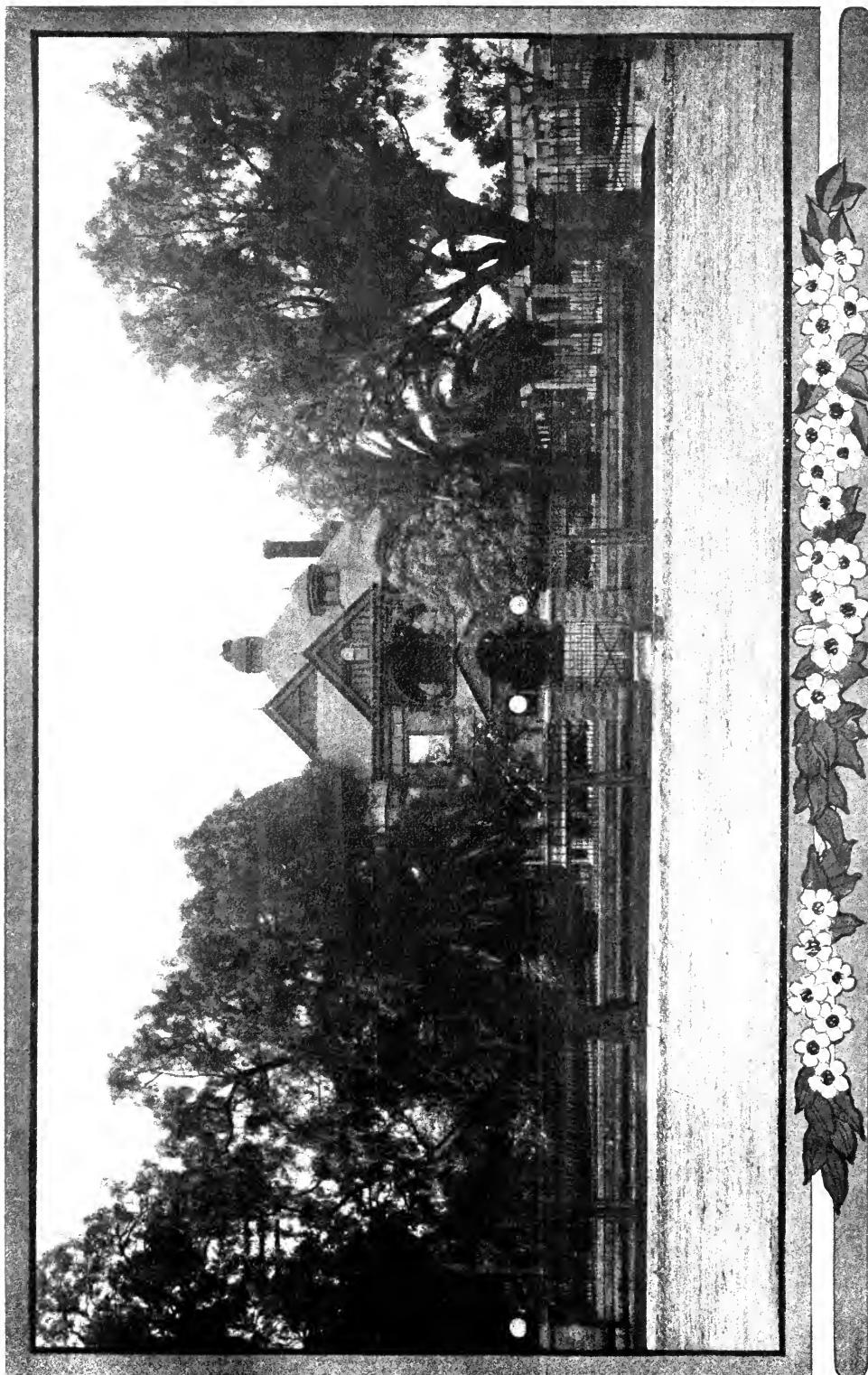
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HOME OF RUSSELL J. WATERS

LYRIC ECHOES

BY

RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS

AUTHOR OF

LEGEND OF TAUQUITZ, PETER DUUNDERHEAD PAPERS,
A MAN FOR BREAKFAST, A PIONEER WOMAN,
THE DUDE'S HUNT, ETC.

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Preface

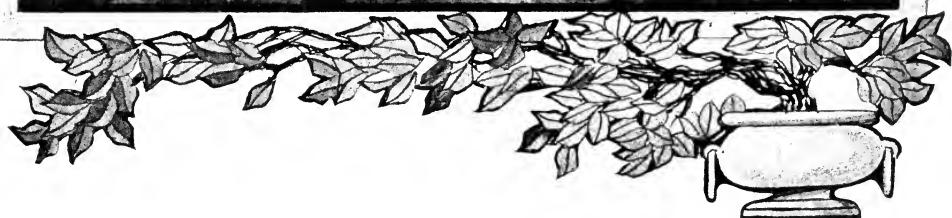
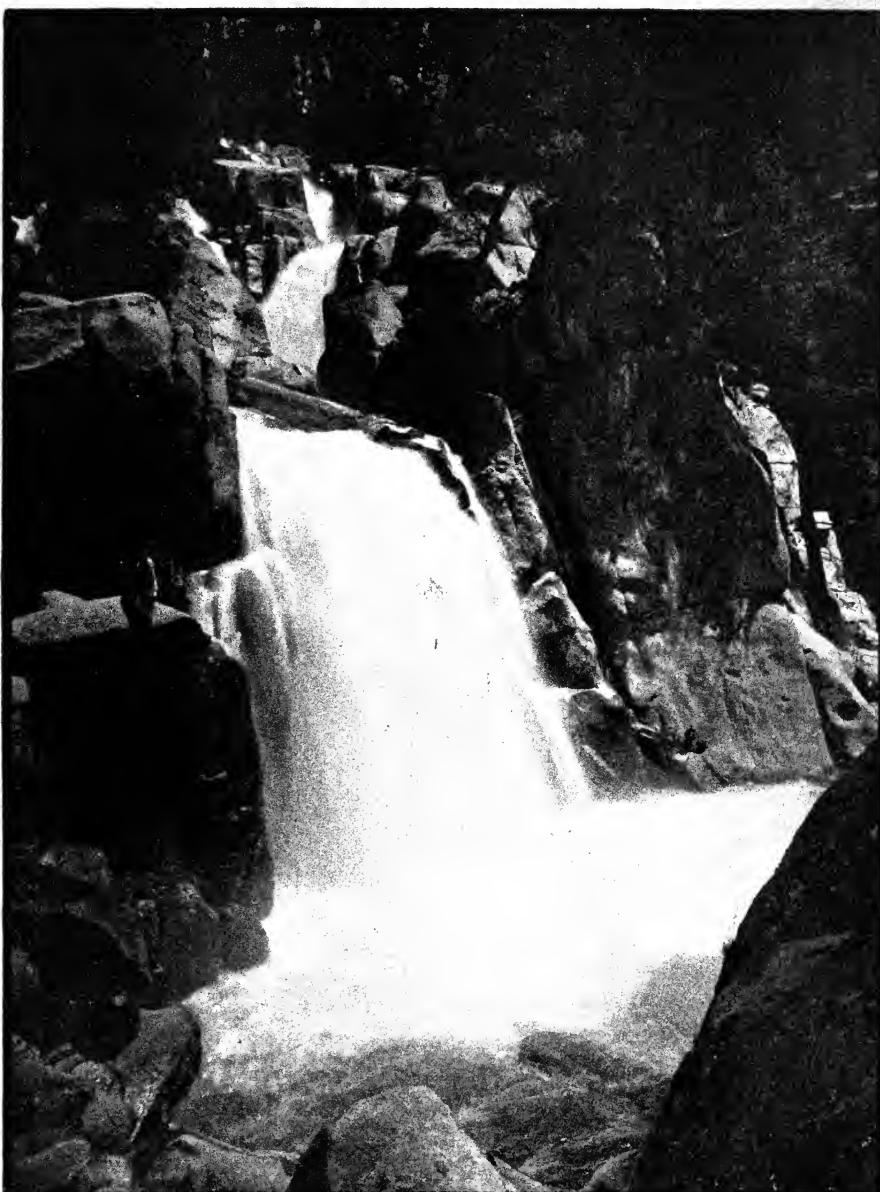
This volume—"Lyric Echoes"—was written in odd moments snatched from a busy and strenuous life during the past two years.

To me, the time spent in the composition of these Poems has been such a change from the arduous duties of business, with all its cares and burdens, that the mental diversion and consequent rest has been a blessing for which I am truly grateful.

This book is hereby lovingly dedicated to my dear children, in the hope that it may sometime while away an idle moment and carry with it the blessing of a loving father.

Los Angeles, California,

January 1st, 1907.



Dashing and splashing white with foam
It roars and tumbles wild and free;
Over the rocks it hurries home
Through woods and forests to the sea.

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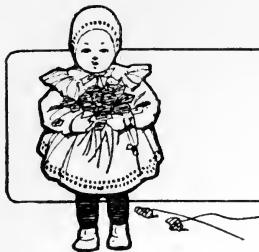
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RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS

THE
WORLD
A
REVIEW



Greeting

'Tis pleasant to meet on the threshold of life
Our friends to be, as our journey begins,
The pleasure of greeting when joy is rife
Enhanced by friendship, thus happiness wins.

Life marks our progress, there is no ending
What seeming as such transition enfolds
In every fiber our soul is blending
And striving for joy that the future holds.

Accept this greeting, our hands now clasping
We'll travel together on life's stony road
Only youth on earth, our thoughts now grasping
May brighten the way, and lighten our load.

Then let this greeting all true hearts rejoice,
All musical souls in harmony sing;
Let the song of friendship attune our voice
Till the ending of time full harmony bring.



Sylvan Echoes.

When earth and sky and sea were framed,
And sun and moon and stars were born,
When order out of chaos came
And darkest night gave place to morn—

When God first said, "Let there be light,"
And sun's bright rays resplendent shone,
And man, created by His might,
Stood forth on earth, and stood alone—

When beauty in her garb of green
O'erspread the earth with mantle soft,
Upspringing from the soil was seen
Her crown of glory, raised aloft.

Beneath the branches wide outspread
The changing shadows soothe to rest
The weary traveler, while his head
Is pillow'd on earth's cooling breast.

The silver stream, the babbling brook
Seek coolness in their leafy shade,
And loiter here in every nook,
Their lavish moisture full repaid.

"Man, spare that tree," Is sounded forth,
By nature's tocsin echoed wide,
The sun-parched earth is justly wroth
At thoughtless man's destructive tide.

As well might we in truth expect
To make our honey with no bees,
As fruits or flowers to protect
Without the shadow of our trees.

Or children without laughter born,
And song birds with no songs to sing,
Nor misty eye, or dewy morn,
Without the shade that forests bring.

Let us replace what now is gone
Or plant the shade that ne'er was here.
Rejoicing in our work well done
With faith and hope and conscience clear.

All hail to those the thought to give
One day a year a tree to add,
Till lofty forests around us live
Whose use and beauty make us glad.

All hail, then, to our "Arbor Day!"
The harbinger of brighter morn,
When earth stands forth in full array
With stately forests to adorn.



The Simple Life.



The whispering of the summer breeze
With lightsome trill of meadowlark,
The shimmering leaves of forest trees
And murmuring brook so green and dark,
On mountain heights with light and shade
'Neath sunlit crags deep marked with strife,
In song of birds of wood and glade—
These are the joys of simple life.

Could we but live in sunny calm,
And thus relax our social ties,
Could we find rest in nature's balm
And thoughts sublime help us to rise,
Could sunlit skies our souls uplift
With babbling brooks to calm our strife,
Thus with all nature we could drift
Through happy days of simple life.

Not all the love for hoarded wealth,
Nor all the power that gold could bring,
Nor social life with waste of health,
Nor happiness from these could spring,
No glittering gems do us adorn,
Nor want of place in us is rife
But close to nature we were born
To this we owe our simple life.



In sunshine and in shade we rest,
Breathing from nature and her joys,
Serene in thought we live our best,
Abjuring man and all his toys.
Then we journey nothing daunted
Towards that bourne which has no strife
Calm and restful, nothing wanted
We live today our simple life.



Deep in the shade of sylvan park
I saunter musing, at midday,
Beneath its leaves so cool and dark
My thoughts have wandered far away.

NO MIAU
ANAGRAMMA

Summer's Invocation.

Earth, transcendent in her beauty,
Charms us forth from every duty,
Sunlit skies and summer haze
Bring to us such happy days.

Minstrels sang of pomp and splendor,
Wealth that strength and force could render
But to me there's nothing seen
Equal to earth's emerald green.

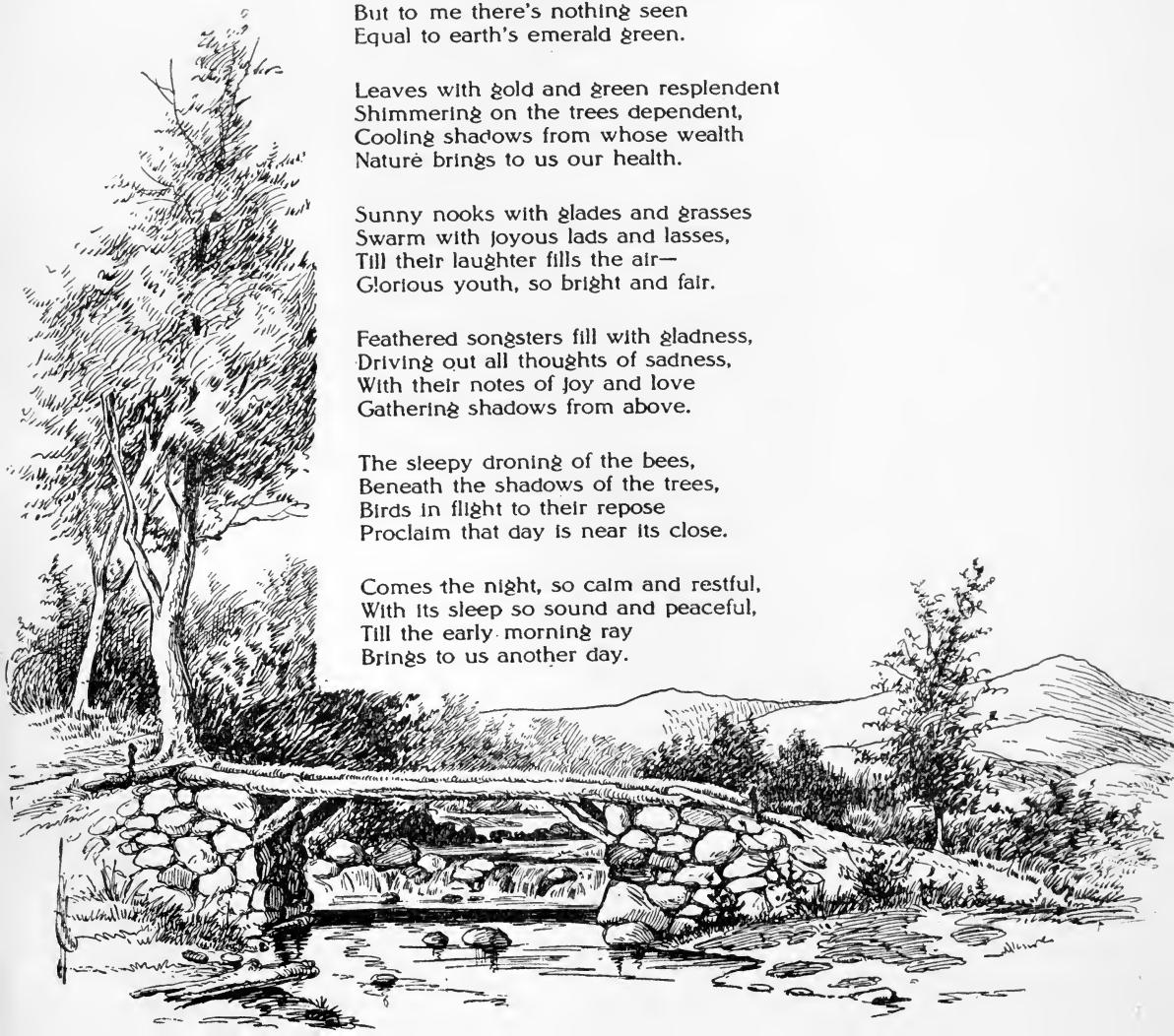
Leaves with gold and green resplendent
Shimmering on the trees dependent,
Cooling shadows from whose wealth
Naturé brings to us our health.

Sunny nooks with glades and grasses
Swarm with joyous lads and lasses,
Till their laughter fills the air—
Glorious youth, so bright and fair.

Feathered songsters fill with gladness,
Driving out all thoughts of sadness,
With their notes of joy and love
Gathering shadows from above.

The sleepy droning of the bees,
Beneath the shadows of the trees,
Birds in flight to their repose
Proclaim that day is near its close.

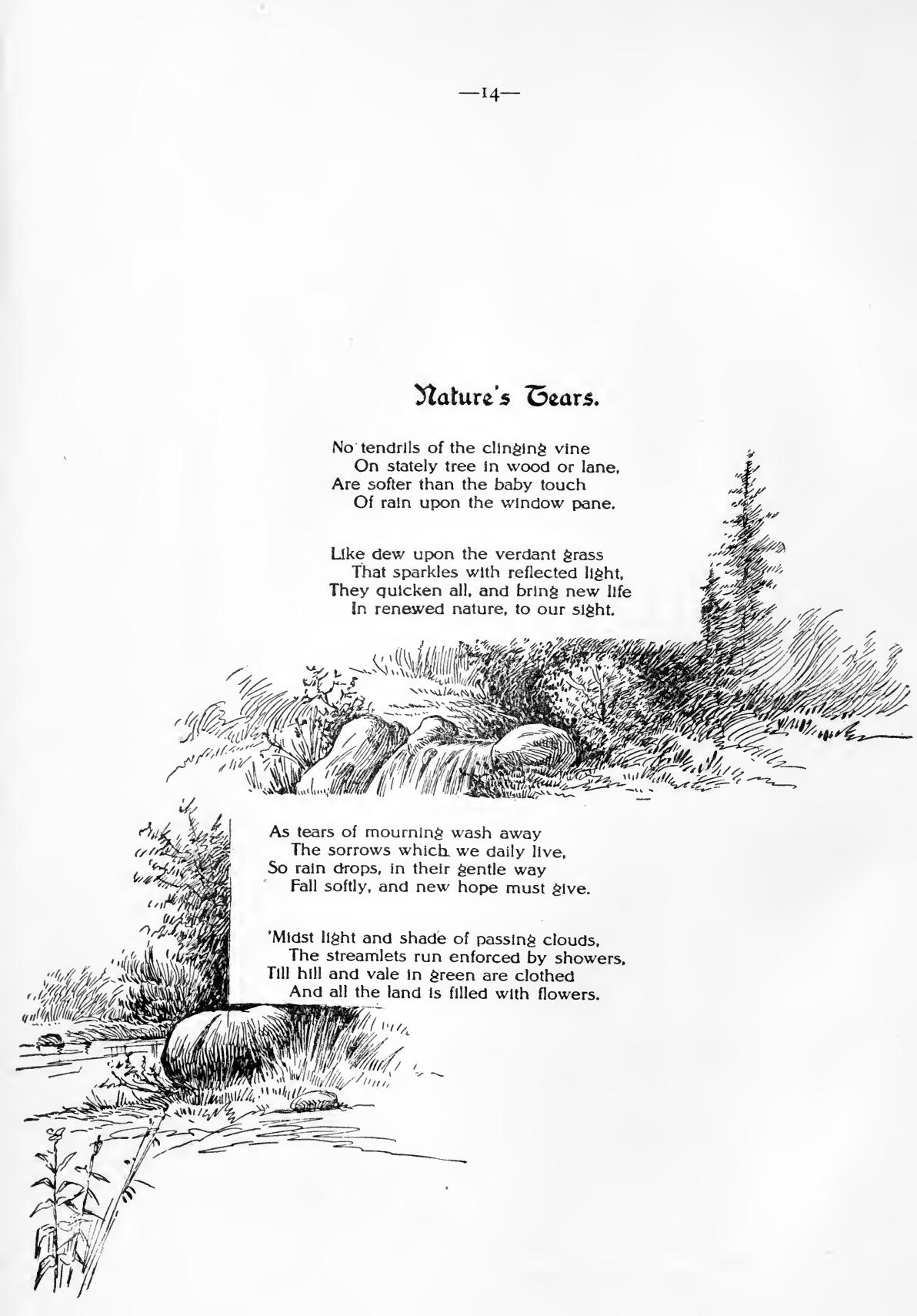
Comes the night, so calm and restful,
With its sleep so sound and peaceful,
Till the early morning ray
Brings to us another day.



Nature's Tears.

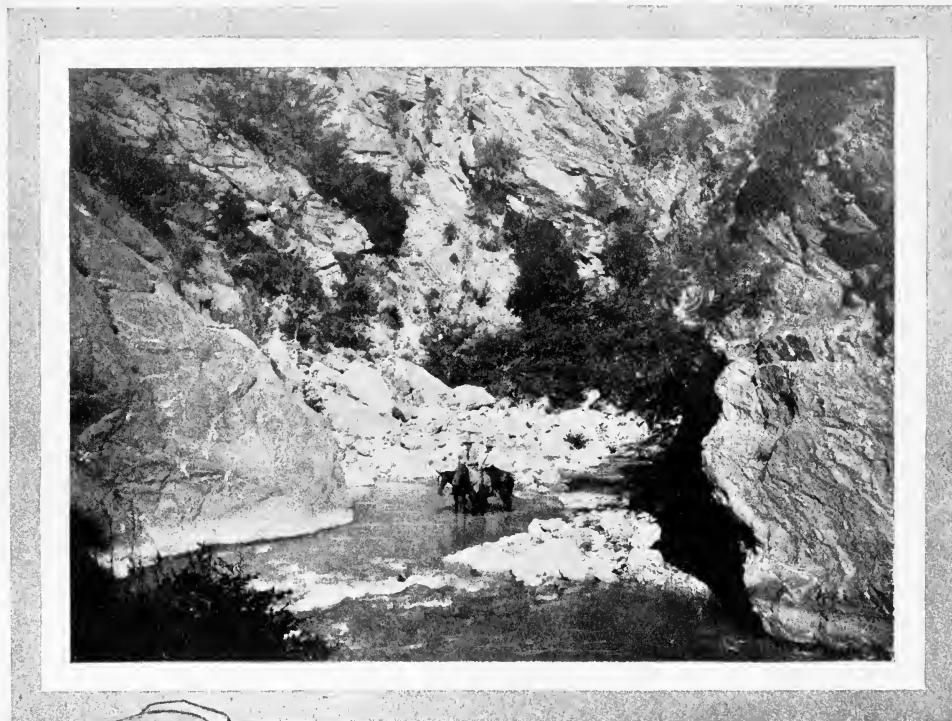
No tendrils of the clinging vine
On stately tree in wood or lane,
Are softer than the baby touch
Of rain upon the window pane.

Like dew upon the verdant grass
That sparkles with reflected light,
They quicken all, and bring new life
In renewed nature, to our sight.



As tears of mourning wash away
The sorrows which we daily live,
So rain drops, in their gentle way
Fall softly, and new hope must give.

'Midst light and shade of passing clouds,
The streamlets run enforced by showers,
Till hill and vale in green are clothed
And all the land is filled with flowers.



In canyon deep with sombre hue—
Winding its merry way along—
A streamlet flashes into view,
Joining its voice with birds of song.

This streamlet on its journey goes;
Through meadows and fields it winds its way,
Refreshing life where'er it flows;
Making flowers so bright and gay.



To El Paso.

Birds of passage through this country,
Fathom not thy future fate,
Like thy state within the nation,
Thou art destined to be great.

Strong and rugged on thy hill sides,
Like a diamond in the rough,
Aught of nature thou art lacking,
Thou canst claim without rebuff.

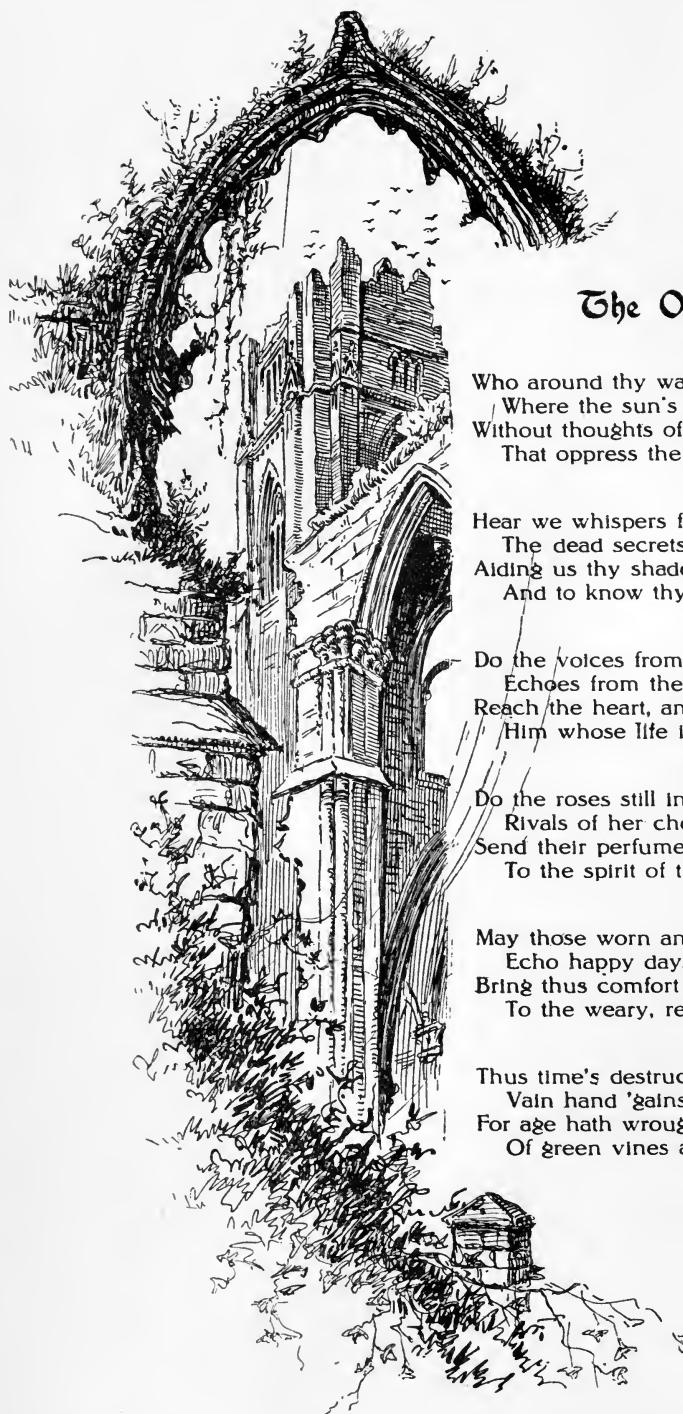
Brave young giant — nation's bulwark,
Bordered by a foreign land,
Can defend us, if the need be,
Proud — we grasp thee by the hand.

Who may hope to know thy future?
Dressed in robes of vivid green,
By the force of living waters,
Youth and beauty may be seen.

Onward march, thou giant city,
Strong in youth and swift in stride,
Blessed in sons of loyal courage,
All may view thy growth with pride.

Thou hast built a sure foundation,
On a rock thy firm feet stand,
To endure to life eternal,
As a beacon in our land.





The Old Ruin.

Who around thy walls can linger
Where the sun's rays eastward dart
Without thoughts of deeper sadness
That oppress the fondest heart?

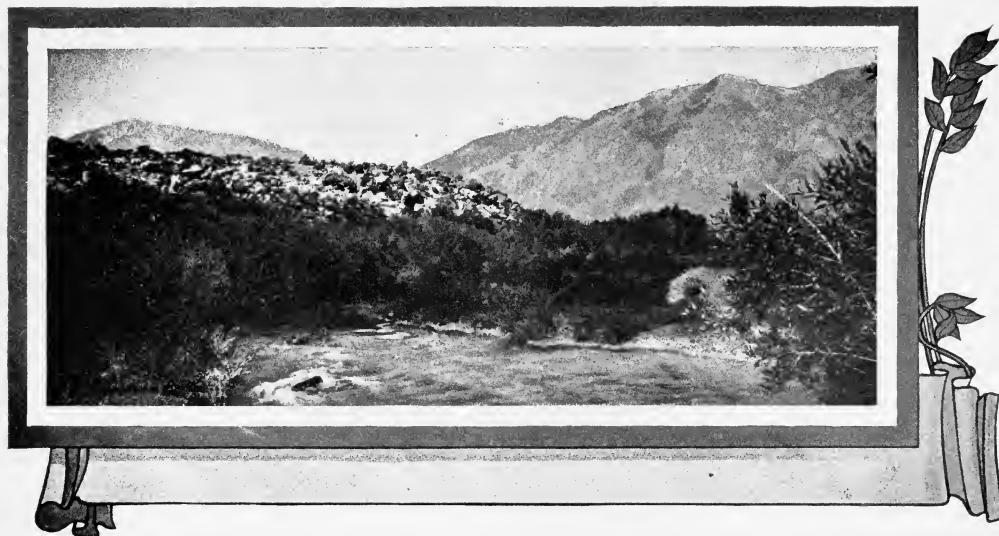
Hear we whispers from thy ruins
The dead secrets of its past,
Aiding us thy shade to ponder
And to know thy tale at last?

Do the voices from thy portals,
Echoes from the days gone by,
Reach the heart, and drive to madness
Him whose life is but a sigh?

Do the roses still in blooming,
Rivals of her cheeks so red,
Send their perfume's incense heavenward
To the spirit of the dead?

May those worn and broken columns
Echo happy days long past,
Bring thus comfort to the living,
To the weary, rest at last.

Thus time's destructive tide hath laid
Vain hand 'gainst this stately pile,
For age hath wrought a healing growth
Of green vines and flowers that smile.



Fountain of hope, our desert land
Bids thee welcome to this shore,
Thy limpid waters cool and grand
Refresh our waste forever more.



Maiden Memories.

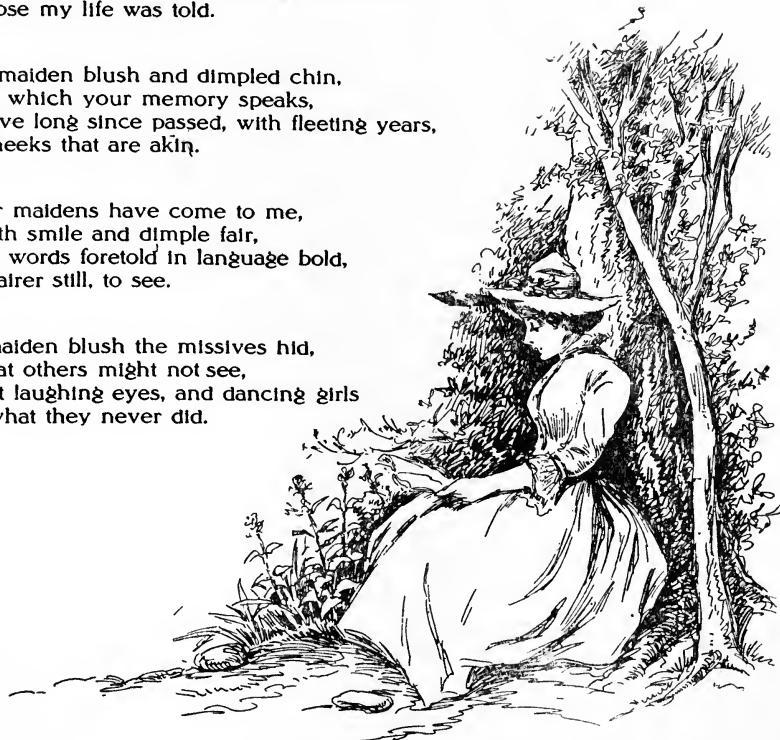
Why ask such pointed questions, mate,
Of one who was your friend,
Have you not learned in joyous phrase
What was and is my fate?

Those letters large from "him" so bold,
By me so highly prized,
No seer was sought, no questions asked,
In those my life was told.

That maiden blush and dimpled chin,
Of which your memory speaks,
Have long since passed, with fleeting years,
To cheeks that are akin.

Other maidens have come to me,
With smile and dimple fair,
No words foretold in language bold,
Yet, fairer still, to see.

My maiden blush the missives hid,
That others might not see,
But laughing eyes, and dancing girls
Tell what they never did.



The Dude.

Can you think who he can be
This man alive?
This young scion of our tree
Just twenty-five?

We have known him long and well
Him we admire,
His acquaintance as a swell
We much desire.

With sweet sound he does entrance
Maidens so fair,
Those he loves best in the dance
Have dark brown hair.

With their Belgian tresses straight
Hung down their backs
He plays coyly with their fate
Then gives the sack.

Tears and sighs do not avail
He loves his pipe,
For tears, sighs, and faces pale,
He wants no type.

Could he think as others do,
Of damsels fair
He might have another zoo
Of damsel's hair.





Thy feathery verdure delicate and light
In tropical lands greets ever our sight.

ADMIRALDA

The Old Maid.

Say it not in Gath or Gaul,
What they think is many years
It has worn my hair away
And increased my baldhead fears.

My blond locks are growing gray
As the dawn of early morn,
Soon I fear they'll be so white,
My head will with snow adorn.

Girlhood days are sweet in thought,
Their return I daily pine:
It is mournful to reflect
That I'm just past forty-nine.

Oh could I with Aladdin's lamp,
Bring back youth and all the boys,
It would seem a heavenly boon
With love and hope and all its joys.

Say it not in Gath or Gaul,
Where its echoes sound so bold,
But I must confess to you,
That I feel I'm getting old.



The Musician.

Busy player
With the horn
Greatest blower
Ever born.

Cheeks distended
With hot air
Tones are blended
With his hair.

Says he has not
A dead cinch
Must blow a horn
With a pinch.



Waiting people
In amaze
Listen to it
With a craze.

Piles of money
He does get
Makes the ladies
On him bet.

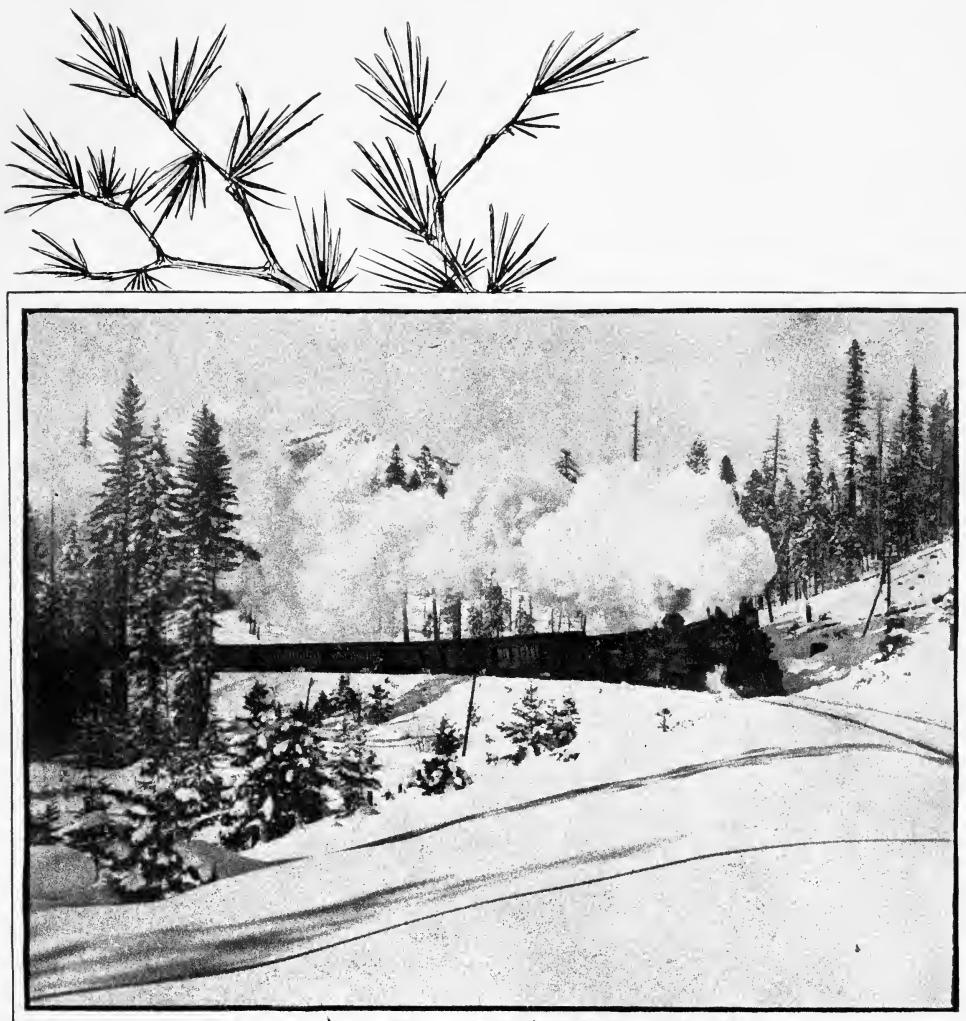
Happy blower
With his horn
Makes him glad
That he was born.

Asks the public
To hear him
Busy people
Laugh and jeer him.

Plods along
His weary way
Dotes on music
That don't pay.

Made a killing
With his horn
The public glad
That he was born.





Pure and cold as a winding sheet
It covers the ground with mantle white;
Beneath its folds the Earth's heart-beat
Awaits the kiss of the sun's warm light.

17

Our Traveler.

Dedicated to Mabel Knowlton Waters

I have journeyed far and wide,
On land so brave and free
From ocean to ocean side,
It was my lot to be.

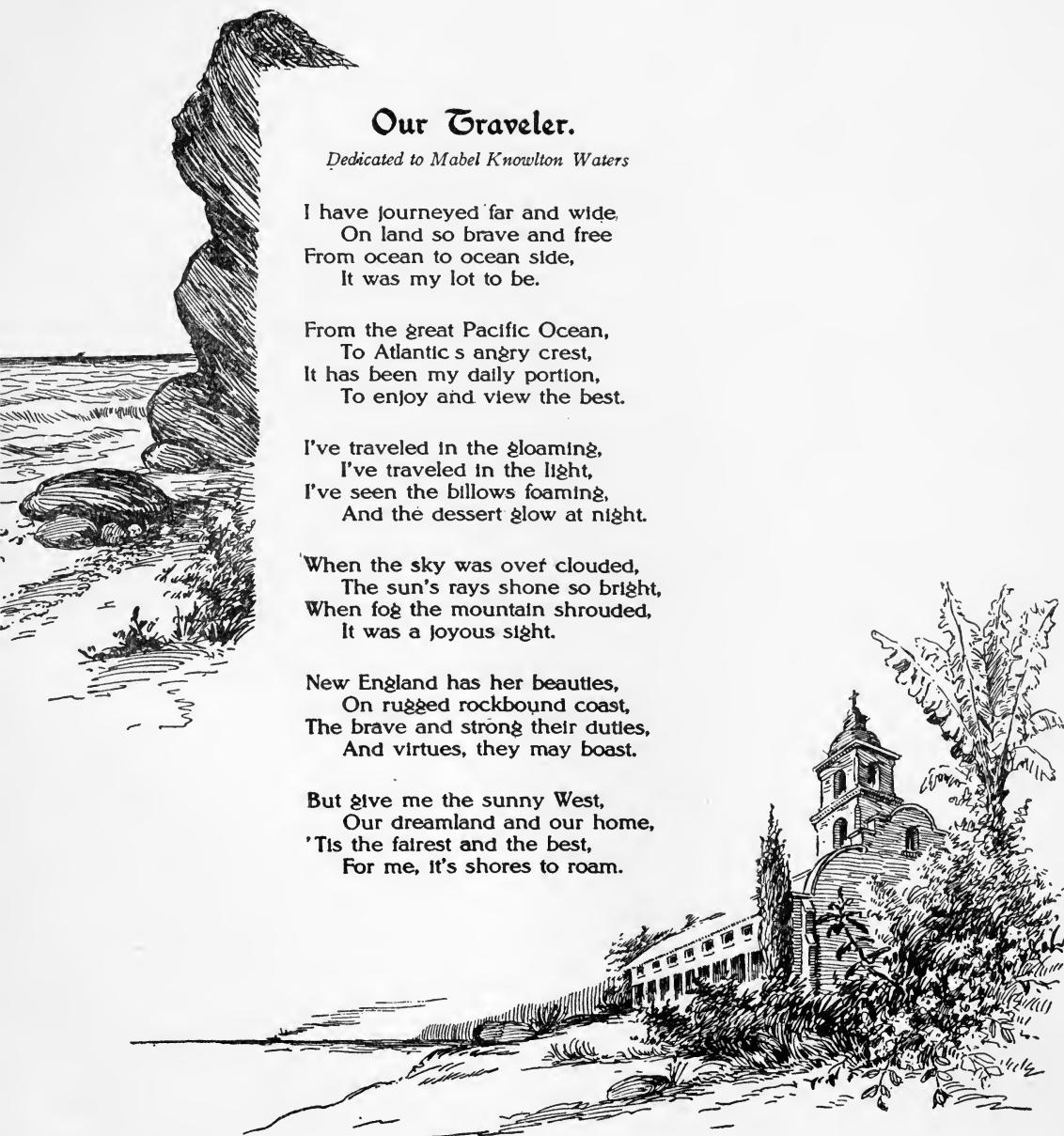
From the great Pacific Ocean,
To Atlantic's angry crest,
It has been my daily portion,
To enjoy and view the best.

I've traveled in the gloaming,
I've traveled in the light,
I've seen the billows foaming,
And the desert glow at night.

When the sky was o'erf clouded,
The sun's rays shone so bright,
When fog the mountain shrouded,
It was a joyous sight.

New England has her beauties,
On rugged rockbound coast,
The brave and strong their duties,
And virtues, they may boast.

But give me the sunny West,
Our dreamland and our home,
'Tis the fairest and the best,
For me, it's shores to roam.



Naughty Fives

Of all the lads and lasses
Who have walked these Norwood floors
We rival former classes
In our passage through these doors.

As we pass within the whirl
Of the town's resplendent glare,
We expect, both boy and girl,
To increase the good folk's stare.

If we meet with sage or bard
In our journey through the Earth
We will crowd their honors hard,
And contract their mental girth.

There are others better read,
(If you don't care what you say)
But we'll pass them by a head,
As we travel on our way.

We know we'll have some trouble
For the world will envious be,
We'll beat them more than double,
Just watch us, and you'll see.

There's Enoch, Leslie and Jack,
Three of a kind in the play,
Daniel and Alex in the pack,
Good hand to draw to, you'll say.



Our girls: to name so many,
It is hardly worth a smile,
I'll bet a pretty penny
They'll change them after a while.

By some name where they may be,
In the North, South, East or West,
There'll be no trouble to see
That they are the very best.

Why it's thus — Miss Moore we've had,
That's what's the matter with us.
She held us taut, but we're glad,
Because we now stand E plus.

Mr. Fosdick, a man of note,
The head of our school, you see,
In teaching us how to vote
When we some older shall be.

We know much by hook or crook
Which we have absorbed this year,
What we don't would fill a book
So large t'would throw a steer.

Thanks to teachers all so kind,
Your help we cannot repay,
Grateful thoughts we'll have in mind,
Loving praise shall be our lay.



Mabel

Who's the girl who thinks she's some
And does often beat the drum,
Who's gray eyes and hair that's dark
Leads us often on a lark?
Can you tell?

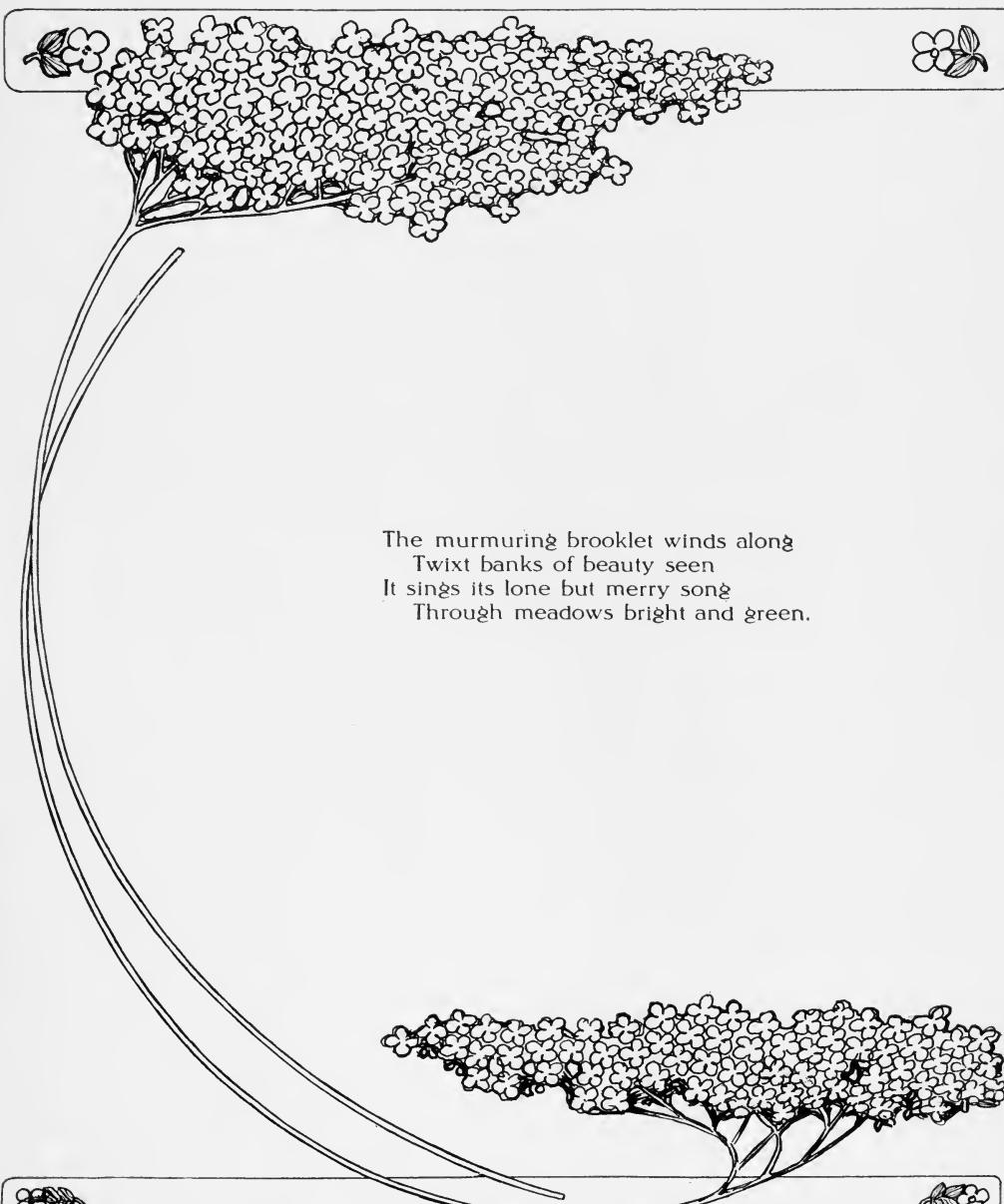
Who's the girl that parlez-vous
And so French with high heel shoes,
That she's always half in France
And does lead us such a dance?
Is she Belle?

Hablais usted espanol
With her heart and all her soul
Till the Spanish all do cry
"She's a beauty! Oh, my eye!"
Is it well?

To what church does she belong
And each Sunday sings her song
From her book she holds so high
As the preacher's new necktie?
Can you tell?

Who's the lady that's so swell,
With the dude she is the belle
Who with every man is "it"
And all other girls are "nit"?
It's Mabel.





The murmuring brooklet winds along
Twixt banks of beauty seen
It sings its lone but merry song
Through meadows bright and green.

NO SMALL
ADMISSIONS

Grandma

Sitting in the old arm-chair,
Dreaming of the days gone by,
Age has sprinkled white her hair,
Listen, do we hear a sigh?
Does she regret?

Memories take her back, once more
Prattling voices fill the air;
Only these she has in store;
All are gone, the young, the fair,
Can she forget?

By her side a manly form
Stood erect and fair to see;
From her life he's long since gone
In this world no more to be.
Does she regret?

Children came to bless their hearts,
Youth and beauty all around,
Mirth and sunshine played their parts,
Life and joy in every sound.
Can she forget?

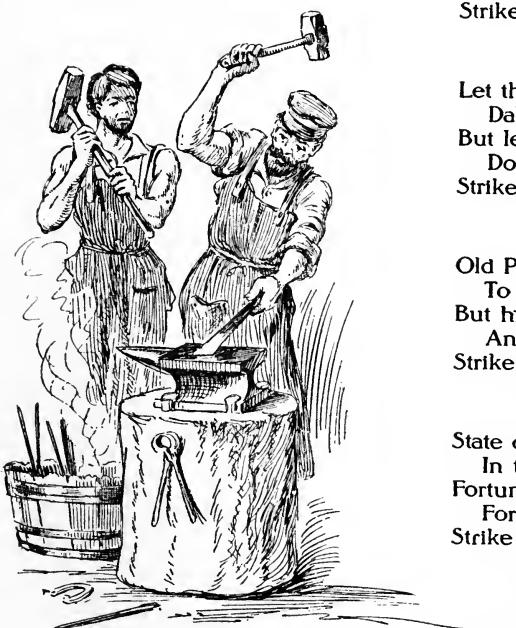
Life began as bright for her
As the young and blithe today;
On her page of life no blur,
Joyful as a morn in May.
Does she regret?

Piercing through the clouds above,
Hope is beckoning from afar,
Voices clear in tones of love
Call her to the gates ajar.
Can she forget?



Strike While the Iron's Hot

Strike now while the iron's hot,
Be your motto, as it may,
Do it now or do it not
In the safe and surest way.
Strike while the iron's hot.



Let the idler and the drone
Dally with the thief of time,
But let you, if you alone,
Do the work that's in your line.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Old Procrastination stands
To prevent your sawing wood,
But his fish he seldom lands
And his work is never good.
Strike while the iron's hot.

State occasions seldom come,
In this grim old world of ours,
Fortune's luck will wait for none,
For this life's no bed of flowers.
Strike while the iron's hot.

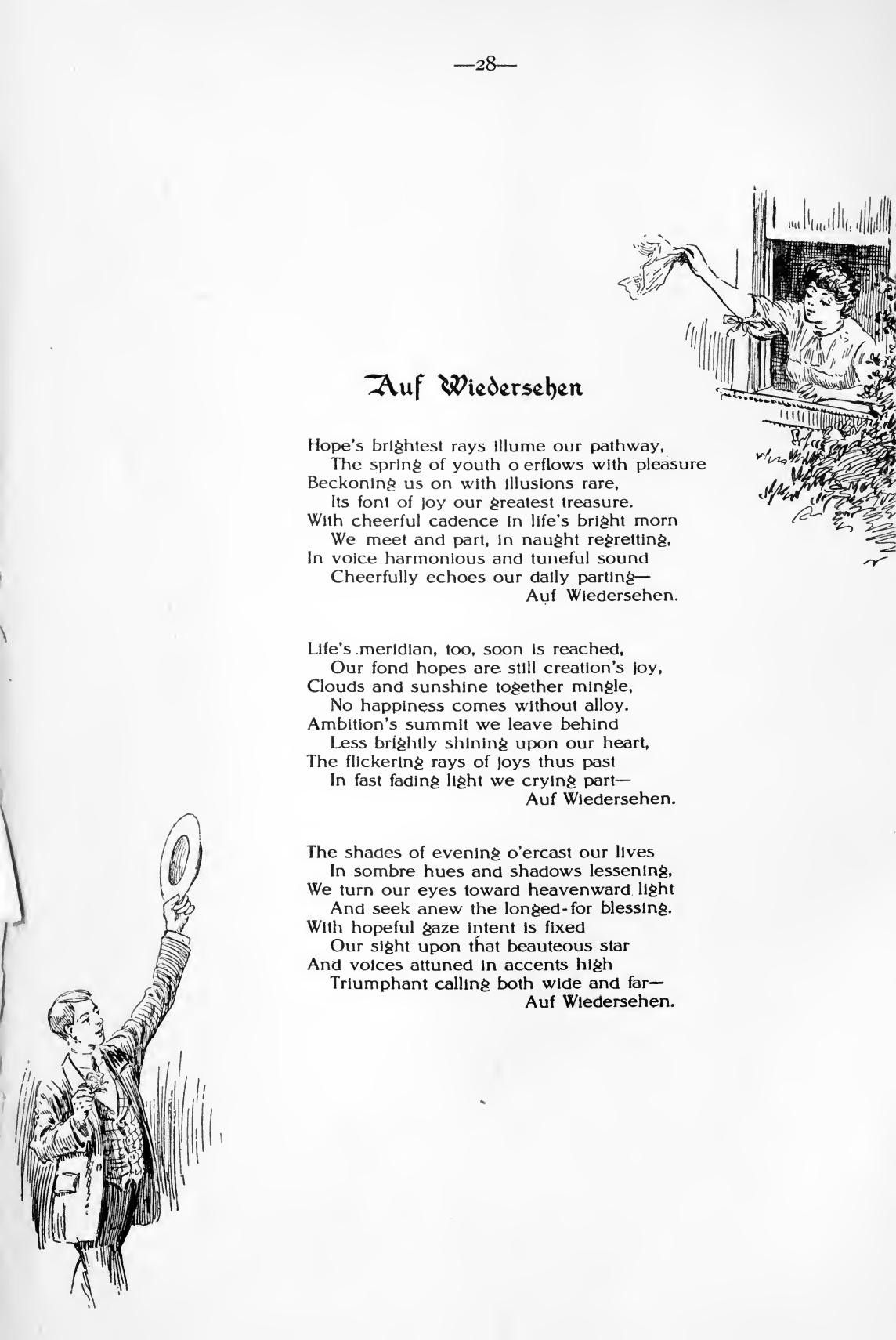
Make your way with push and zest,
Doing manly work today,
What is done is the true test
Of your power on your way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Nature's work goes on apace,
In her sphere there's no delay,
Time is "essence" in the race,
With no faltering by the way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Wait not for the morrow's sun,
Do the work that's due today,
Having both your work and fun,
Neither one will brook delay.
Strike while the iron's hot.



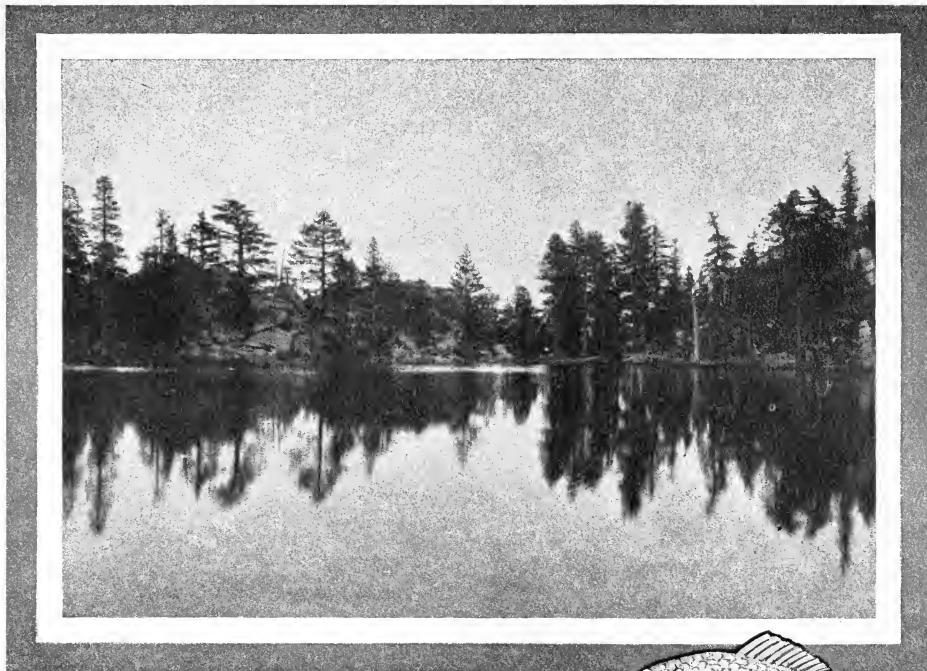
Auf Wiedersehen



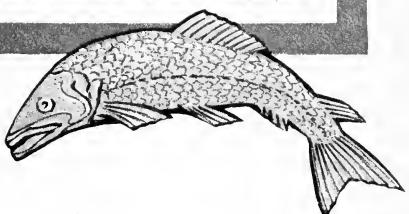
Hope's brightest rays illume our pathway,
The spring of youth overflows with pleasure
Beckoning us on with illusions rare,
Its fount of joy our greatest treasure.
With cheerful cadence in life's bright morn
We meet and part, in naught regretting,
In voice harmonious and tuneful sound
Cheerfully echoes our daily parting—
Auf Wiedersehen.

Life's meridian, too, soon is reached,
Our fond hopes are still creation's joy,
Clouds and sunshine together mingle,
No happiness comes without alloy.
Ambition's summit we leave behind
Less brightly shining upon our heart,
The flickering rays of joys thus past
In fast fading light we crying part—
Auf Wiedersehen.

The shades of evening o'er cast our lives
In sombre hues and shadows lessening,
We turn our eyes toward heavenward light
And seek anew the longed-for blessing.
With hopeful gaze intent is fixed
Our sight upon that beauteous star
And voices attuned in accents high
Triumphant calling both wide and far—
Auf Wiedersehen.



Lake and wood so restful here,
On thy banks we have no fear,
Neath thy shade replete with health
Gain we thus what's more than wealth.







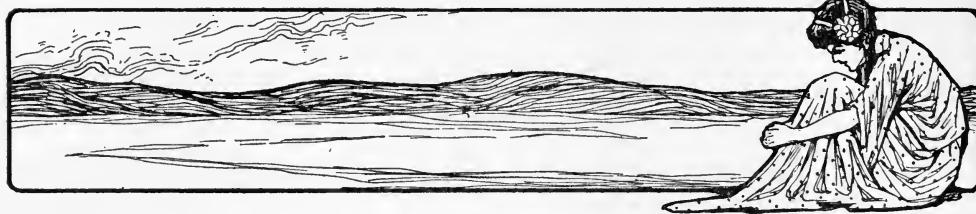
Sail On Together

In voy'ging on life's ocean wave
O'er peaceful vale or stormy sea,
Returning to the One who gave
Our barque, to bring back you and me,
We sail together.

Needing something on our voyage,
Something wanting in days gone by,
Each the other to encourage,
Finding, holding, that loving tie,
We sail together.

Heart to heart, trusting thoughts confide,
Hand in hand, working as of yore,
Never leaving the other's side,
Traveling towards that golden shore,
We sail together.

When at last our journey's ended,
And together we reach that land,
Ours with other voices blended,
Joining the chorus of that band,
Sail on forever.



Alone

Alone! We hear the word
And shudder at the thought
Of saddening stress that brings
Our lives 'gainst that we fought.

Is there a soul so dark
In life's terrestrial way
No human voice can reach
One chord, one brightening ray?

What is in life, well worth
If not a word, a sigh,
A touch of kindred love
Before we say—Good bye?

Is life worth living, then,
Bereft of loving ties;
To miss the word, the smile,
As every moment flies?





Can e'en our joy of heaven
Bring solace for such grief
The lonesome life we live
Made painful, If so brief.

Commune with nature, thus
We bring ourselves in touch
With higher laws—perhaps,
But miss our kin o'er much.

Perchance this form could live—
At least exist hereon—
But joy of human kind
The soul must live upon.

Tears are the lot of those
Whose loving natures cry
For our affection's pride,
And have those cherished—die.



Our Flag

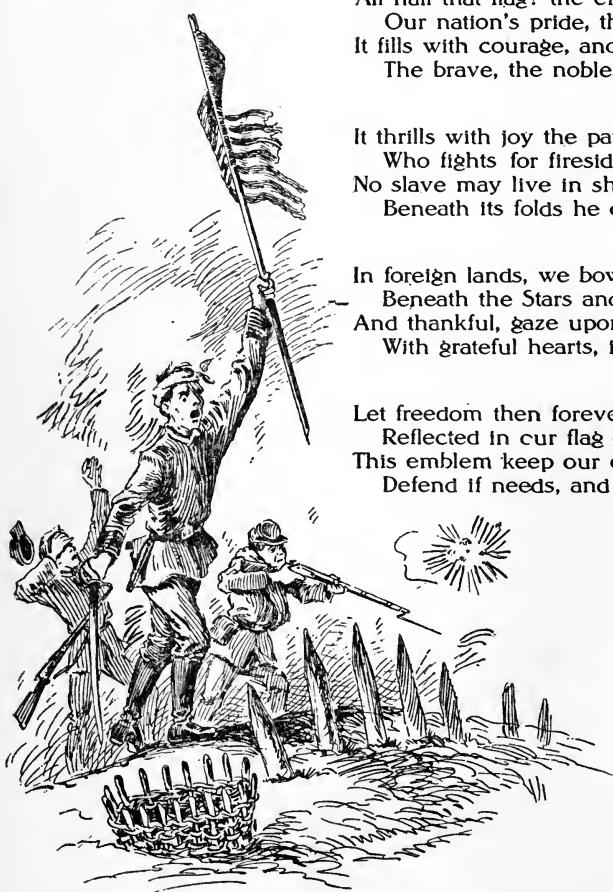
Glorious as the summer sun
It floats so proudly in the air,
Symbolic of our country's fame
In freedom, we may do and dare.

All hail that flag! the emblem high,
Our nation's pride, the hero's might,
It fills with courage, and inspires
The brave, the noble, to do right.

It thrills with joy the patriot bold
Who fights for fireside and hearthtree,
No slave may live in shackles bound,
Beneath its folds he can be free.

In foreign lands, we bow our heads
Beneath the Stars and Stripes above.
And thankful, gaze upon its folds
With grateful hearts, in joy and love.

Let freedom then forever reign
Reflected in our flag on high,
This emblem keep our courage strong,
Defend if needs, and for it die.





Product of a foreign clime
We meet thee,
Reared in our native soil
We greet thee.



March On

March on, whatever may betide,
On life's highway; let others see
Your helpful, cheerful, smiling face
Uplifting all, their friend, their guide—
March on.

If clouds o'ercast another life
That needs a helping hand from you,
Grudge not kind word, and friendly look,
Their cheer may help him' through this strife—
March on.

Your futurē may be rough and drear,
Its tangled web seem past your ken,
But poorer, weaker souls must live,
Your help may make their pathway clear—
March on.

March on, thou soldier of the age,
Keep step to trumpet clear and strong,
Thy courage lead to mountains high
Of hope, and faith, your moral gauge—
March on.



Eastertide

Oh, what a glorious time of year
The spring of Eastertide,
The songs of robin, thrush, and lark
Are echoed far and wide.

Glittering rays of brightest light
Add beauty to the scene,
The dewy leafage sparkling glint
Reflects its golden gleam.

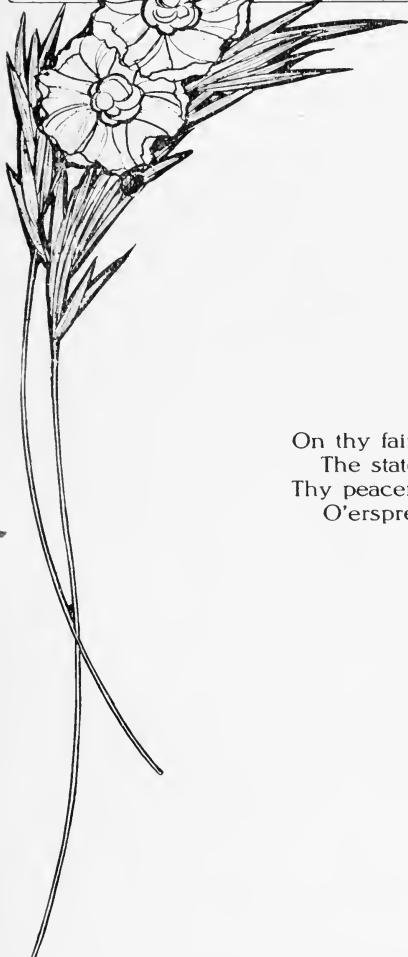
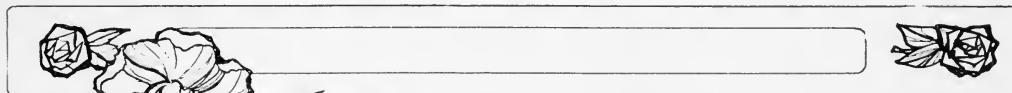
Fresh youth, new life, fond hopes are here
To beckon us along,
Delusive mirage each may be,
But fill our hearts with song.

Could life retain this joyous thrill
Of hope so bright, but past,
No sorrow need we ever fear
As long as life shall last.

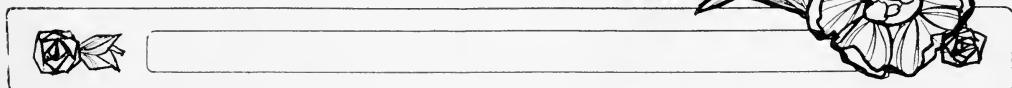
Then let us sing a joyous song,
Of happy days that glide,
Renewing hope, and youth, and life
In the new Eastertide.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS





On thy fair bosom
The stately pine reflects its sombre hue
Thy peaceful borders,
O'erspread with verdant mead, glisten with dew



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Christmas Carol

With the twilight's evening shadows
Christ was born in Bethlehem;
In the voice of angels singing
Shepherds heard the Heavenly band.

Echoes of this Heavenly music
Fill the heart with thought divine,
Blessings promised for tomorrow
Are in store for thee and thine.

Much of sorrow and of sadness
Is on earth our lot to bear;
Sounds of Christmas voices singing,
Lightens every thought and care.

Memories past come surging o'er us,
Quickened by a sound so dear,
Bring to us a wave of gladness,
In those voices sweet and clear.

Then may we with hearts rejoicing,
Listen to those voices rare,
Sure that we will join the chorus
When they greet us over there.

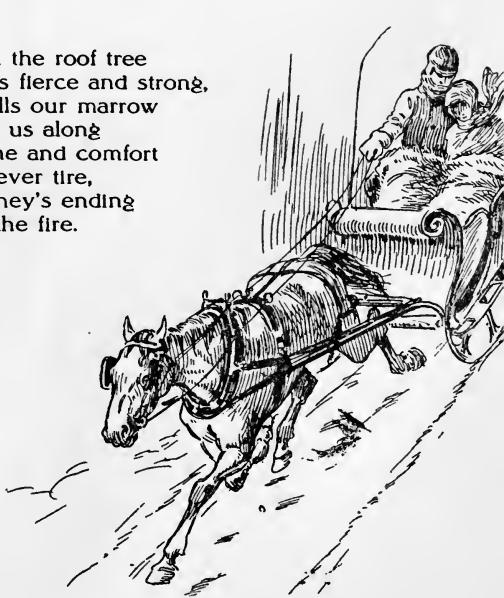


The Old Fireside



When the snow is on the mountain
And the ice is on the plain,
When the frosty prisms glisten
On the glowing window pane,
When the sleighbells' merry jingle
Mark the moments passing slow,
Sitting by the cozy fireside
I enjoy the warming glow.

There are sleigh rides in the winter
Wrapped in robes of fur so warm.
Fun in skating on the glare ice
With much glee to face the storm;
To my mind this recreation
Which so many thus inspire,
Is yet nothing to be thought of
To a seat by cozy fire.



When the rain falls on the roof tree
And the wind blows fierce and strong,
With the sleet that chills our marrow
And the gale bowls us along
Then we think of home and comfort
And of these we never tire,
As we reach our journey's ending
And are sitting by the fire.

Who ever can those days forget,
The hearth in our dear old home,
With the cider and the apples
To refresh all those who come!
All the faces bright and winsome,
Merry laugh did never cease,
In this loving family circle
'Round the fire of love and peace.

Of the dear girl sitting by us,
Rosy cheeked and bright of eye,
Slyly glancing at her lover,
Dreaming of the bye-and-bye;
Many children playing happy
By the mother and the sire—
Charming picture of contentment
'Round the hearth and cheerful fire.

Oh, bring us back those happy days—
Those memories bright and fair—
The solace of our later years
In bright days, so free from care,
When beauty, health, and action free
Raised youthful spirits higher,
And mingled voices happy sound
Soft, around the hearthstone fire.



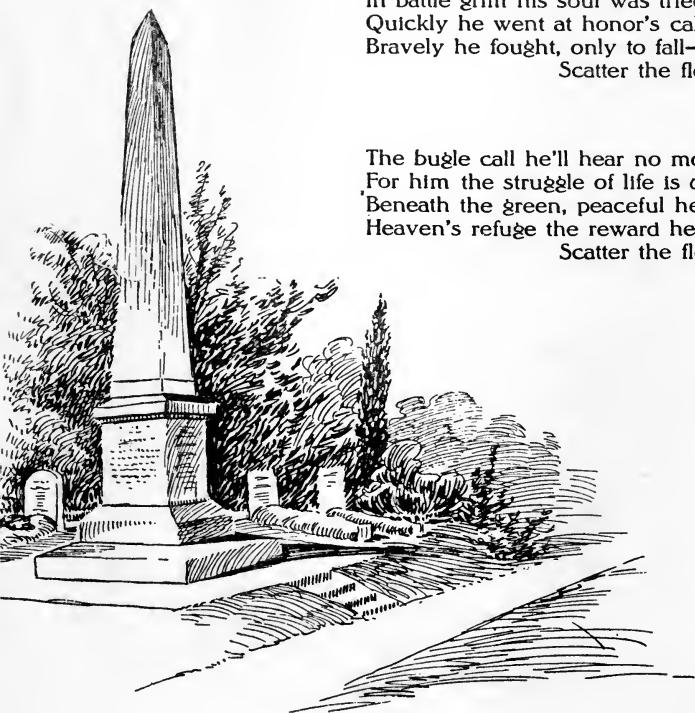
Decoration Day

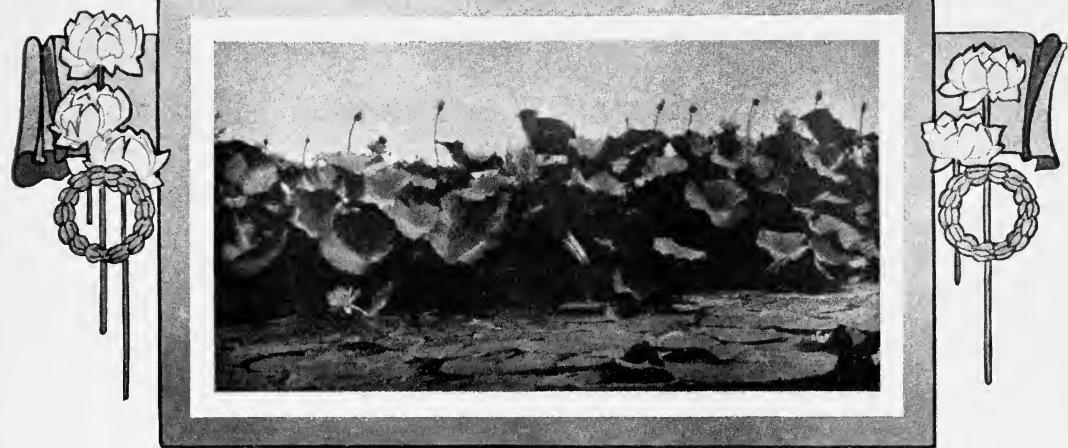
Under the sod we lay our dead,
Scatter the flowers upon his bed,
Lest we forget for what he fought—
And the lesson to us was taught—
Scatter the flowers.



For the flag he suffered and died,
In battle grim his soul was tried,
Quickly he went at honor's call,
Bravely he fought, only to fall—
Scatter the flowers.

The bugle call he'll hear no more,
For him the struggle of life is o'er,
Beneath the green, peaceful he sleeps,
Heaven's refuge the reward he reaps—
Scatter the flowers.





Thy beauty's bloom,
Sweet flower of light,
Where'er you roam
Is pure and white

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ALBACOCILADO

In Memoriam

Mrs. Eliza A. Otis

She has left us sadly mourning,
Her white winged soul has gone before,
Sweet music, her voice attuning
With angels, on that other shore.

Eternal life has opened wide
Its portals, her soul to receive,
Our loss, giving heaven a bride
Rejoicing angels, though we grieve

She sang, soothing the aching heart
Bowed down with burdens, grief and care,
On earth she bravely bore her part
With all her strength, to do and dare

Through ceaseless work in endless strife
She cheered the toller's weary way
With echoes from a purer life,
In songs of hope and brighter day

The needy knew her generous hand,
Uplifting, aiding, on life's road,
Her love for all the toiling band,
Assisted each to bear his load.

Her thoughts surcease of sorrow brought
To weary, heavy laden hearts,
By muse, the way of life was taught,
And list'ning, each one knew his part.



Beaming with smiles of love she moved,
Inspiring noble acts and deeds,
As with her every word she proved
Her right, in heavenly ways, to lead.

Clear as the sky in summer morn,
Bright as the sunbeam's early ray,
Her verse repeating—"Christ is born"—
Gave hope and courage by its lay.

Wondrous words of joy, her song,
Beauteous soul in faith so high,
Scattering flowers her way along,
Strengthening friendship's sacred tie.

"She is not dead, but gone before,"
Angels above will welcome one
Into that rest—hold wide the door—
For her, whose work has been well done.

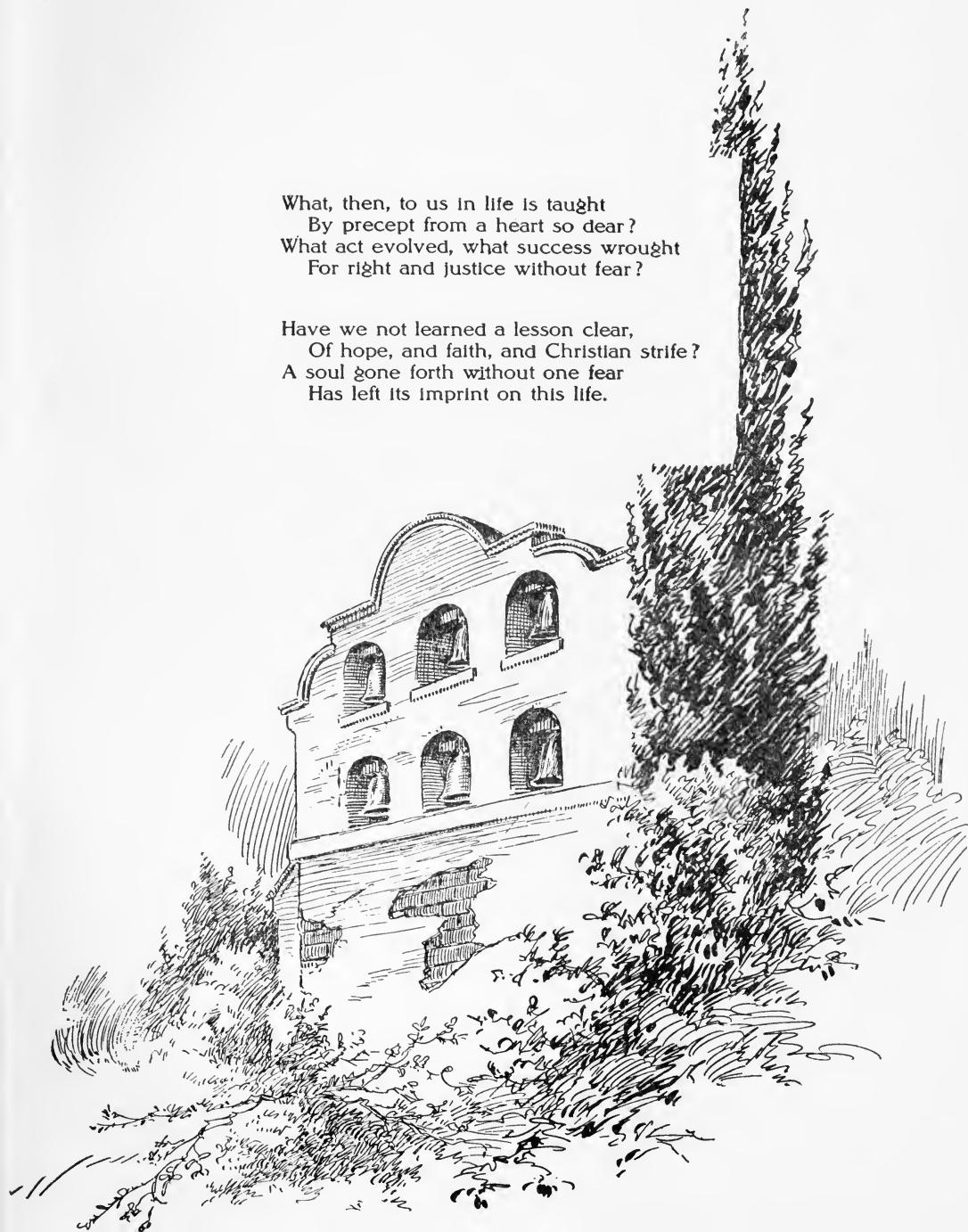


Celestial music greets her ears
With dulcet cadence sounding far,
Its soothing strains allay her fears,
Proclaiming thus the "Gates Ajar."

Voices of angels welcome ring
Resounding anthems sung on high,
"Hosannas to our Heavenly King!"
She joins the chorus in the sky.

What, then, to us in life is taught
By precept from a heart so dear?
What act evolved, what success wrought
For right and justice without fear?

Have we not learned a lesson clear,
Of hope, and faith, and Christian strife?
A soul gone forth without one fear
Has left its imprint on this life.

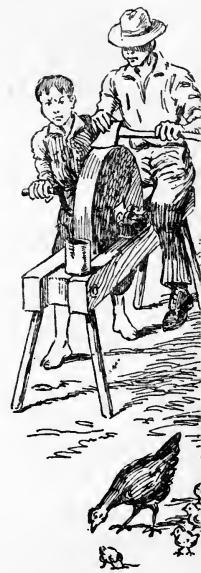


The Old-fashioned Grindstone

Oh, don't you remember the days of your boyhood,
When active as chore boy, upon the old farm,
The big chips that you turned on which your bare feet stood,
As the frost on the meadow you viewed with alarm;
The old family cutter the chickens would roost on,
The sweet-scented barnyard the male cow did guard,
The wide-spreading hayrack thrown down on the green lawn,
And e'en the old grindstone that stood in the yard—
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.

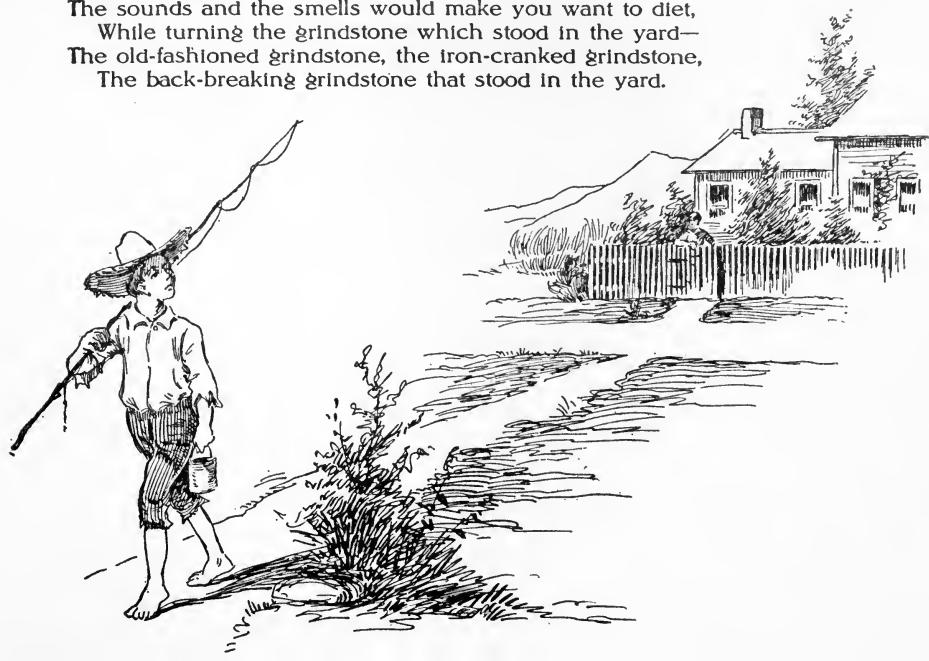
Say, don't you remember the old-fashioned grindstone,
The straining your muscles to turn the old crank,
The back-breaking process to move that old grindstone,
The struggle to turn for the man lean and lank;
The old flaring tin horn that called you to dinner,
Its sweet sound so dear to the heart of a boy
Who, starved for refreshments, could hardly get thinner,
While turning the grindstone not wholly a joy—
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.

Oh, don't you remember the knock of the broom,
The start from your slumbers at dark hour of four,
The shivers you felt as you rushed from your bedroom
And voted the old cook to regions much lower;
The cows in the stables must be milked and watered,
The cattle in the yard be foddered with corn,
The chores of the farm boy would stand if you loitered,
And e'en the old grindstone would wait thus forlorn—
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.



Oh, don't you remember of sprouting potatoes,
In cellar below, on a dark rainy day,
The feeling of sadness when your neighbor's lad goes
Fishing for suckers, while you're made to stay;
The dark, gloomy cellar, the lonesome lad in it,
The feeling of despair, with heart like a stone,
The strap of your father, the cane that stood nigh it,
And e'en the old grindstone that stood all alone—
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.

Oh, don't you remember your father's old woodshed,
Replete with memories of the old leather strap,
The sawbuck and axe, with the old-fashioned bob-sled,
And every known torture to plague the small chap;
The old open doorway, the swill-tub that stood by it,
The pig-pen in sight with fragrant smell on guard,
The sounds and the smells would make you want to diet,
While turning the grindstone which stood in the yard—
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.



Dolly's Sick

Little Alice Wright

My dolly's bery sick,
I'm 'fraid she' doin' to die,
She's had the tummak ache
Btause she telled a lie.

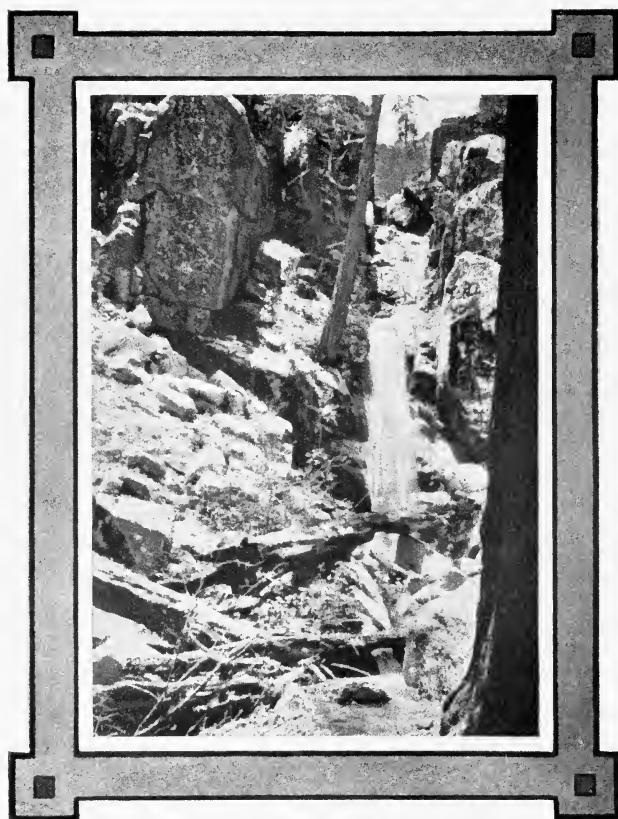
I twy' to make her dood
And say her pwayers at night,
She ticks her closes off
And opes her eyezes wite.

I'm 'faid she is so bad
That Dod won't let her seep,
When the room dits all dark
Her eyezes won't dast to peep.

My ma says she's teeny
And growd folks 'specta too much,
"Babies are such darlins
We must 'em softly touch."

Dood night, baby buntin,
Do sut your eyezes tight,
Be my little darlin'
And seep 'till mornin' light.





"Let rocks and rills thy works proclaim"—
In beauteous wilds inscribe thy name.



Let Us Be Thankful

Let us give thanks for many, many things,
At the present time and for the past,
For what we have had, and what we've missed,
Not more for the first than for the last.

We can be thankful, and should be, too,
For clothes to wear, and our daily bread;
It's as well that all should not forget,
And be grateful that we are not dead.

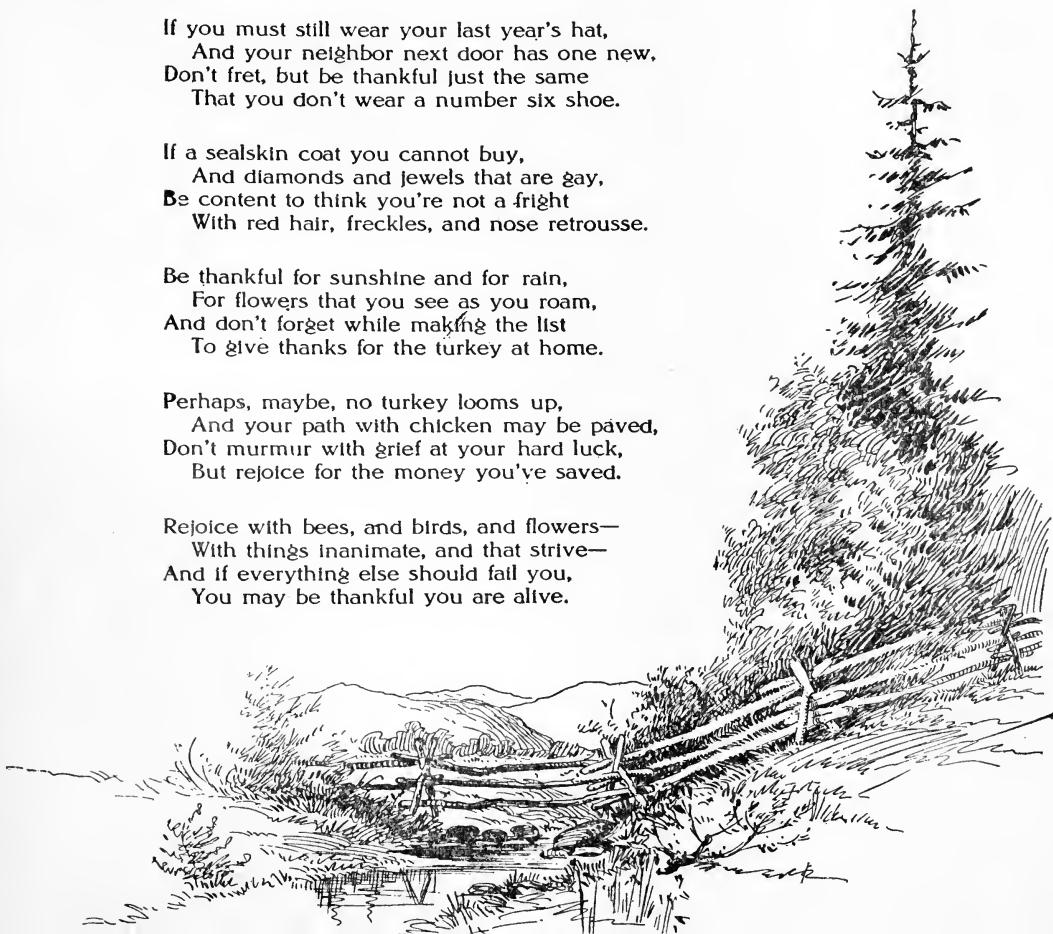
If you must still wear your last year's hat,
And your neighbor next door has one new,
Don't fret, but be thankful just the same
That you don't wear a number six shoe.

If a sealskin coat you cannot buy,
And diamonds and jewels that are gay,
Be content to think you're not a fright
With red hair, freckles, and nose retrousse.

Be thankful for sunshine and for rain,
For flowers that you see as you roam,
And don't forget while making the list
To give thanks for the turkey at home.

Perhaps, maybe, no turkey looms up,
And your path with chicken may be paved,
Don't murmur with grief at your hard luck,
But rejoice for the money you've saved.

Rejoice with bees, and birds, and flowers—
With things inanimate, and that strive—
And if everything else should fail you,
You may be thankful you are alive.



Long Ago



Now boys and girls, come hither all,
'Till a story I recall
Of the time we did the knitting—
Long ago.

When a slice of bread and butter
Did make our hearts to flutter;
From the fence our legs did dangle—
Long ago.

When Nancy and I went sliding
Down old Jones' cellar siding,
While our laughter rang out happy—
Long ago.

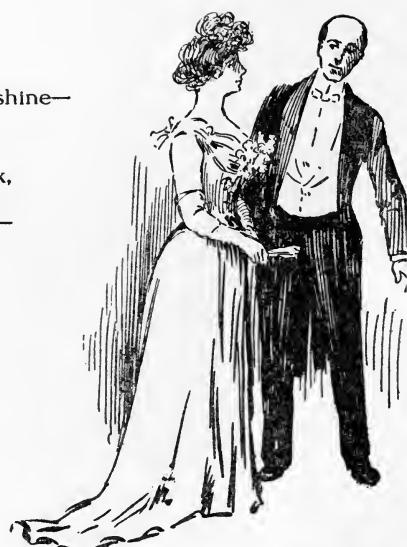
And we coasted on my bob-sled,
Sending chills from feet to head,
As the snow-spray e'en our back felt—
Long ago.

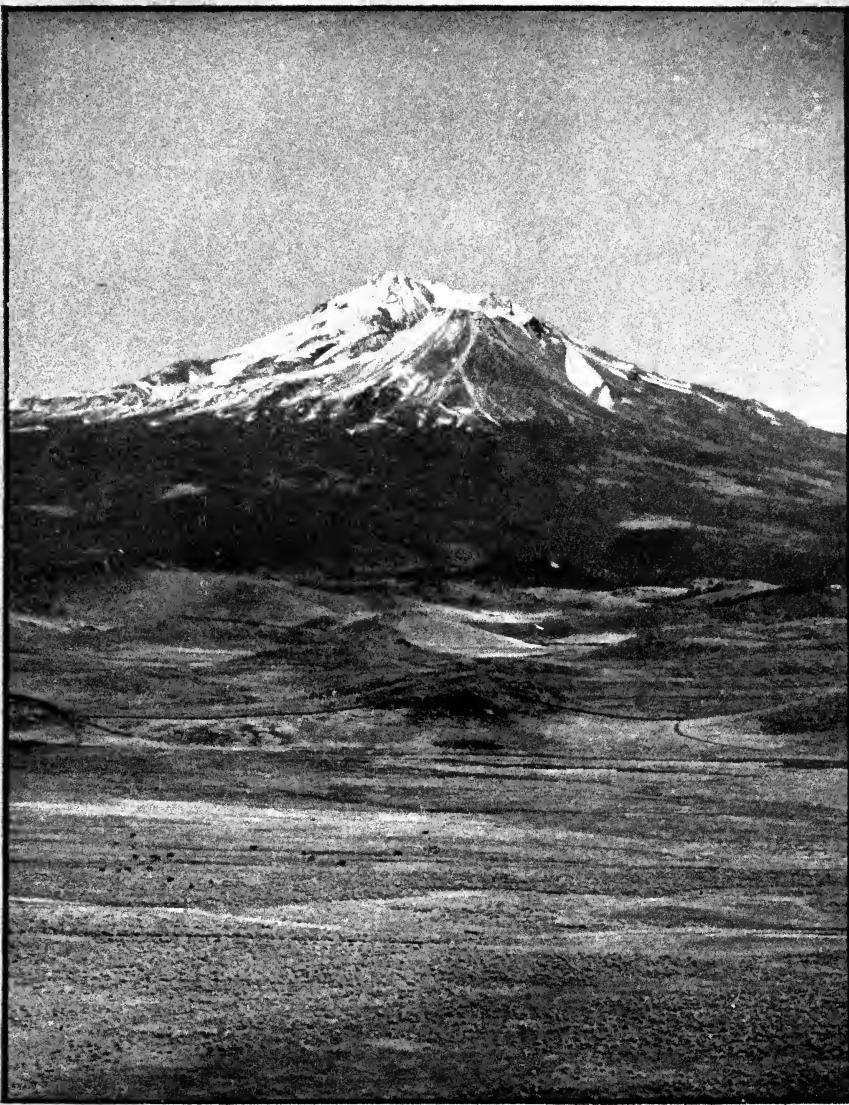
When we waded in the puddle
That made our clothes a muddle,
As our bare legs gleamed in sunshine—
Long ago.

When together in the warm brook,
Hid from sight, our bath we took
In nature's garb, we were happy—
Long ago.

Now Nancy 's a stately lady,
And my age's slightly shady,
'Tisn't proper for us to do as
Long ago.

As lady prim she cannot run,
And we miss a lot of fun,
As we never can get back to
Long ago.





A snow-capped peak uprising high
For miles around a beacon light;
The thirsty traveler with a sigh
Turns from the desert at the sight.

125 126

The Boy's Lament

It kinder makes a feller mad,
Say nothing what he goes to do,
When he can never please his dad
Or get one word from sister Sue.

I've run all day at beck and call,
For dad, and Sue, and I've run tight,
(When I'm not busy playing ball
Or in the cupboard for a bite.)

Dad allers says that I'm no good,
Sue says that I am a great pig,
They use me 's though I was a toad,
And for my fun don't care a fig.

My ma's the only one that's white,
She treats me like a feller wants,
If 'twant for her I'd show 'em fight
At sister's sass and daddy's taunts.





Sue 's got a beau what comes from town—
A dude that 'lows he's mighty smart—
He dasn't drive the oxen round,
Nor hitch them in the old bull cart.

He don't know nothin' 'bout a cow
'Cept what I told him—he's a chump—
He thinks the milk is pumped, I vowed
Her tail the handle of the pump.

A feller like that makes me sick,
He just as well might been a girl,
All Sue will get is just a stick,
She says he's sweet—you know a girl.

Under the lounge I hid one night,
Just to see what was doing near,
'Twant a very good place for sight,
But just a dandy place to hear



You ought to heard that dude remark
'Bout "angels," "wenuses," and things;
Oh, my, 'twas just a jolly lark
To hear him say Sue's built for wings.

I nearly giggled just right out
At "lovely," "sylph," and "angel" names—
While sister isn't so awful stout
She is an armful, just the same.

Suspicious noises rose and sunk,
Like a duck's foot pulled from the mud,
When down the old lounge came, kerplunk,
Nipping my fun just in the bud.

I yelled, of course—it hurt like sin—
That loafer seemed to weigh a ton,
(And sister isn't so very thin),
With both on top I couldn't run.



Gee, whiz! but what a row we had!
Sis cried; that measly beau—he swore!
But that was nothing to my dad,
Who stamped the floor, and ripped and tore.

I don't know what I should have done,
But ma came in and stopped the row,
She saw it wasn't any fun,
And sent me out to feed the cow.

You bet I's glad to get away!
A feller never has no fun;
Having a sister doesn't pay,
I'd rather have a dog and gun.





By nature's wondrous hand
And it alone
Pedeemed is desert land
From sand and stone

Old Song

My girl is a fickle jade,
She's broke more hearts than mine,
But oh, how she'd laugh,
Could she but see me pine.

Chorus:

Oh ! Oh ! she's a fickle wild rose,
Damask, cabbage, a china rose;
Oh ! Oh ! she's a fickle wild rose,
Damask, cabbage, a china rose.

If I were a pumpkin vine,
I'd straggle off to sea,
But oh, how she'd laugh
That I a fish should be.

Chorus.

With a twinkle in her eye
She makes my heart so glad,
But oh, how she'd laugh
If I were ever sad.

Chorus.

I'd hang myself upon a tree
If I thought 'twould make her cry,
But oh, how she'd laugh
At me hung up to dry.

Chorus.



Invocation

Our Father in Heaven, we come to Thee
When trouble and grief fill our hearts with fear,
Clear as the sky above, Thy face we see,
Giving us faith, and hope, when Thou art near.

Help us to bear the burdens of this life,
As soldiers of the Cross, to march for Thee,
And Thine armor bravely wear in this strife,
From murmuring at our lot keep us free.

Grant to us the spirit of love supreme,
Endowing us with noble thoughts, and brave,
By work, and act, and deed, our souls redeem,
Reflecting thus the soul of Him who gave.

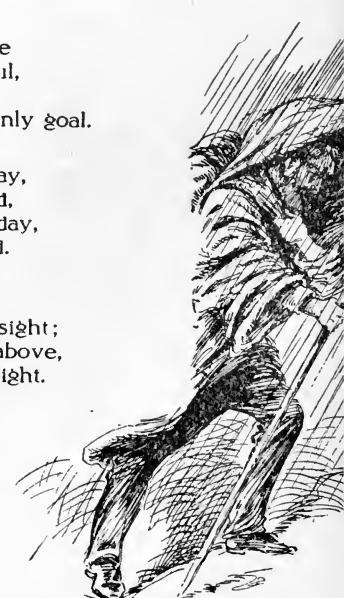
Give us this day the saving grace we need
To bear the daily load that is our task,
Should we then shrink from duties that us lead,
Give Thou us light and wisdom, help to ask.

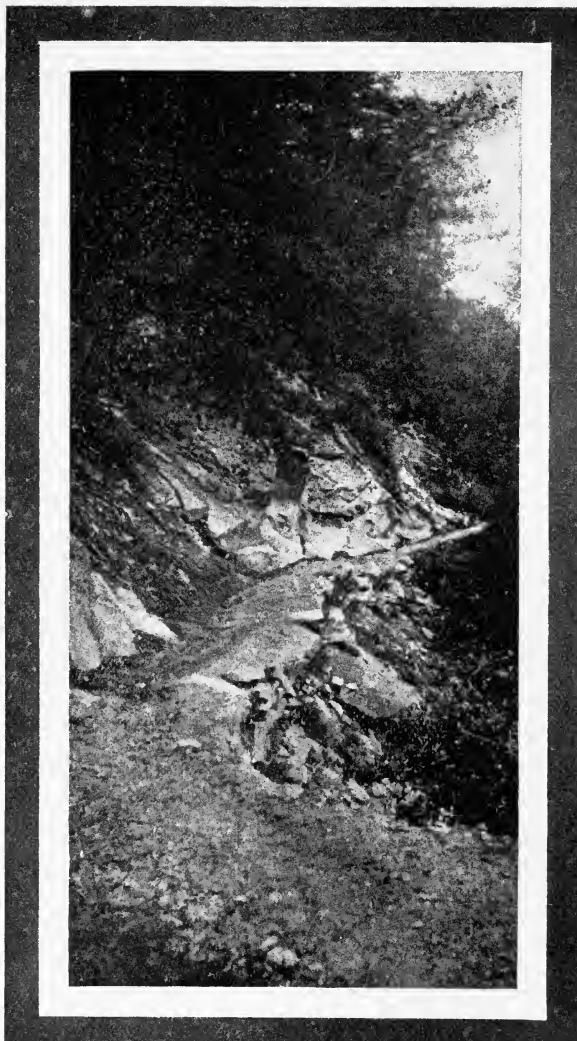
In our great weakness we live by Thy strength,
Faint of heart, Thy presence our fears dispel;
To the Cross with our might we cling at length,
In Thy promise we trust and sin repel.

May the blood of atonement make us pure
As the waters of life, keep thus the soul,
To reflect our lives, making us secure
In the sunshine of hope, for the heavenly goal.

Let Thy light shine upon our darkened way,
Illumining thus our feet the path to find,
'Till doubt and darkness turn to brightest day,
And hope eternal rests within the mind.

Just as we are, receive us in Thy love;
May Thy rich grace support us in Thy sight;
When earth shall pass and heaven reign above,
Receive us in Thy Kingdom, by Thy might.





Thy stony path my feet hath trod,
Through nature's grandure thus I roam
To view the glorious works of God
In beauties of our earthly home.

In Memoriam

To her, eternal life has opened,
Though we are left in gloom;
Oh, could she again be with us
We would ask no other boon.

Grant us, our Heavenly Father,
The strength to bear our loss,
She, we know, is in Thy presence,
She has bravely borne the cross.

May the darkness that surrounds us,
Making life a living night,
By her faith in life be banished
And again be clear and bright.

Such a life, so meek, so truthful,
We can never hope to live;
Yet the strength her life to follow
Is with Thee, O Lord, to give.

Let this world with all its sorrow—
With its gloom and heavy care—
Banished be from us tomorrow
As we climb the golden stair.

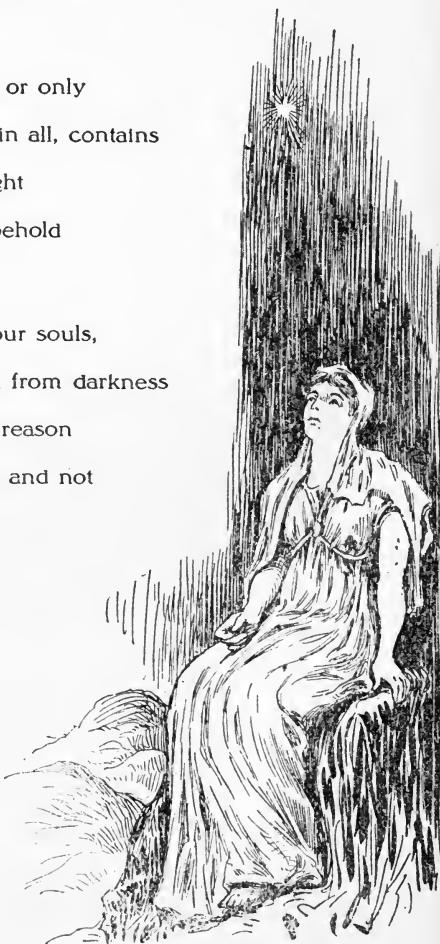
And again when we shall meet her
Whom we now so deeply mourn,
Her bright smile the first shall greet us
As we reach that heavenly bourn.

Infinitude

Implanted in our souls, a thought,
A hope, a wish unfilled,
To be the sport of every changing view, from
Time and thought distilled;
Unless, perchance, we are to be something
Beyond, above, intact—
Conscious of our present span, desiring
Our future to perfect.

Is aught in nature, then, destroyed, or only
Changed within our sight—
Renewed by Him whose being, all in all, contains
That power and might?
Is it that wish is father to the thought
But darkness is beyond?
Or will the veil be raised and we behold
What, half revealed, is found?

Faith, through ages the anchor of our souls,
Has saved us from despair;
Has reason, then, no power to lead from darkness
To regions fair?
Life immortal planted in the mind, reason
Saw without belief;
Now reason dwells within the soul, and not
In body weak and brief.



Soul, tenant of this form of clay, has thoughts
And wishes unexpressed;
Our dormant senses while at rest stay not
The mind with action blessed.
Without our eyes we see with vision bright
And clear by inward sight,
Without our ears we hear the mystic voices
Calling us to light.

Has hope no anchor, then, which reason in her
Wisdom can accept
If mind doth know, through other source, what
Nature, unrevealed, hath kept?
Mind to mind our thoughts express—no words
Are spoken, our lips are sealed—
No world so far, no space so great, but soul
To soul may thoughts reveal.

Let conscience demand that reason, then, accept
What hope has raised;
With certitude and love we fix our thoughts on Him
Whose name be praised.
And let the glory of eternal faith
In word, and deed, and strife,
Be reflected in all our thoughts, our hearts,
And every act of life,





Duty's Inspiration.

Knowing sins and pitfalls lie about our feet
As the day near spent is followed by the night,
Doing and daring what to us may seem meet,
Thinking of naught else but that which may be right.

Church bells are to us as the voice of our God,
Guiding our footsteps in paths of peace and love,
The end we see is not in gloom, 'neath the sod,
But joyous hope divine beckoning from above.

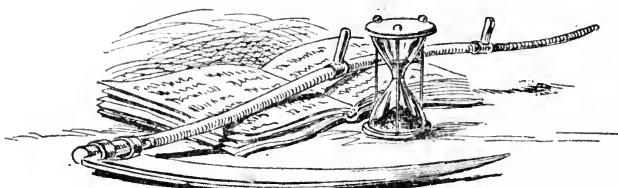
Conscience needs not castle walls nor lofty tower
When duty's enshrined within a heart of gold;
Faith shines as bright within a lady's bower
As in valiant deeds performed by warrior bold.

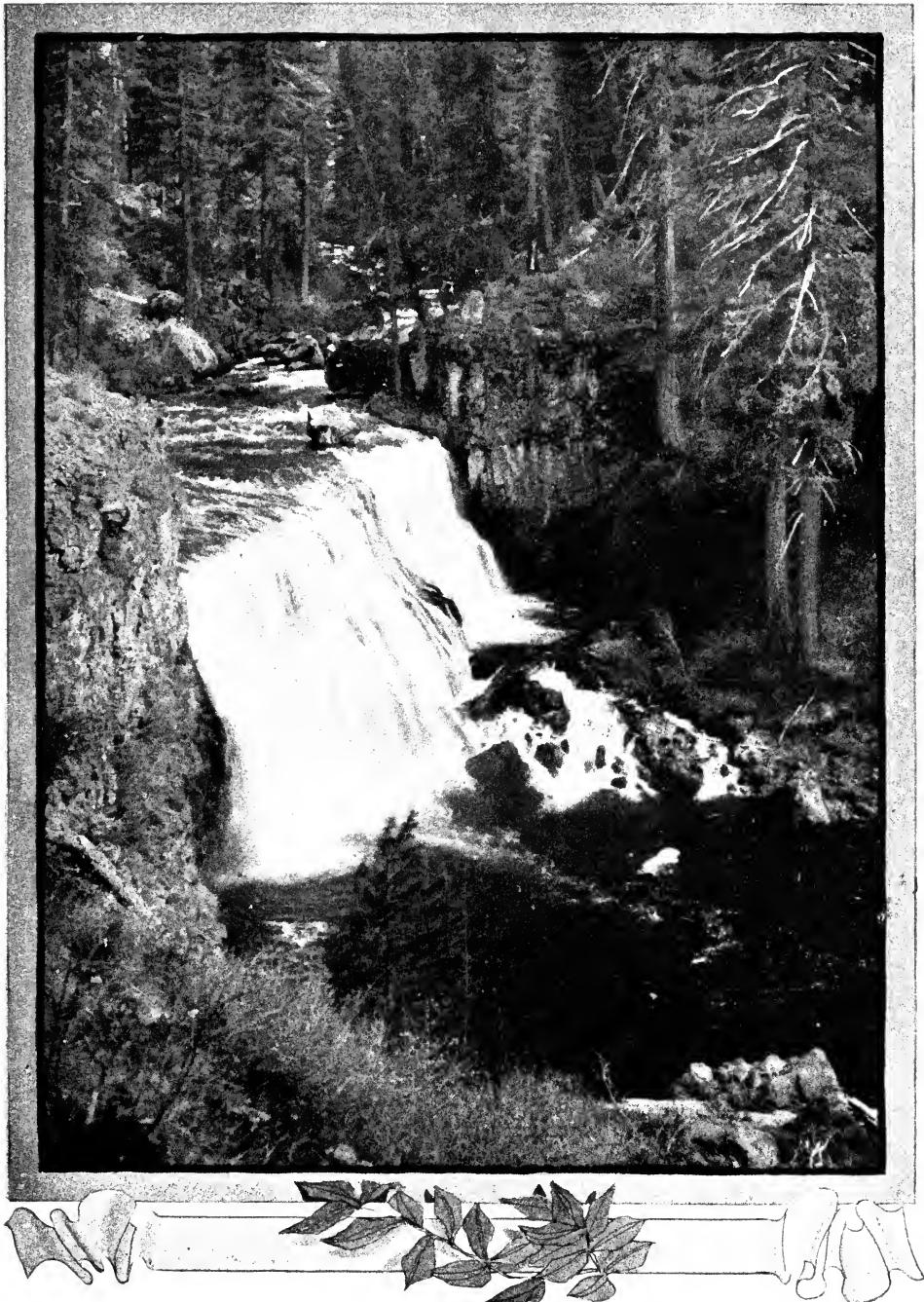
We seek applause of naught but conscience given,
Angels from heaven above, unknown, might take their flight,
By duty well done may dark clouds be riven,
And the bright star of hope cleave darkness to light.

Truth's a tower of strength that confidence gives,
Aiding him who strives the light of truth to find,
Nothing daunted, by its brilliant light he lives,
Seeking virtue's own reward in peace of mind.

Something doing, something daring for the right,
Life's tide ebbs without regret in thought or care;
Striving for the noble, using all our might,
Hope hears the rustling of a wing—over there.

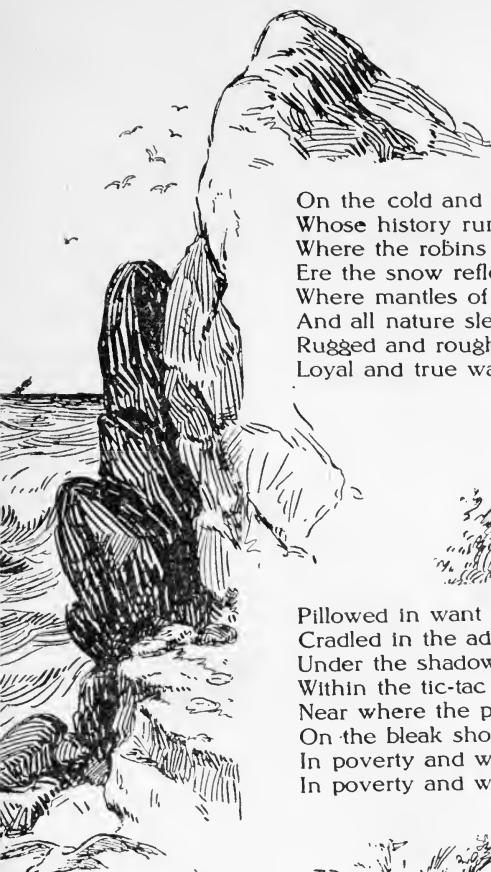
Then may our footsteps in cheerful cadence sound,
Hope, inspired by love, to cheer us on our way,
Till "Time" with his sickle reach us on his round,
And darkness of night gives place to brighter day.



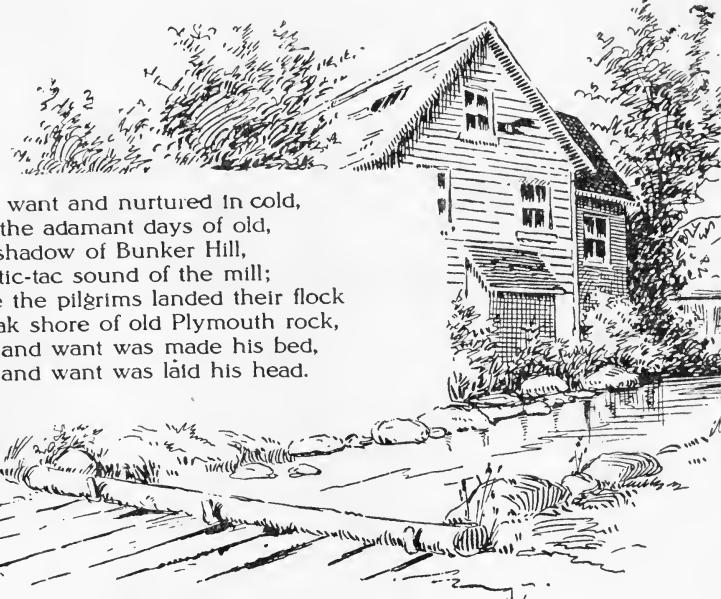


'Neath sombre shade it wends its way
Through quiet glade o'er dashing rocks;
The wild has called, it brooks no stay,
Untiring stream, at rest it mocks.

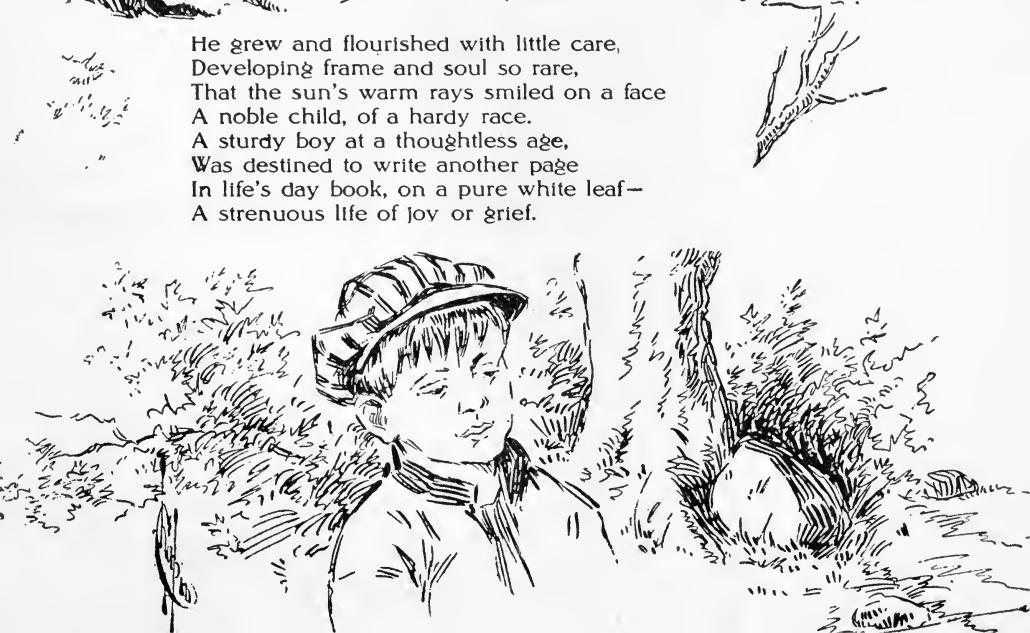
Quo Animo



On the cold and bleak New England shore,
Whose history runs in old folks' lore,
Where the robins wing their southland flight
Ere the snow reflects the northern light;
Where mantles of snow, deep, cover the ground,
And all nature sleeps a sleep profound,
Rugged and rough for an infant's bed,
Loyal and true was an infant bred.



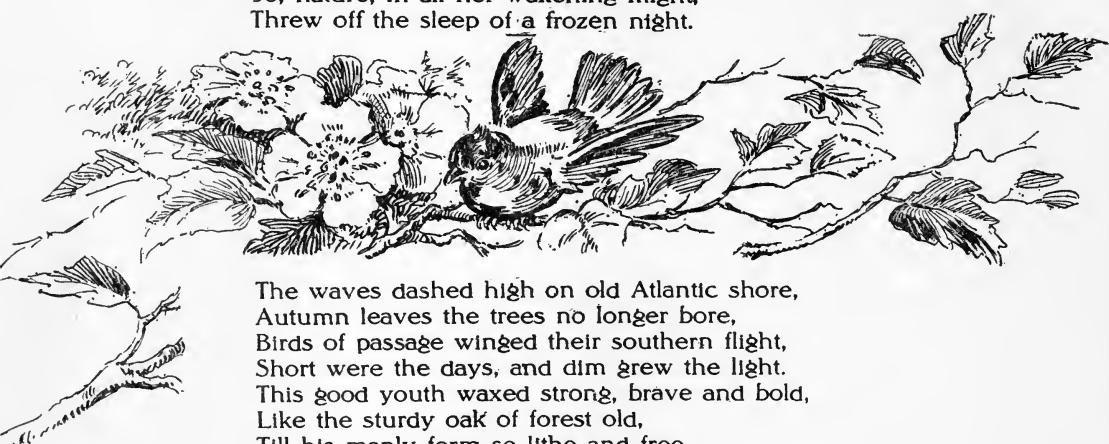
Pillowed in want and nurtured in cold,
Cradled in the adamant days of old,
Under the shadow of Bunker Hill,
Within the tic-tac sound of the mill;
Near where the pilgrims landed their flock
On the bleak shore of old Plymouth rock,
In poverty and want was made his bed,
In poverty and want was laid his head.



He grew and flourished with little care,
Developing frame and soul so rare,
That the sun's warm rays smiled on a face
A noble child, of a hardy race.
A sturdy boy at a thoughtless age,
Was destined to write another page
In life's day book, on a pure white leaf—
A strenuous life of joy or grief.



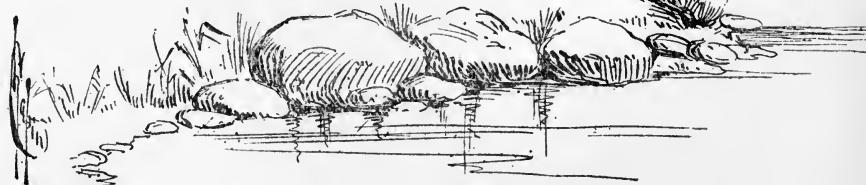
Spring time came as the springtide of life,
Filling him with hope armed for the strife,
As bursting buds of the stately trees
Pushed forth to the air their shimmering leaves—
As imprisoned waters burst their cell,
And icicles loosed from the roof tree fell—
So, nature, in all her wakening might,
Threw off the sleep of a frozen night.



The waves dashed high on old Atlantic shore,
Autumn leaves the trees no longer bore,
Birds of passage winged their southern flight,
Short were the days, and dim grew the light.
This good youth waxed strong, brave and bold,
Like the sturdy oak of forest old,
Till his manly form so lithe and free
Resembled still more that stately tree.

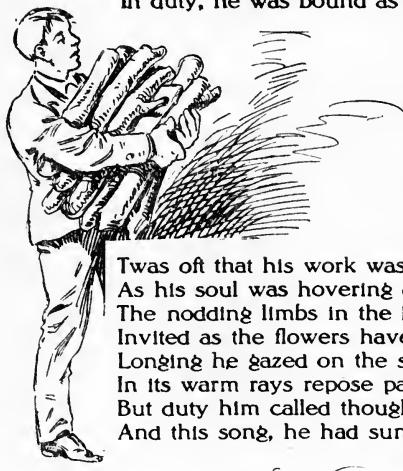


He grew thus apace, this child so fair,
Loving the breezes of June so rare,
Sporting in wood and dale and meadow,
From early morn to evening shadow,
Till the summer days began to wane
And beach trees shed their leaves in the lane;
This fair boy played and dreamed not of foe
Till the tide of summer's sun was low.





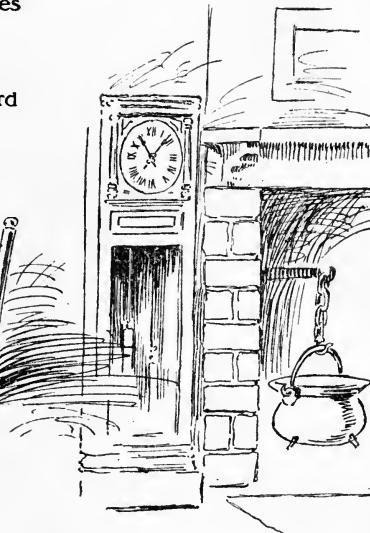
Few leisure hours had this boy to roam,
For toil and strife was his lot at home,
Made better was he, for storms to be
As the boat that's fashioned to the sea.
True to his home in his heart and soul
As the needle is true to the pole,
His toilsome work was cheerfully done,
In duty, he was bound as a son.

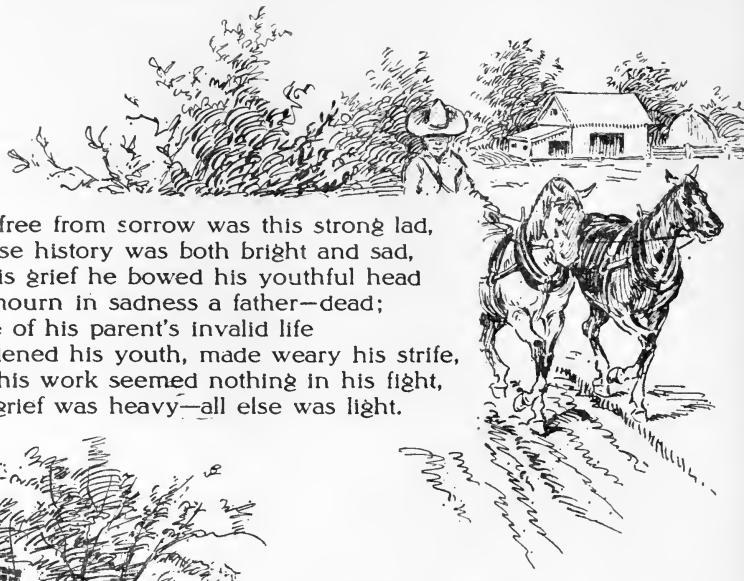


Twas oft that his work was done in vain
As his soul was hovering on the main,
The nodding limbs in the bright green trees
Invited as the flowers have the bees.
Longing he gazed on the sun at noon
In its warm rays repose passed so soon,
But duty him called though harsh and hard
And this song, he had sung like a bard.

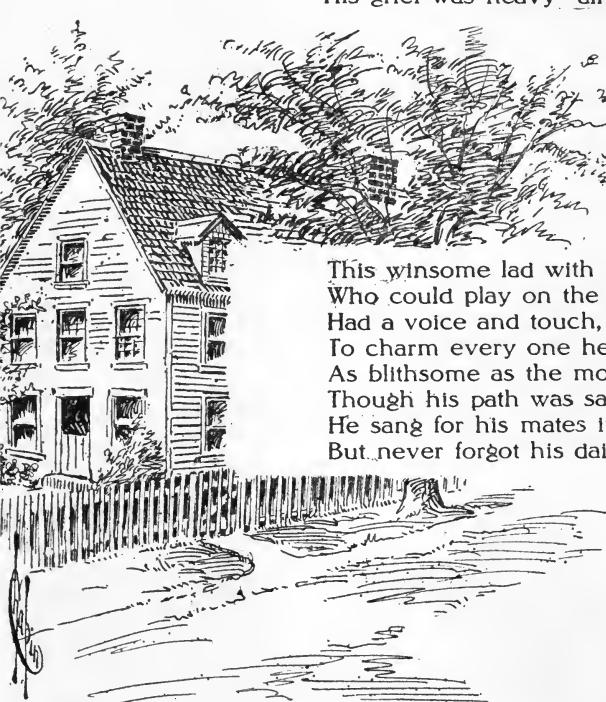


Season after season thus had done
To youth, what to flowers had the sun,
Nor soured was his nature, at such fate
But sweet as the lilac of his state.
He plodded his weary way along,
Made happy by his wit, and his song.
Both father and mother felt his care,
And prized those traits, in youth so rare.

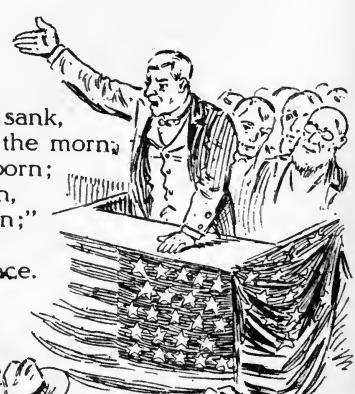




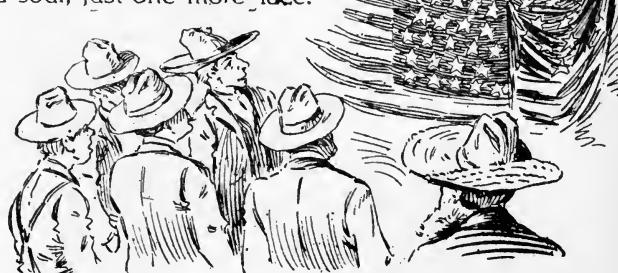
Not free from sorrow was this strong lad,
Whose history was both bright and sad,
In his grief he bowed his youthful head
To mourn in sadness a father—dead;
Care of his parent's invalid life
Burdened his youth, made weary his strife,
But his work seemed nothing in his sight,
His grief was heavy—all else was light.



This winsome lad with musical soul,
Who could play on the heart strings of all,
Had a voice and touch, both pure and sweet,
To charm every one he chanced to meet;
As blithsome as the mocking bird's song,
Though his path was saddened all along,
He sang for his mates in pure delight,
But never forgot his daily fight.



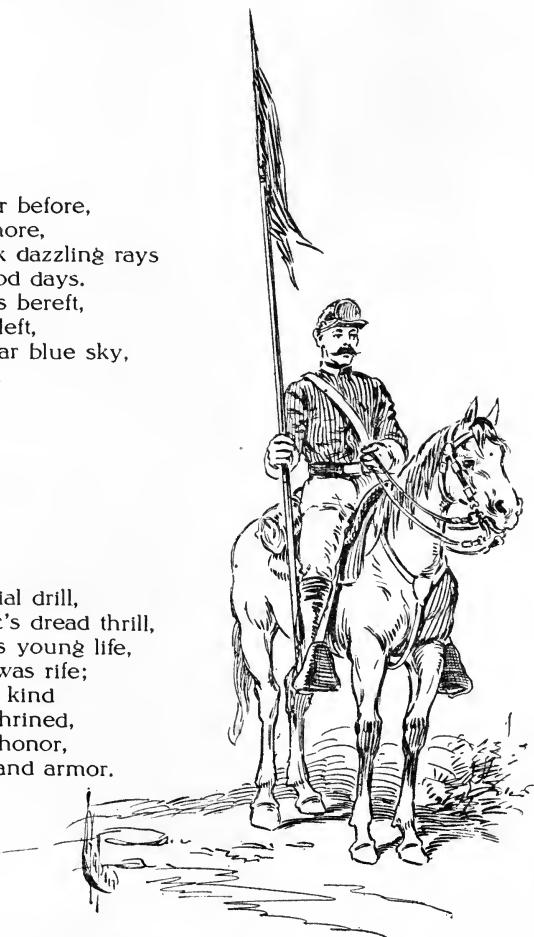
In village street, on the river bank,
Where the buzz of the mill rose and sank,
Stood the plain brown house, facing the morn;
Where this youth's poetic soul was born;
It's often said, and the saying's grown,
"A prophet in his country's unknown;"
The advent of the lad in this place
Marked only a soul, just one more face.

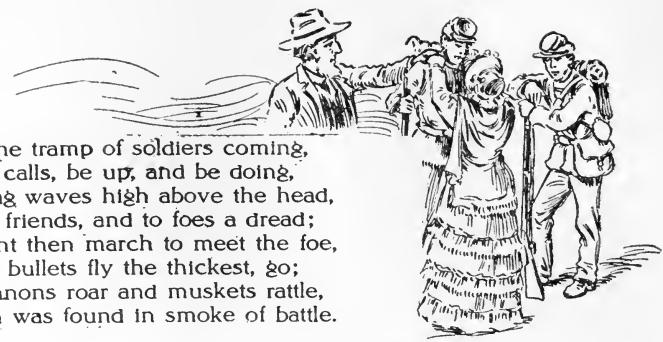


He woke one morn to the bugle call,
Whose clarion tones pealed forth to all,
And called to arms the patriot brave,
By force of arms, the nation to save.
A quick response, gave this lad so young,
Whose heart and soul to his home had clung,
'Gainst sister's charm, and mother's cry,
In duty's loud call, to do, or die.

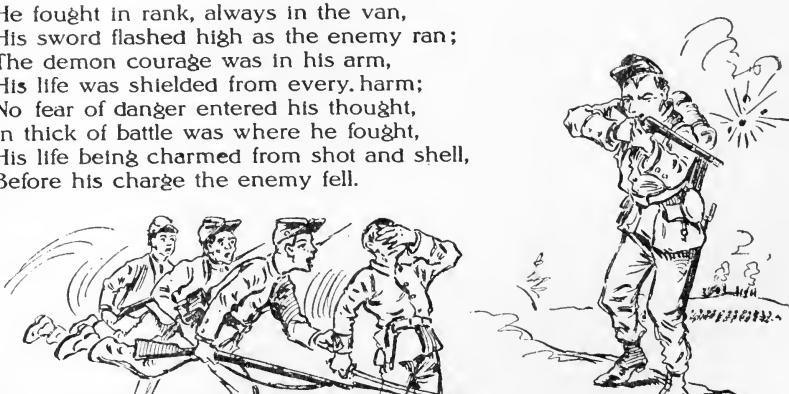
The sun shone bright as never before,
As he lingered on the river shore,
That silver stream flashed back dazzling rays
Beside the paths of his boyhood days.
Homesick at heart, feeling thus bereft,
Sorrow, the lot of those to be left,
The river's sheen, and the clear blue sky,
Added only to sadness, a sigh.

Of all the pomp of war's martial drill,
His heart, to drums and music's dread thrill,
Could find no response in this young life,
While the grief of the parting was rife;
But duty's first call was of the kind
In the heart of the soldier enshrined,
To hold firm to his word and honor,
While buckling on his sword and armor.





We hear the tramp of soldiers coming,
The bugle calls, be up, and be doing,
The old flag waves high above the head,
Protecting friends, and to foes a dread;
To the front then march to meet the foe,
Where the bullets fly the thickest, go;
Where cannons roar and muskets rattle,
This youth was found in smoke of battle.



He fought in rank, always in the van,
His sword flashed high as the enemy ran;
The demon courage was in his arm,
His life was shielded from every harm;
No fear of danger entered his thought,
In thick of battle was where he fought,
His life being charmed from shot and shell,
Before his charge the enemy fell.

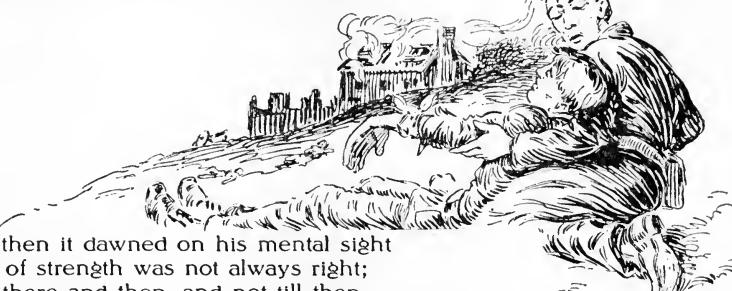


His stout heart quailed not at the sound,
Nor at the sight of the dead all 'round,
At the fierce strife, and clashing of arms,
Nor the cannon's roar, or bugle's alarm;
He fought like a brave man long and well,
His sword struck hard whenever it fell;
Charmed was his life in midst of the fight,
He fought like a man fighting for right.

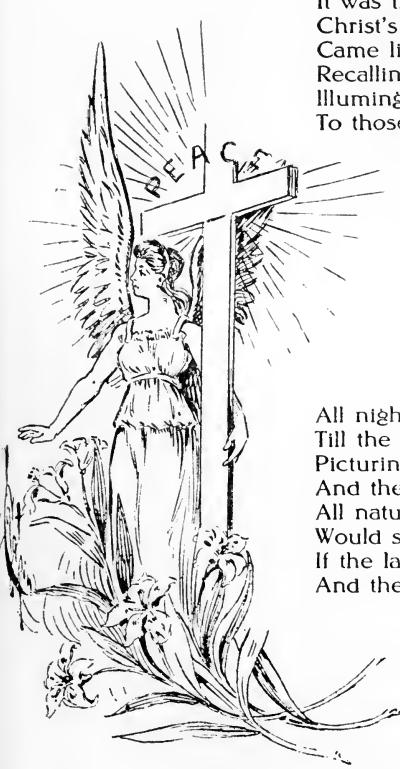




But when the curtains of light came down,
And the shade of night was all around,
He stood on battle field all alone,
Listening to the wounded's fearful groan—
When the stars looked down with pitying gaze
And the silver moon shone through the haze,
It was then he prayed to God above
The dying to save, with His great love.

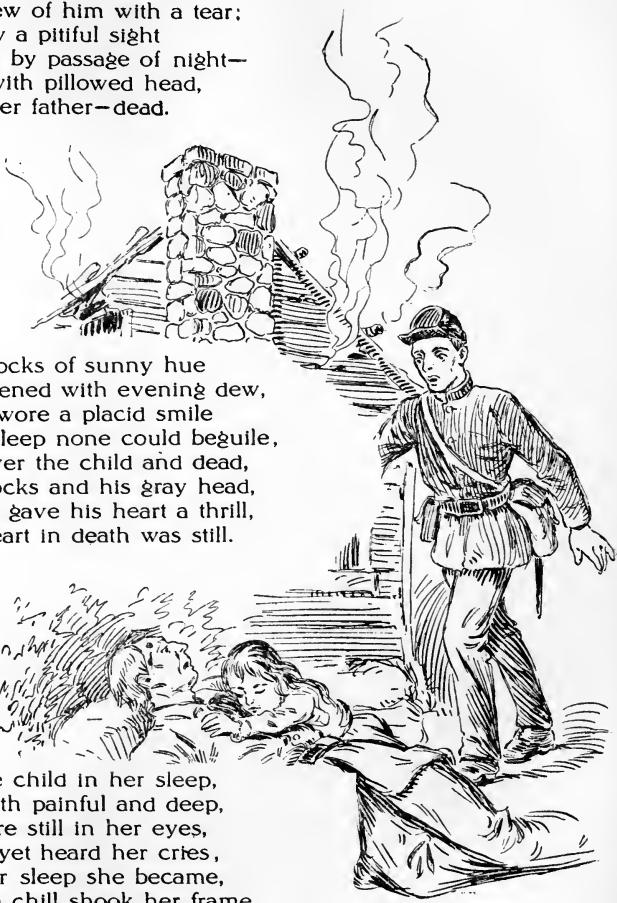


'Twas then it dawned on his mental sight
Power of strength was not always right;
It was there and then, and not till then,
Christ's words, "Peace and good will to all men,"
Came like a deluge filling his mind,
Recalling His face, gentle and kind,
Illuming the soul like flash of sight
To those words of peace, with love and light.



All night he stayed on this field of blood,
Till the sun-beams came down in a flood,
Picturing the wounded lying all 'round
And the silent dead covering the ground;
All nature so serene and so bright,
Would scarce reflect so cruel a sight,
If the laws of God should be obeyed
And the bloody hand of man be stayed.

And when the clear morning light revealed
To his vision all parts of the field,
When each separate form lying near
Was brought to view of him with a tear;
It was then he saw a pitiful sight
That came to view by passage of night—
A little child lay, with pillow'd head,
On the breast of her father—dead.



Her long tangled locks of sunny hue
Were wet and glistened with evening dew,
And her fair face wore a placid smile
As if from sweet sleep none could beguile,
The youth bent over the child and dead,
With her golden locks and his gray head,
Her smile in sleep gave his heart a thrill,
But the father's heart in death was still.

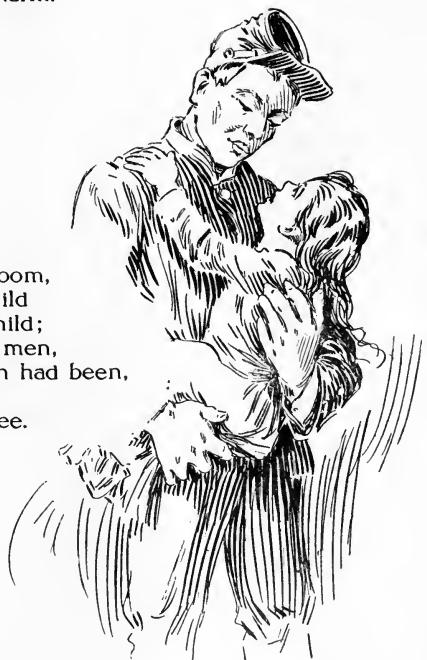
As he gazed at the child in her sleep,
His sorrow was both painful and deep,
Traces of tears were still in her eyes,
Only heaven had yet heard her cries,
Now restless in her sleep she became,
As by cool wave a chill shook her frame,
Then turning uneasy on her side
Quick sat up, and her eyes opened wide.



Heaven's azure was scarcely more blue
Than those eyes opened wide and so true,
Her little baby hands reaching out,
And her lips so ruby in a pout,
Touched a spot in the heart of the lad,
As a spring in the desert makes glad,
So he clasped this young child in his arms
Resolved then to protect her from harm.

The memory of a sister at home
Was as the glimpse of flowers in bloom,
The softening touch of this fairy child
Filled the vacant place of a sister mild;
On the battle field, midst wounded men,
Where destruction stalked and death had been,
This youth almost happy could be
Possessing this child, lovely and wee.

She came to him as a sunbeam goes,—
Like a dew drop on a parching rose,
As the tender light comes from the eye,
Or the morning breaks the darkened sky,
Her coming thus made the day more bright,
Her smiling face made his heart more light,
The song birds sang in sweeter low notes,
And ruffled in glee their little throats.



As he gazed around this bloody morn,
This wicked old world seemed less forlorn,
The baby head pillow'd on his breast
Gave him the sense of peace, joy and rest.
He wondered at his sweet thoughts so vain
And he looked sadly 'round this field again,
As he travelled o'er the battle ground,
He suddenly heard the bugle sound.

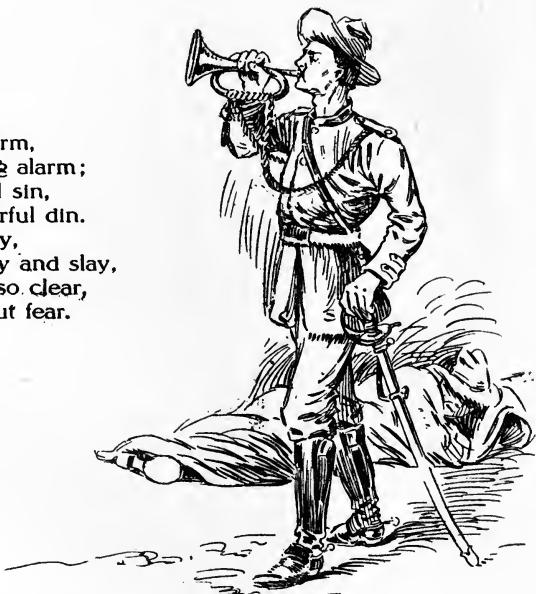
First with joy, he heard the coming feet,
As rushed o'er the plain the steed so fleet;
But alas! he saw with quick dismay
That his foes before had blocked his way.
He looked to the front, to side to rear,
And with his first sensation of fear;
And as he looked far over the plain
His heart sank lower, all hope seemed vain.



On every side the fierce dashing steed
Wide covered the ground. Far over the mead
The glittering sabres flashing in air
Surrounded as prisoners this loving pair.
From all sides they gathered, this array,
Horse and soldier looking brave and gay
With surprise to see this child and lad,
Wondering to hear the story so sad.

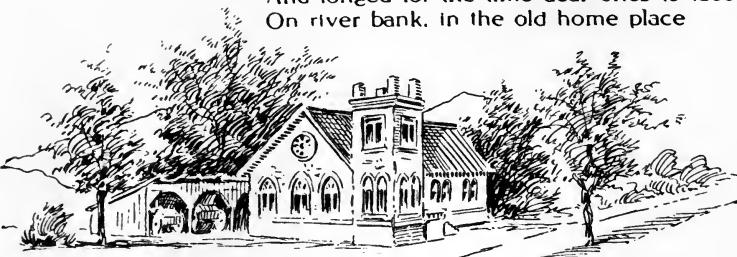
But stern duty called this martial clan,
Not one wished to be following the van.
Ordering this youth and babe to ride,
A soldier rode guard on either side.
Far from the field to the enemy's sight
Rode they to camp by the star's dim light.
Without complaint this baby's head lay
On the youth's broad breast all of the way.

He awoke to hear the call to arm,
The enemy's trumpet sounding alarm;
He awoke to recall this dreadful sin,
Midst clashing of arms and fearful din.
Forming of ranks in battle array,
Whose sight suggests to destroy and slay,
Brought to his mind his duty so clear,
His work to kill, to fight without fear.



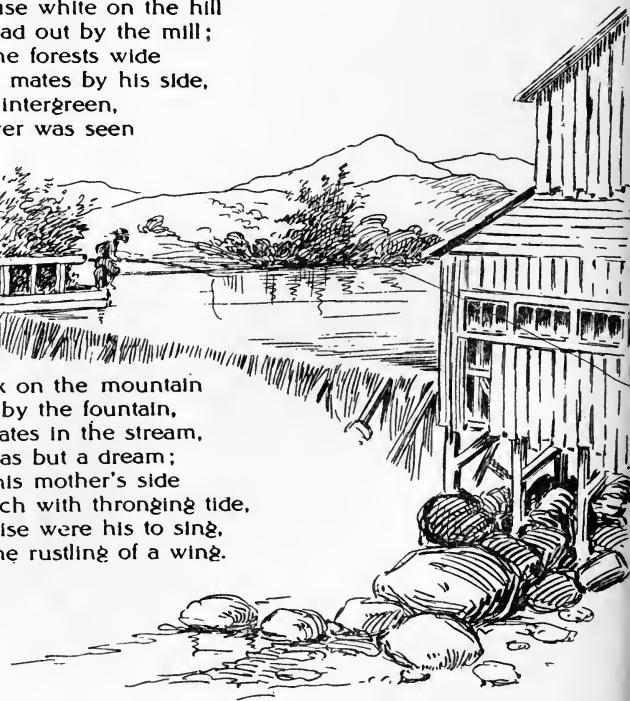
Refreshed by food, and sleep of the night
This child awoke by morn's early light—
Prattling she ran to the soldier youth
Still sleeping the sleep of love and truth,
Circling his head with her tiny arms,
As though to protect him from all harm,
He opened his eyes to broad daylight
And to this babe so beautiful and bright.

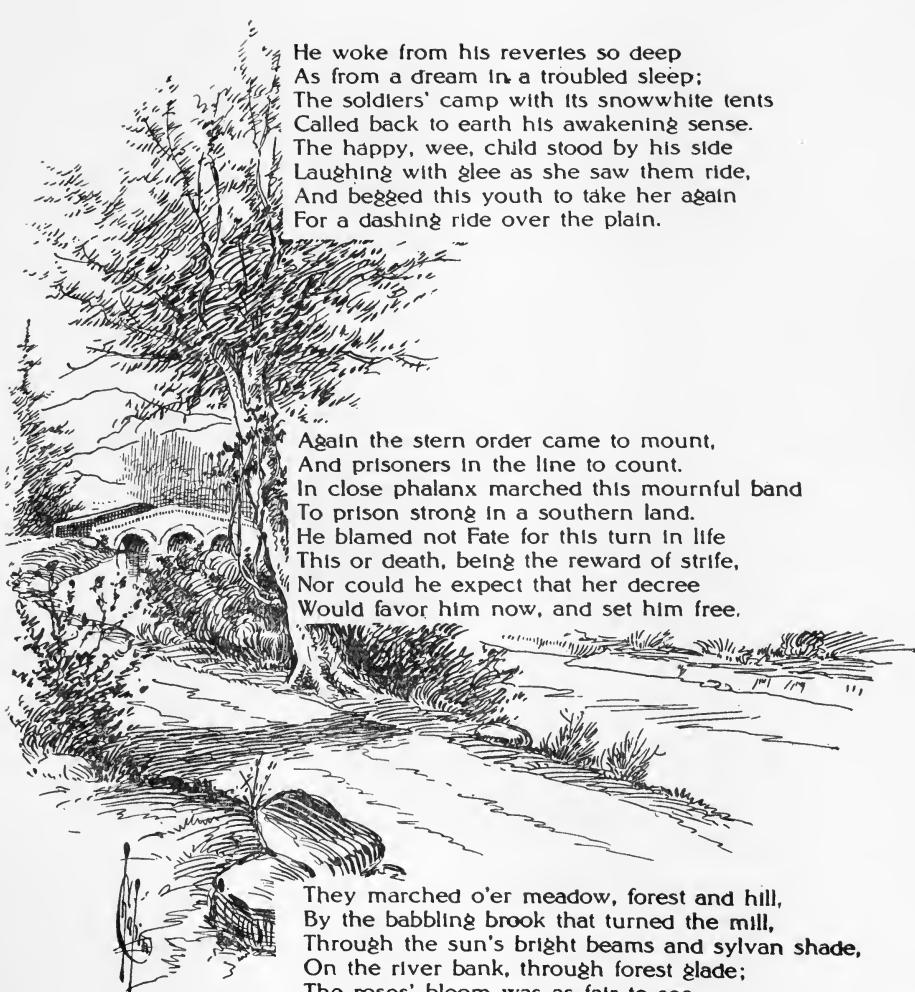
He gazed around on this martial host
Glittering with arms, each one at his post,
Under the heavens with sky so blue
Their business—murder—hardly seemed true.
He thought of home on the village street,
The place of his birth, loved ones to greet,
And longed for the time dear ones to face
On river bank, in the old home place



In visions he saw the old stone church
That stood near by the wide spreading birch.
The village school house white on the hill
And fishing pond spread out by the mill;
Again he roamed in the forests wide
With his happy school mates by his side,
Gathering berries of wintergreen,
As joyous youth as ever was seen

He stood by the brook on the mountain
And on village green by the fountain,
He played with his mates in the stream,
The present to him was but a dream;
Again he walked by his mother's side
To the old stone church with thronging tide,
Sweet anthems of praise were his to sing,
From Heaven came the rustling of a wing.





He woke from his reveries so deep
As from a dream in a troubled sleep;
The soldiers' camp with its snowwhite tents
Called back to earth his awakening sense.
The happy, wee, child stood by his side
Laughing with glee as she saw them ride,
And begged this youth to take her again
For a dashing ride over the plain.

Again the stern order came to mount,
And prisoners in the line to count.
In close phalanx marched this mournful band
To prison strong in a southern land.
He blamed not Fate for this turn in life
This or death, being the reward of strife,
Nor could he expect that her decree
Would favor him now, and set him free.



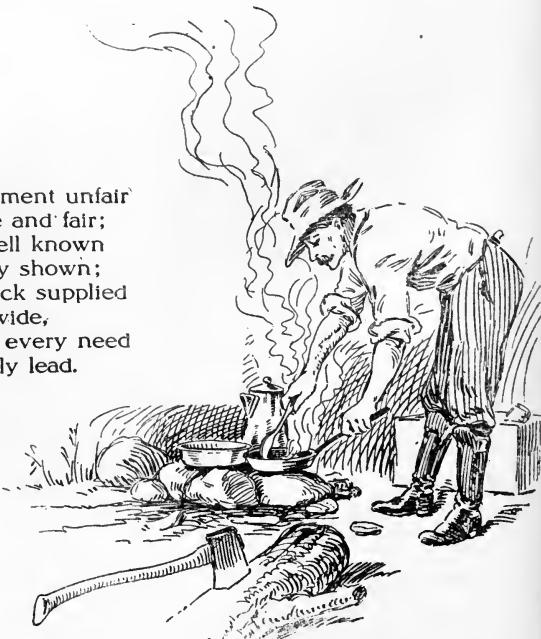
They marched o'er meadow, forest and hill,
By the babbling brook that turned the mill,
Through the sun's bright beams and sylvan shade,
On the river bank, through forest glade;
The roses' bloom was as fair to see,
Their dulcet drops as sweet to the bee.
The song birds warbled their merriest song
In musical time as they marched along.

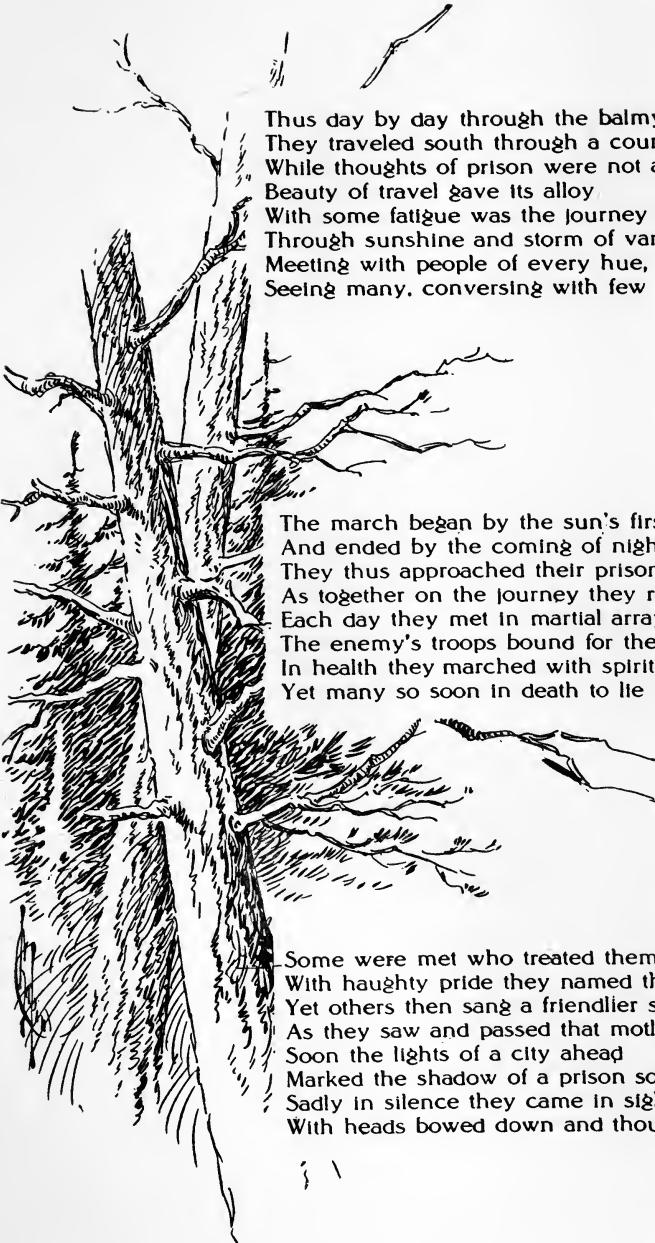
Wide spread the fair earth in emerald hue,
Its fresh robe sparkled with morning dew,
The soft breeze played through the shimmering leaves
Of the outspread limbs of shady trees;
All nature vied with the heavens above
For peace and good-will and earthly love,
And those in suffering and in distress
Felt the iron hand of fate the less.



They marched for days to the sunny land
A cheerful, if not a happy, band;
By travel passing many a day
In bright, pleasing converse on the way.
If not the thought of a prison cell
Intruding their minds in every dell
The days thus passed in this journey's ride,
Would have had for them a happy side.

None could complain of treatment unfair
By guards at their side gentle and fair;
The chivalry of the South, well known
To all the prisoners, was daily shown;
Every want by them was quick supplied
By foraging soldiers far and wide,
Each guard strove to furnish every need
But safe to prison, them surely lead.





Thus day by day through the balmy air
They traveled south through a country fair
While thoughts of prison were not a joy
Beauty of travel gave its alloy
With some fatigue was the journey made,
Through sunshine and storm of varying grade,
Meeting with people of every hue,
Seeing many, conversing with few

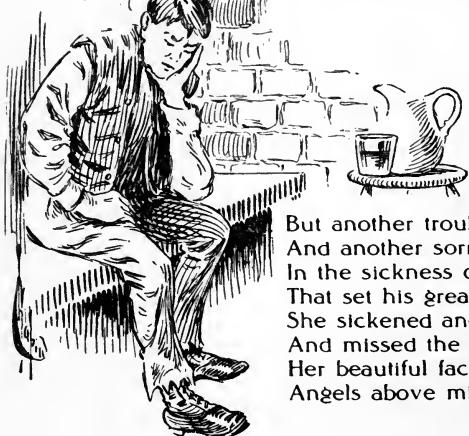
The march began by the sun's first light
And ended by the coming of night;
They thus approached their prison abode
As together on the journey they rode.
Each day they met in martial array
The enemy's troops bound for the fray,
In health they marched with spirits so high
Yet many so soon in death to lie

Some were met who treated them with scorn,
With haughty pride they named them low born,
Yet others then sang a friendlier strain
As they saw and passed that motley train.
Soon the lights of a city ahead
Marked the shadow of a prison so dread —
Sadly in silence they came in sight
With heads bowed down and thoughts dark as night.

The prison doors closed with chilling clang
Liberty's death-knell for this youth rang,
And dark gloomy thoughts possessed his soul
As with coming night he reached his goal.
For days he pondered gloomy and sad
In this prison with food that was bad,
In his mind shone not a single ray
Of hope that pictured the coming day.



It was then he missed the air and light
And lovely landscape both clear and bright,
The song of the birds and hum of the bees
With green velvet grass and waving trees,
The fleecy clouds and the azure sky
With shady forests and mountains high,
All these he missed with a sigh of grief
Though his stay in prison had been brief.

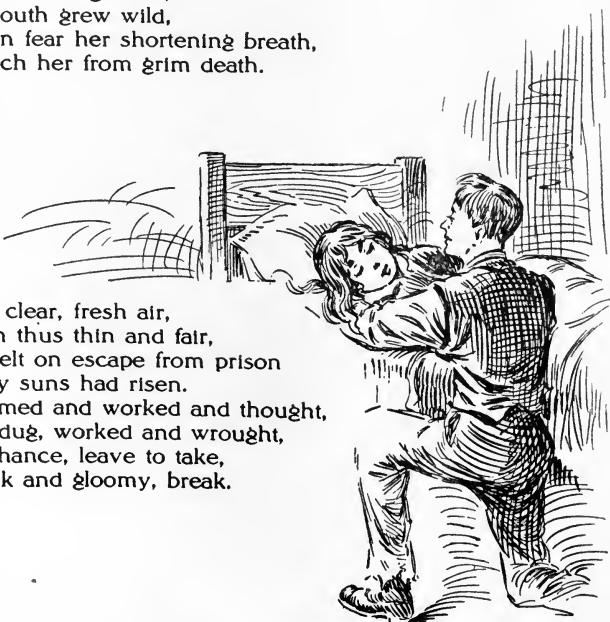


But another trouble he must meet,
And another sorrow he must greet
In the sickness of that little child
That set his great heart to beating wild.
She sickened and pined on prison fare
And missed the freshness of summer air.
Her beautiful face grew pale and white—
Angels above might weep at the sight.

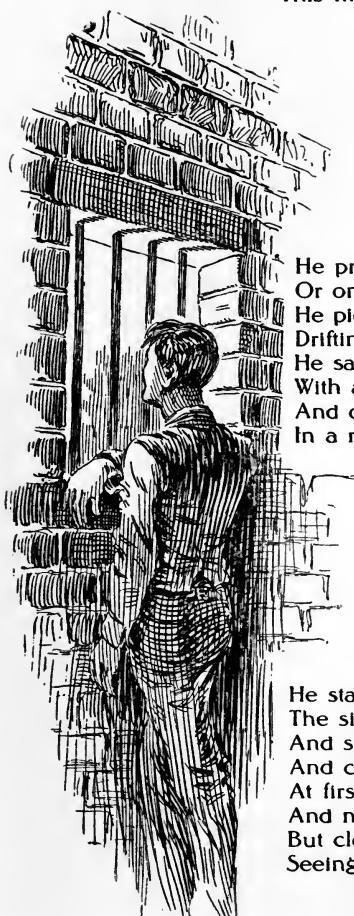
Day by day her malady grew worse,
Day by day he was her faithful nurse,
His restful arms were the sick child's bed,
By his tender hand the child was fed.
He earnestly prayed her life be spared—
As for his own so little he cared—
That her loss meant his happiness gone,
Without her presence he'd be alone.

With loving patience she bore her cross,
Air and sunshine marked her only loss,
Every day now weaker grew her voice,
Betwixt life and death there seemed no choice.
Made desperate by the sinking child,
This loving, faithful youth grew wild,
Though he watched in fear her shortening breath,
Yet he vowed to snatch her from grim death.

His only hope lay in clear, fresh air,
For the patient grown thus thin and fair,
And his thoughts dwelt on escape from prison
Before the time many suns had risen.
To this plan he schemed and worked and thought,
And for this end he dug, worked and wrought,
Until there came a chance, leave to take,
And from prison, dark and gloomy, break.



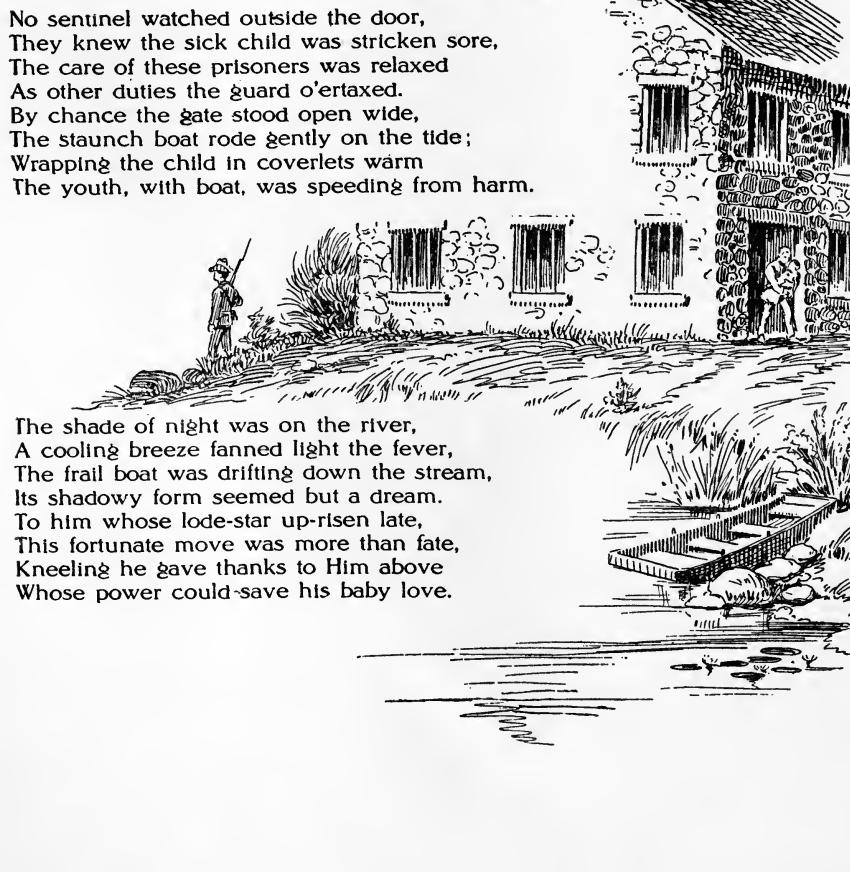
When not engaged at the sick girl's side
He watched the ebb and flow of the tide
That laved the foot of the prison gate
And beckoned him on to tempt his fate.
The gods are good to those who are brave,
Who risk their lives, loving friends to save,
And this brave youth determined to try
This method to save the child, or die.



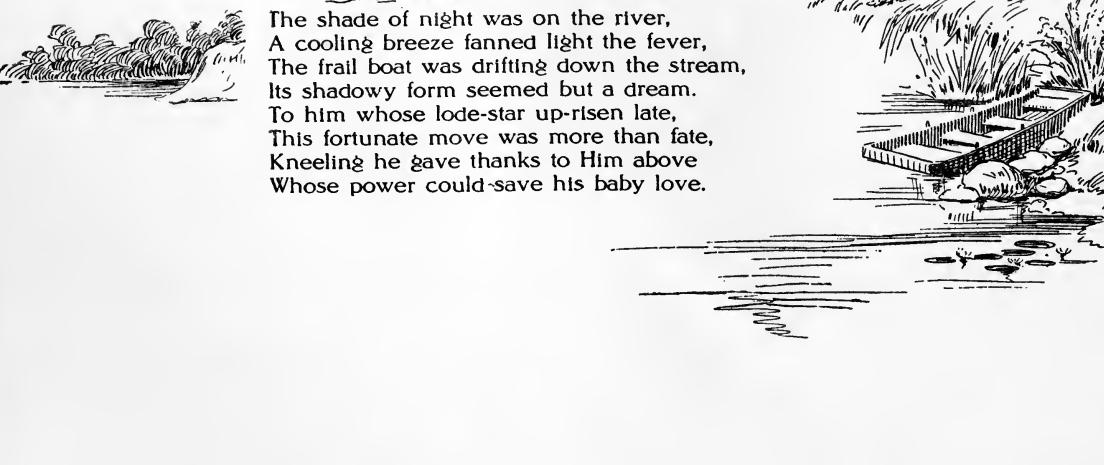
He prayed a friend might send him a boat,
Or one perchance be left in the moat,
He pictured themselves on river wide
Drifting gently seaward with the tide.
He saw himself slowly homeward bound,
With a living treasure by him found,
And dreamed them happy once more in thought
In a rescued life so dearly bought.

He started, and gazed from the prison,
The silver moon had just arisen
And shed her rays far over the land,
And close by on the river and strand.
At first his sad thoughts were far away
And not on objects which near by lay,
But clearing vision fell on the moat,
Seeing at anchor a tiny boat.

It rose and fell on the rippling wave
A beacon of hope a life to save.
His wistful gaze was intent and long,
Desire of life and freedom were strong,
But nothing in mind to him so great
As his helpless charge and her sad fate.
Accepting this sign as from above
He resolved to save her by God's love.



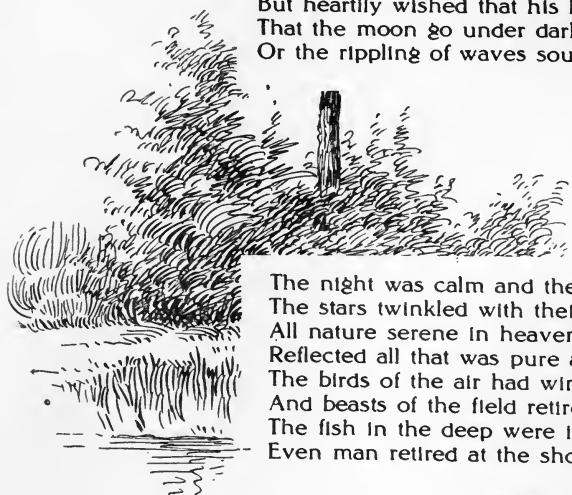
No sentinel watched outside the door,
They knew the sick child was stricken sore,
The care of these prisoners was relaxed
As other duties the guard o'er taxed.
By chance the gate stood open wide,
The staunch boat rode gently on the tide;
Wrapping the child in coverlets warm
The youth, with boat, was speeding from harm.



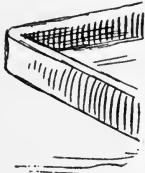
The shade of night was on the river,
A cooling breeze fanned light the fever,
The frail boat was drifting down the stream,
Its shadowy form seemed but a dream.
To him whose lode-star up-risen late,
This fortunate move was more than fate,
Kneeling he gave thanks to Him above
Whose power could save his baby love.



They drifted with the receding tide
In the middle of the stream so wide,
That from the shore it looked but a speck
To sentinels in fort, and on the deck.
The youth sailed now with his hopes raised high,
But heartily wished that his boat could fly,
That the moon go under darkening cloud
Or the rippling of waves sound less loud.

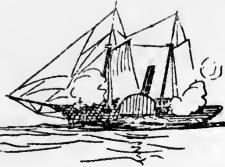


The night was calm and the moon shone bright,
The stars twinkled with their radiant light,
All nature serene in heavenly rest
Reflected all that was pure and best.
The birds of the air had winged their flight
And beasts of the field retired for night,
The fish in the deep were in repose,
Even man retired at the short day's close.



The evening dew refreshing the air,
Cool and soothing for this errant pair,
Revived the dormant and ailing child
Sailing between banks of forest wild.
She sat by the youth with eyes more bright,
Watching with pleasure the glow worm's light
And thinking of naught that might be sad,
But dwelling on that which made her glad.





Passing the cities on either bank,
As the smooth gliding boat rose and sank,
They saw beaming lights reflected back
On the surface of river now black.
The time of passing by was late
And danger of discovery so great
That they sat in silence on their way,
Looking for the dawn of another day.



It came; the gray dawn of morning light
O'erspread the earth and vanquished night,
The moon and stars fading from the sky
Replaced by the sun's bright beams on high,
Awoke to life the songsters of light
Filling the air with music so bright,
Through forest glade and shimmering tree
From mountain peak to murmuring sea.

All nature renewed by sleep and rest
Appeared in sunshine brightest and best,
Till storms and tempests almost were not
And human knowledge them most forgot.
It was then the youth of danger thought
And turned his boat and the shore was sought,
Hid, under a dense o'erhanging tree,
From enemies sight, felt safe and free.





In branches green perched above them high,
The oriole sang to her birdlings nigh,
Each mocking bird sounding her refrain
Through the forest that re-echoed again.
Listening to this concert of the wild,
Highly pleasing to the youth and the child,
The day passed by and shadows of night
Were brightened, then, by the moon's pale light.



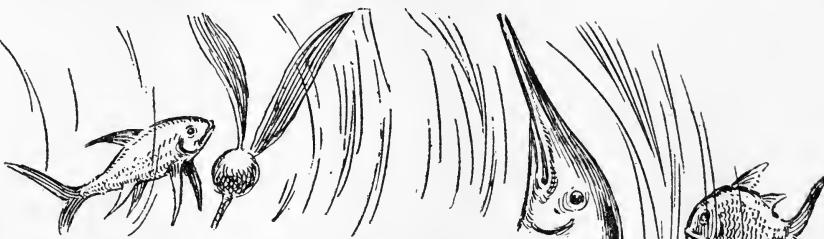
'Twas then they resumed the seaward flight
In the shadows of the coming night,
With naught but the twinkling stars to guide
And reflections dark on either side.
The movements here of the ebb and tide
Proclaimed them near to the ocean wide,
And, moving lightly like sailors true,
Brought the grand old ocean to their view.



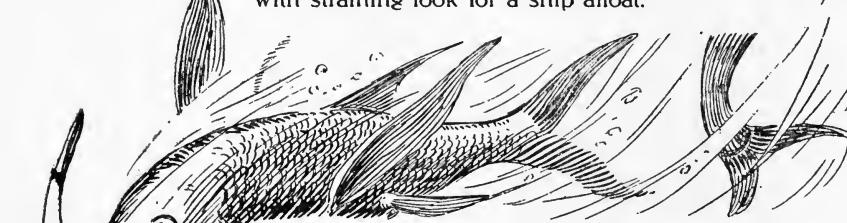
With mingled feelings of joy and dread,
The ocean beneath, the sun o'erhead,
This youth with his precious load to save
Rowed silently on with looks now grave.
Although the day was both calm and bright,
And the forest shore was just in sight,
He knew his frail barque hardly could be
Fitted to withstand the stormy sea.



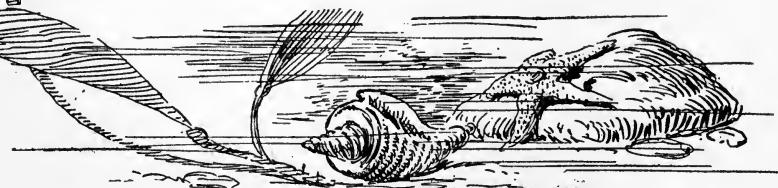
The healthful look on the child's dear face
Was answering prayer that had found grace,
And the thankful heart of this brave lad
'Mid perils of ocean was made glad.
And the thought of the course he must take
Blending thought with the time he would make
Sending the boat safe over the wave
To some haven of rest, them to save.



The dolphins sporting in this vast deep
With the shining fish compelled to leap
From the sea wolf's terrifying race
Through the blue air for a safer place.
The child amused, was watching the play
In her baby eyes it seemed so gay.
The youth was rowing his tiny boat
With straining look for a ship afloat.



Long distance from shore the small bark made,
The adverse winds its return forbade,
Dark rolling waves dashed high and grand,
Imposing, fearful, but guarding the land—
Caused the youth to feel his courage go
As he saw in storm a deadly foe.
He longed for the woods and fields again,
The solid earth with sunshine and rain.

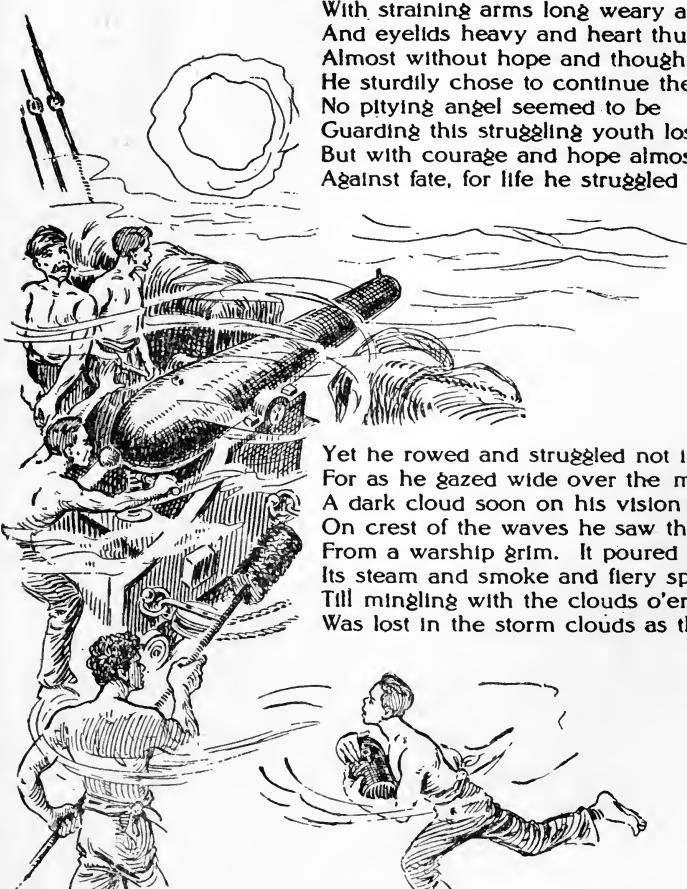


Storm clouds gathered in the sky o'erhead
Made the youth anxious with fear and dread,
The green ocean wave under his feet
Lifted the boat high with strong heart beat,
The elements of earth and heaven
By some power unseen were given
To bring to them unpitying tide
Or to bright haven of safety guide.

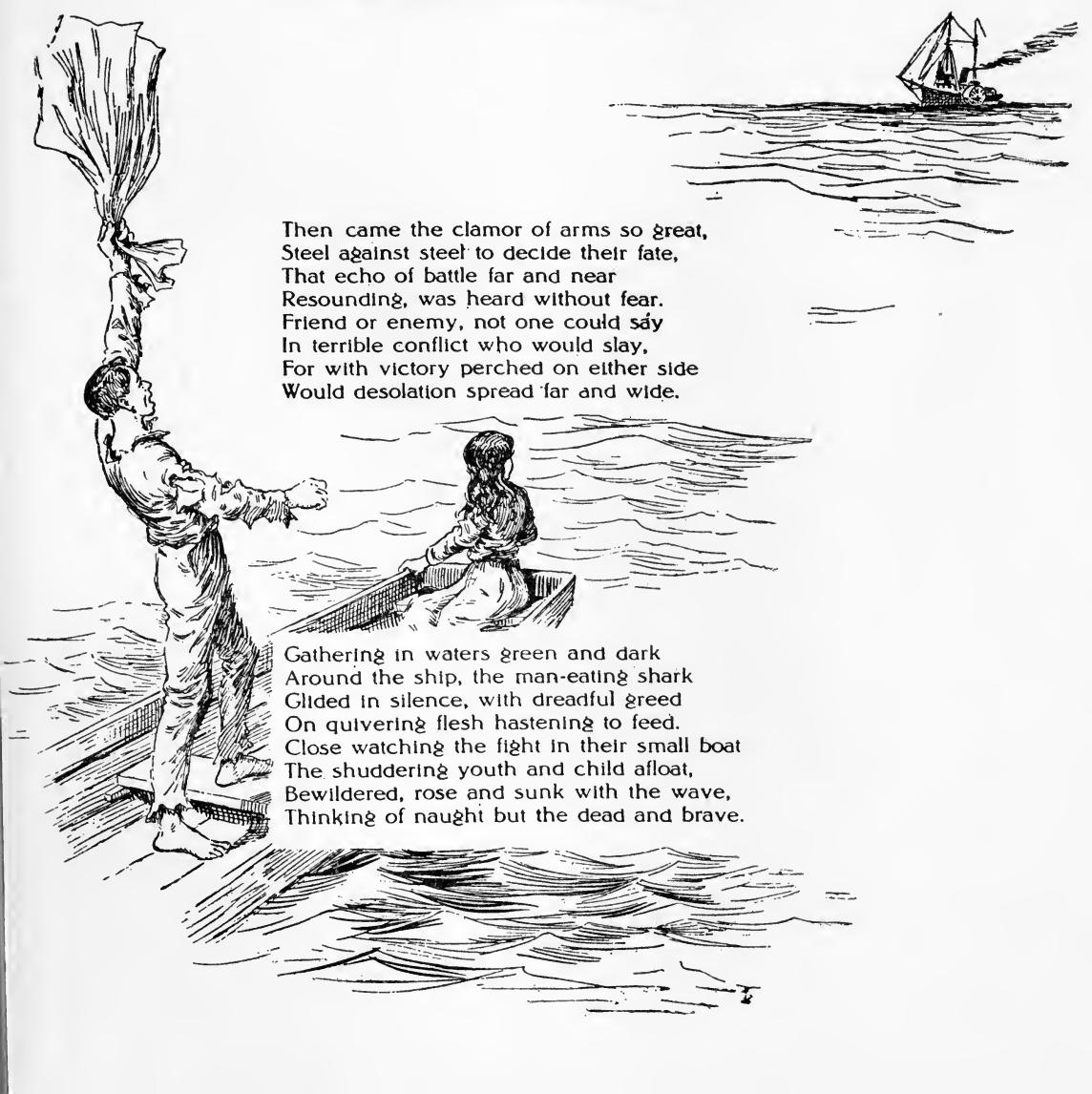


With straining arms long weary and worn
And eyelids heavy and heart thus torn,
Almost without hope and thought of life,
He sturdily chose to continue the strife.
No pitying angel seemed to be
Guarding this struggling youth lost at sea,
But with courage and hope almost gone,
Against fate, for life he struggled on.

Yet he rowed and struggled not in vain,
For as he gazed wide over the main
A dark cloud soon on his vision broke
On crest of the waves he saw the smoke
From a warship grim. It poured out dark
Its steam and smoke and fiery spark,
Till mingling with the clouds o'erhead
Was lost in the storm clouds as they sped.

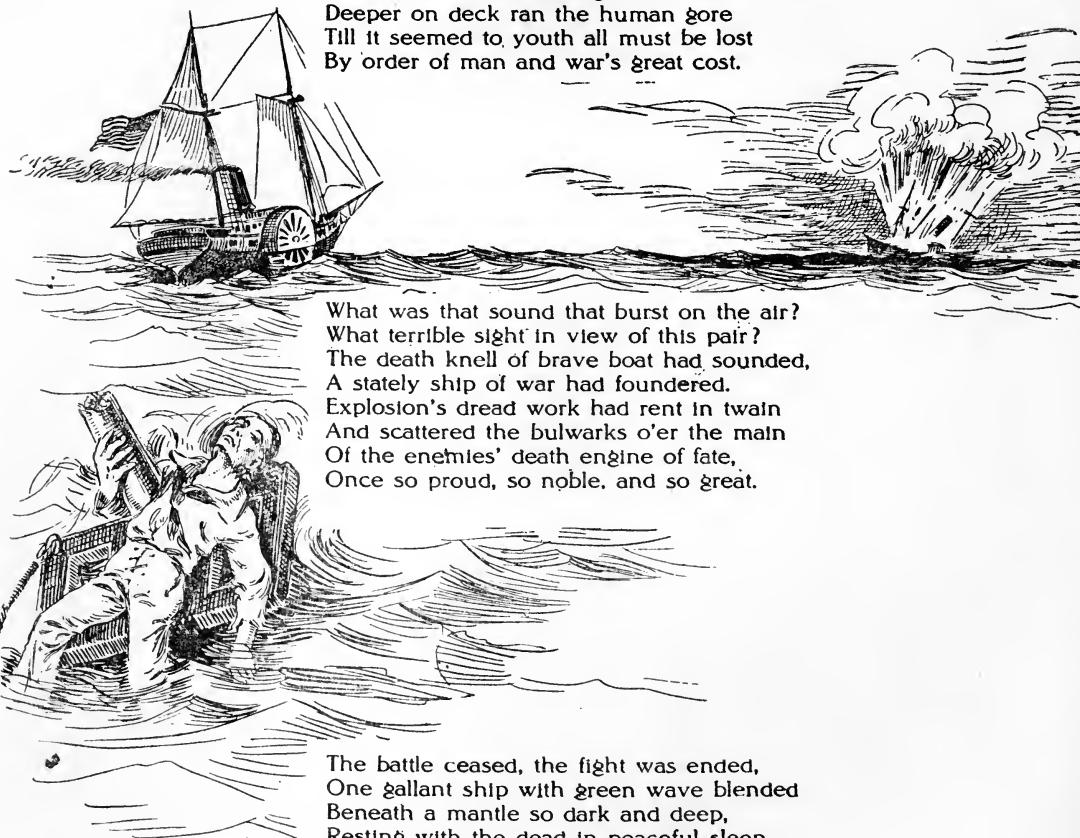


This glimpse of succor so near at hand
Of warship by friend or enemy manned
That raised the spirits of youth too high
Strengthening the hope of a loving tie,
Was destined to fade and disappear
For another ship was seen so near
Clearing its deck for a battle dread
With ocean deep to receive their dead.



Then came the clamor of arms so great,
Steel against steel to decide their fate,
That echo of battle far and near
Resounding, was heard without fear.
Friend or enemy, not one could say
In terrible conflict who would slay,
For with victory perched on either side
Would desolation spread far and wide.

Gathering in waters green and dark
Around the ship, the man-eating shark
Glided in silence, with dreadful greed
On quivering flesh hastening to feed.
Close watching the fight in their small boat
The shuddering youth and child afloat,
Bewildered, rose and sunk with the wave,
Thinking of naught but the dead and brave.



The battle thundered, the cannon roared,
Death and destruction rampant on board;
The dead and dying were all around
Deaf to the din of that fearful sound.
Closer now drew the engines of war,
Deeper on deck ran the human gore
Till it seemed to youth all must be lost
By order of man and war's great cost.

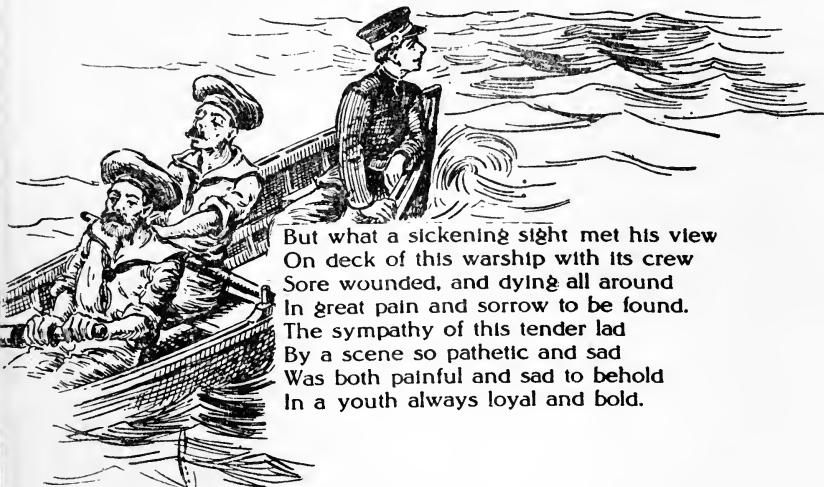
What was that sound that burst on the air?
What terrible sight in view of this pair?
The death knell of brave boat had sounded,
A stately ship of war had foundered,
Explosion's dread work had rent in twain
And scattered the bulwarks o'er the main
Of the enemies' death engine of fate,
Once so proud, so noble, and so great.

The battle ceased, the fight was ended,
One gallant ship with green wave blended
Beneath a mantle so dark and deep,
Resting with the dead in peaceful sleep.
It was then the stars and stripes were seen
Floating high above old ocean green,
In triumph waving o'er sunken foe
Deep down in darkness so far below.

They lowered the boat down to the sea
To save the lives of those in the lee.
Surprise was shown by that weary crew
At a barque so small, a sight so new.
On the ocean broad, so far from land,
With a stormy sea so awful—grand,
That tiny boat with youth and child
Could ride on the waves so rough and wild.



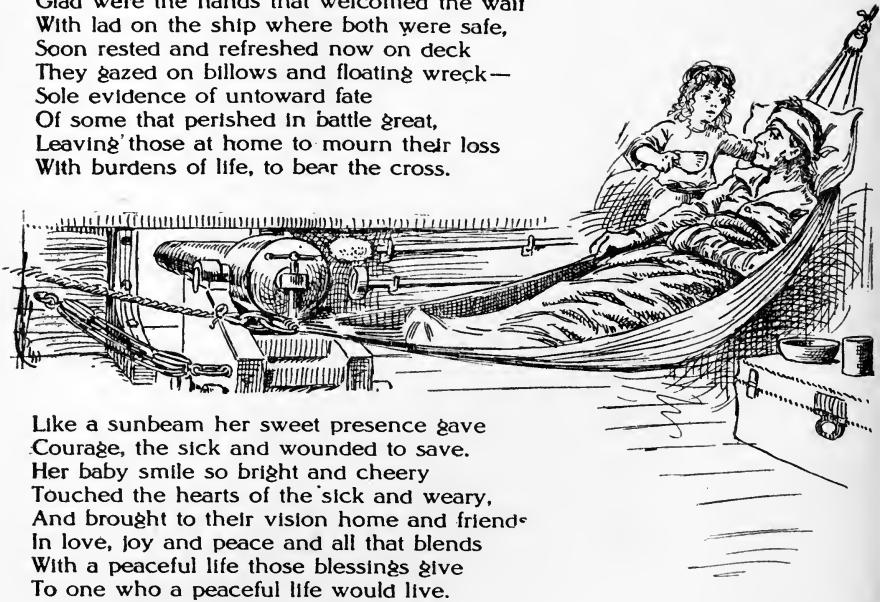
Courage and delight filled the proud heart
Of youth who had bravely borne his part
In his manly struggle for the right
And the child of beauty in his sight.
No forebodings for their future days
Obscuring the joy of bright, dazzling rays
Entered his mind as he stepped on board
The dark-browed warship so near them moored.



But what a sickening sight met his view
On deck of this warship with its crew
Sore wounded, and dying all around
In great pain and sorrow to be found.
The sympathy of this tender lad
By a scene so pathetic and sad
Was both painful and sad to behold
In a youth always loyal and bold.

Sleep sound, brave warriors, in your dark bed
Softly, undisturbed may lie your head.
Your duty well done, though mistaken,
Only with Him above, you reckon!
And when Gabriel's last trump shall sound,
The wakening dead stand forth all around.
May your reward from Him be given
In perfect life from Him in Heaven.

Glad were the hands that welcomed the waif
With lad on the ship where both were safe,
Soon rested and refreshed now on deck
They gazed on billows and floating wreck—
Sole evidence of untoward fate
Of some that perished in battle great,
Leaving those at home to mourn their loss
With burdens of life, to bear the cross.



Like a sunbeam her sweet presence gave
Courage, the sick and wounded to save.
Her baby smile so bright and cheery
Touched the hearts of the sick and weary,
And brought to their vision home and friend.
In love, joy and peace and all that blends
With a peaceful life those blessings give
To one who a peaceful life would live.



Untiring was the work of the lad
Whose efforts helped the wounded and sad.
Cheering the forlorn with hope of life
Renewed the struggle, continued the strife,
Until such labor from him, their guest,
With health was fruitful and greatly blessed,
And hope again had entered the mind
Possessing their souls with ties that bind.

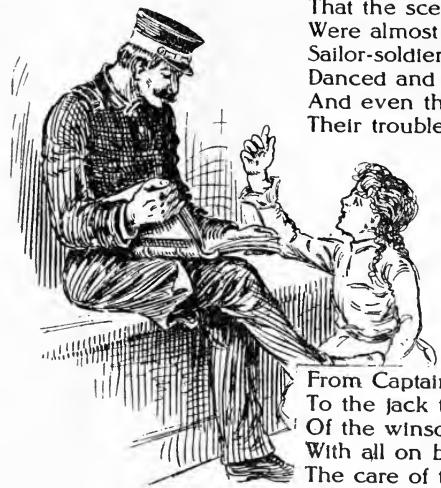


The storm passed over that fateful band
With prow of ship turned towards the land,
As homeward bound it plowed through the main
Carrying souls made jubilant again.
Thus in sorrow from mourning refrain
Only a passing tear for the slain
We drop, as we rush feverishly by
To love, to struggle, and then to die.



Once again the sun shone dazzling, strong,
As the noble ship ploughed bravely along,
The sparkling rain drops hung from the mast
Like tear drops in mourning for the past.
The sheen of sun on the dark blue wave
Like cloth of gold on the sailor's grave
Was enough to recall the sad fate
And the burial place of each lost mate.





But homeward bound made the heart so glad
Of all on board as well as the lad
That the scenes of strife, struggle and death
Were almost forgotten as soon as left.
Sailor-soldiers, light hearted and gay
Danced and sang to music all the day
And even the sore wounded forgot
Their troubles, in the change of their lot.



From Captain of this victorious ship
To the jack tars who in briny surf dip
Of the winsome child a favorite made
With all on board and with every grade.
The care of the wounded on the way
Fell largely to the youth on each day,
Endeared him daily to every heart
Regretting the day that they must part.



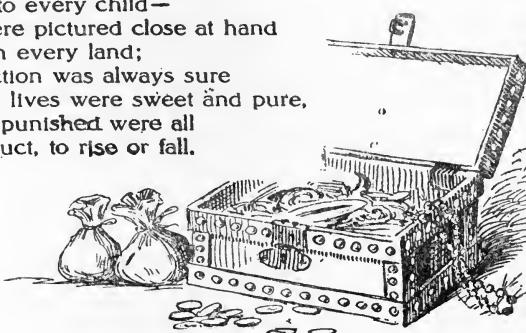
Of dangerous pirates brave and bold
Who robbed the shippers of pelf and gold.
The evenings so long were quickly passed
In darksome tales spun before the mast.
Of wondrous travels far and wide,
Beyond the ocean and country side,
In foreign parts, on equator's line,
Through tropical lands and varied clime.



There were stories told of treasure great
Buried on shore by pirates late
While wandering over land and sea
And robbing ships unable to flee.
And caves full filled with Ingots of gold
Of value so great, almost untold.
That tales of Aladdin's lamp relate
No story of wealth one-half so great.



Of giants that lived in forests wild—
A powerful being to every child—
When bad they were pictured close at hand
Ready to punish in every land;
When good, protection was always sure
To children whose lives were sweet and pure,
Thus rewarded or punished were all
According to conduct, to rise or fall.



The mystic tales of a sailor lad
Delighted the hearts of good and bad
And entered the realm of every sphere
Of worlds and countries far and near.
The nimble dance and songs that were sung
Enjoyed by everyone, old or young
Would give the thinking much food for thought
That wars and bloodshed had taught them naught.

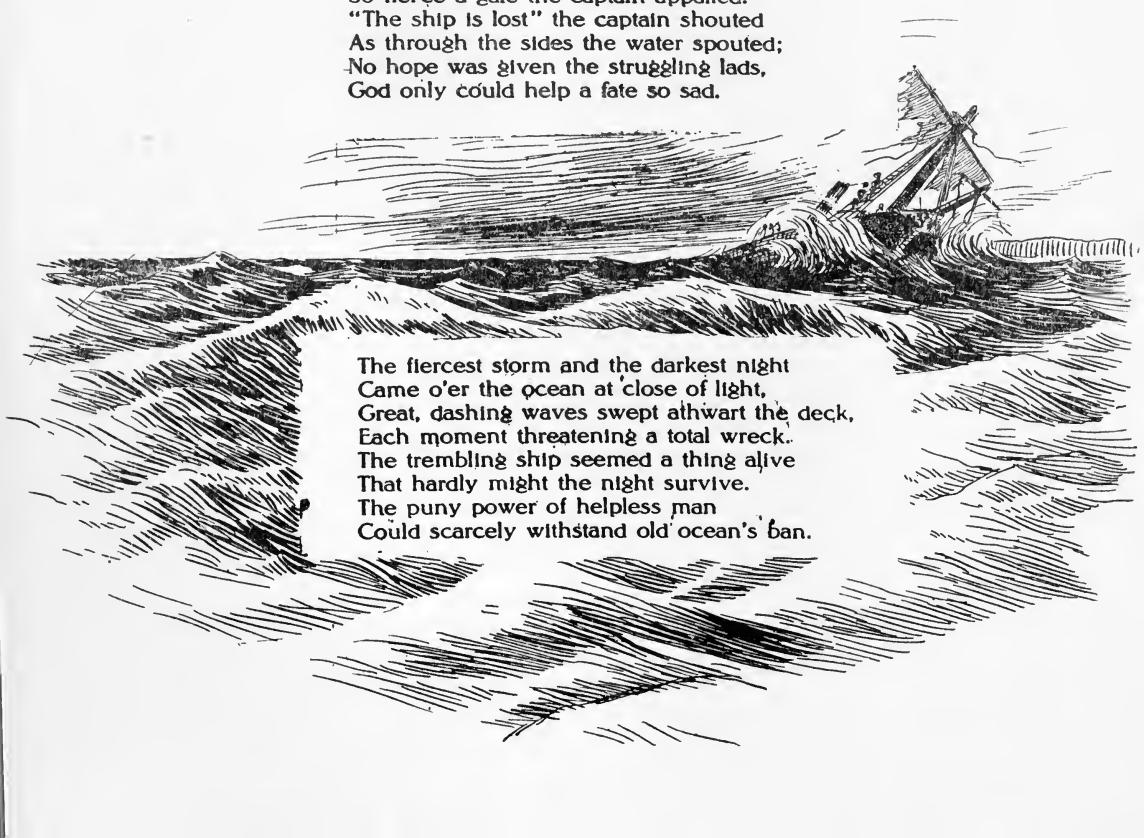
These scenes on board were destined to change
When sailing ship came over the main.
A signal gun was quickly sounded,
The sailing ship was by that rounded,
And orders were given transferring all
Of those not subject to ship's roll call,
Thus the battleship was left behind
With all of those who had been so kind.

The loving child with youth did mourn
Sailing away to an unknown bourne,
The kindest of friends they had ever had
In troubles and trials to make them glad.
But other thoughts intruded their minds
With other troubles of different kinds,
For tempest uprising bore them away
Till hope had left not a single ray.



The tempest broke o'er devoted heads
And raged with fury, awful and dread,
Tearing the sails from the spars on high,
Ploughing the waters deep, far and nigh.
The great rolling billows swept the deck
Till everything loose was bound to wreck,
While several on board were washed away
And lost in the foaming billows gray.

Confusion terrible on deck now reigned
And the fear of sailors was unfeigned
As orders were given and recalled,
So fierce a gale the captain appalled.
"The ship is lost" the captain shouted
As through the sides the water spouted;
No hope was given the struggling lads,
God only could help a fate so sad.



The fiercest storm and the darkest night
Came o'er the ocean at close of light,
Great, dashing waves swept athwart the deck,
Each moment threatening a total wreck.
The trembling ship seemed a thing alive
That hardly might the night survive.
The puny power of helpless man
Could scarcely withstand old ocean's ban.

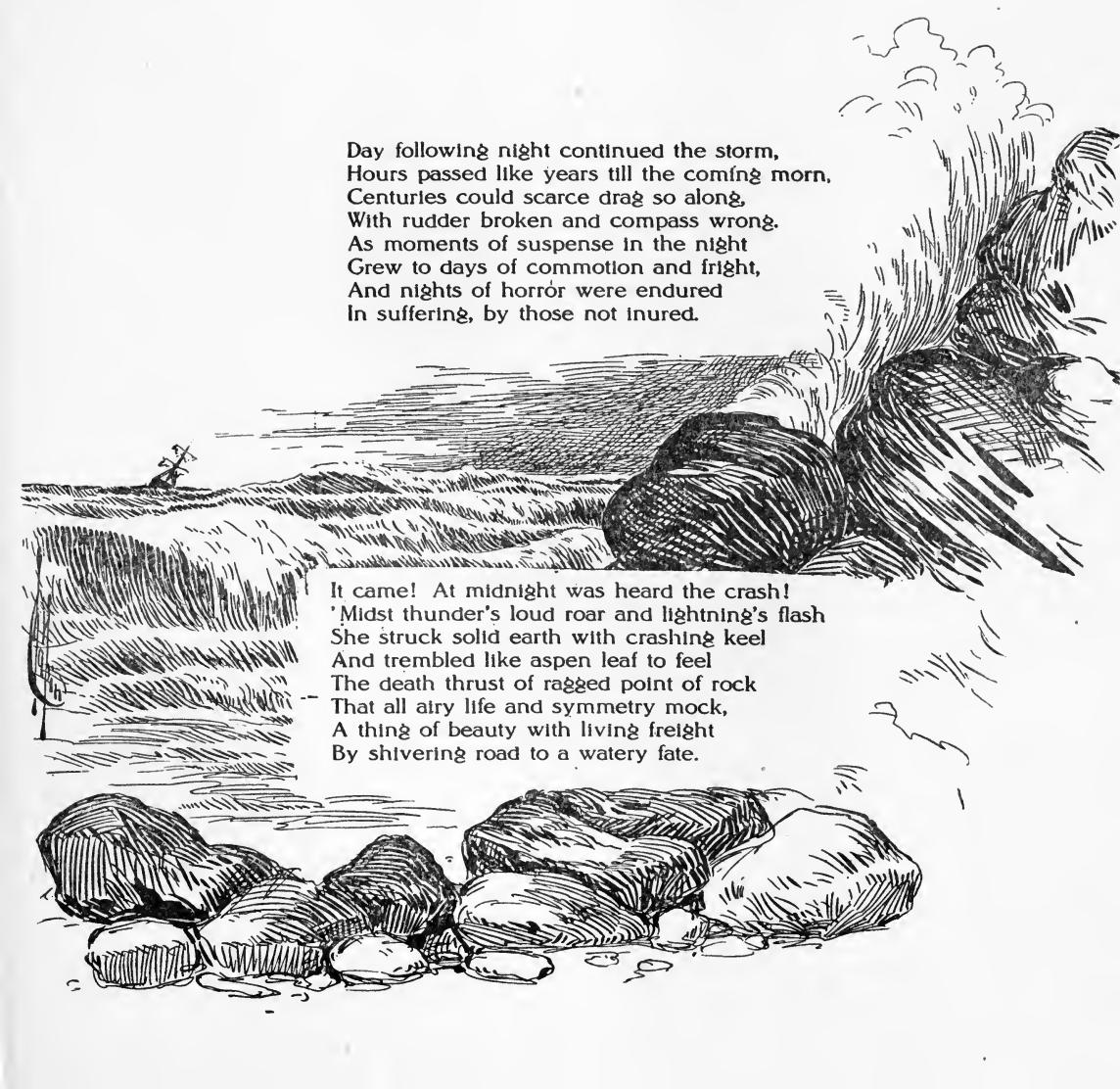
Youth and child in the cabin were calm,
Faith in his Maker was like a balm
To the brave, unflinching soldier lad
With the armor of his faith well clad.
He felt that the brave old ship was doomed,
Yet trust in a Greater Force high loomed
And brightly illumed this darksome hour,
This hope and trust in a Higher Power.

Praying, he asked guidance from above,
Grace and power of sustaining love,
To meet whatever fate had in store
And in silence now His name adore.
No power of man could stem the tide,
Or to a haven of safety guide;
With Him alone assistance must stand
To bring them well and safely to land.



All kneeling down in invocation cried
"Save us by mercy of Him who died;
Unworthy, sinful we have no claim,
We come to Thee only in His name;
In dire distress we cry unto Thee,
Hear Thou our prayer, our trouble see,
Help us, Thou, unworthy though we cry,
Save us from death or teach us to die!"

The youth sure founded 'in his belief,
Extending solace for their relief,
Calming and soothing each sailor's fear
Of death and destruction now so near;
Pointing surely to the way of light
Through repentance to Calvary's height,
The Savior's image upon the cross
Shining as gold amidst crumbling dross.



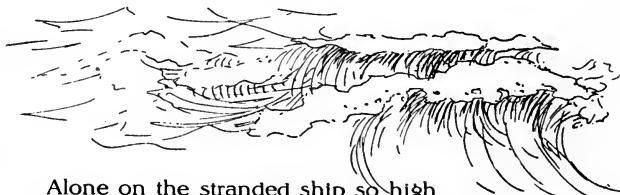
Day following night continued the storm,
Hours passed like years till the coming morn,
Centuries could scarce drag so along,
With rudder broken and compass wrong.
As moments of suspense in the night
Grew to days of commotion and fright,
And nights of horror were endured
In suffering, by those not inured.

It came! At midnight was heard the crash!
'Midst thunder's loud roar and lightning's flash
She struck solid earth with crashing keel
And trembled like aspen leaf to feel
The death thrust of ragged point of rock
That all airy life and symmetry mock,
A thing of beauty with living freight
By shivering road to a watery fate.

There were hurrying men and trampling feet,
Midst quick preparation in rain and sleet
To man the boats, in desperate strait
Each thinking of naught but his own fate.
All semblance of order disappeared
Fully the spectre of death each feared;
Thoughts of others scarce entered the mind,
To other thoughts than self they were blind.



Blindly they rushed to each launching boat
Which filled to overflowing when afloat,
Cut loose from the ship, was washed away
Ne'er again to see the light of day.
Boat after boat, carrying living freight,
Was launched to founder like other's mate,
Till all disappeared o'er the ship's side
With neither stars or compass to guide.

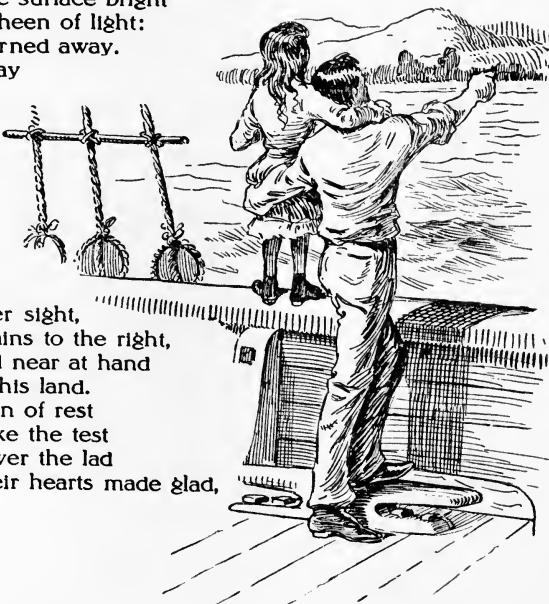


Alone on the stranded ship so high
With a single thought, a living tie,
The youth and his charge together clung
In fated ship on the sharp rocks hung.
Not frenzied fear nor useless regret
Possessed the soul or caused to forget
The teachings of the youth's earlier years
Whose influence allayed his present fears.

They slept refreshing sleep of the just,
Placing in a Higher Power their trust,
Dreaming day dreams of childhood away
Till passing hours brought the morning gray.
Once again the sun's rays were shining,
The fleecy clouds wore silver lining,
And buoyant youth now rebounding far
Brought again the world without a star

They stood on deck of the foundered boat
Straining their gaze for wreckage afloat,
Still waiting in hopes that some might live,
That youth in his strength some help might give.
But naught appeared on the surface bright
Of old ocean waves with sheen of light:
Sighing sorrowfully they turned away.
Trials to meet of another day

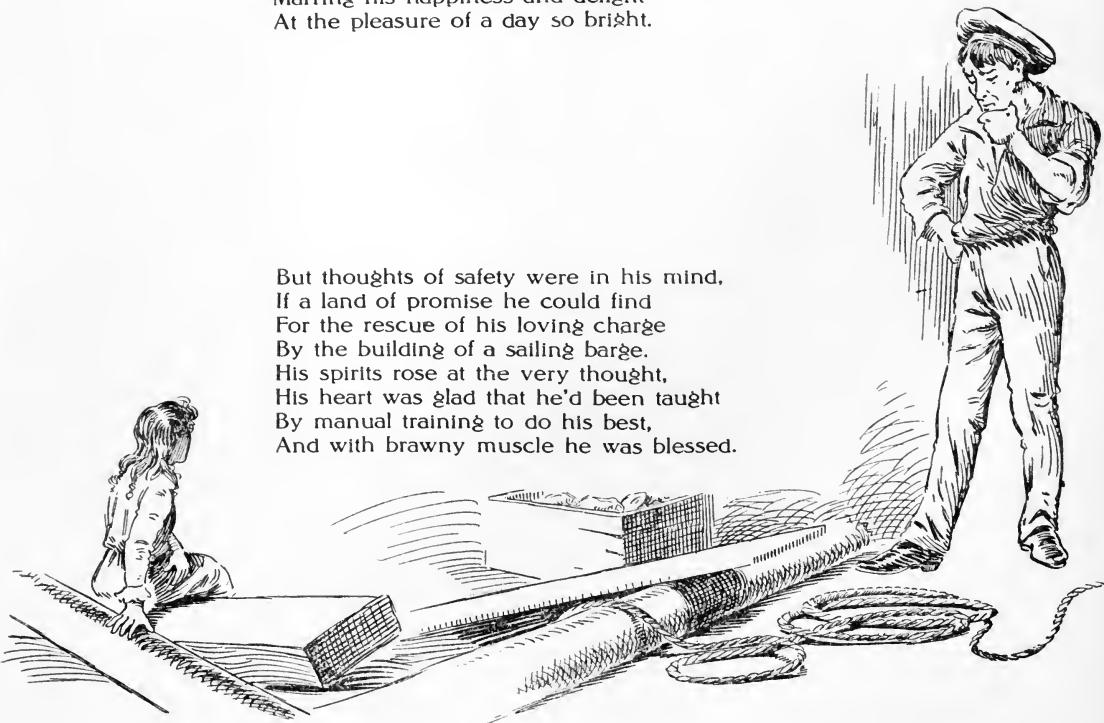
Turning they beheld another sight,
Both landscape and mountains to the right,
And hope's fruition seemed near at hand
In the friendly promise of this land.
But how to reach this haven of rest
Without boat or sails to make the test
Was a question whose answer the lad
Quick thinking for both their hearts made glad,



Bright and beautiful as a brilliant star
Everything seemed, as they looked afar
Over the water and on the land
With smiling ocean placid and grand.
The sky was mirrored upon the deep,
Awakening morning as from sleep,
Till leaping fish and birds of the air
Proclaimed a nature all free from care,

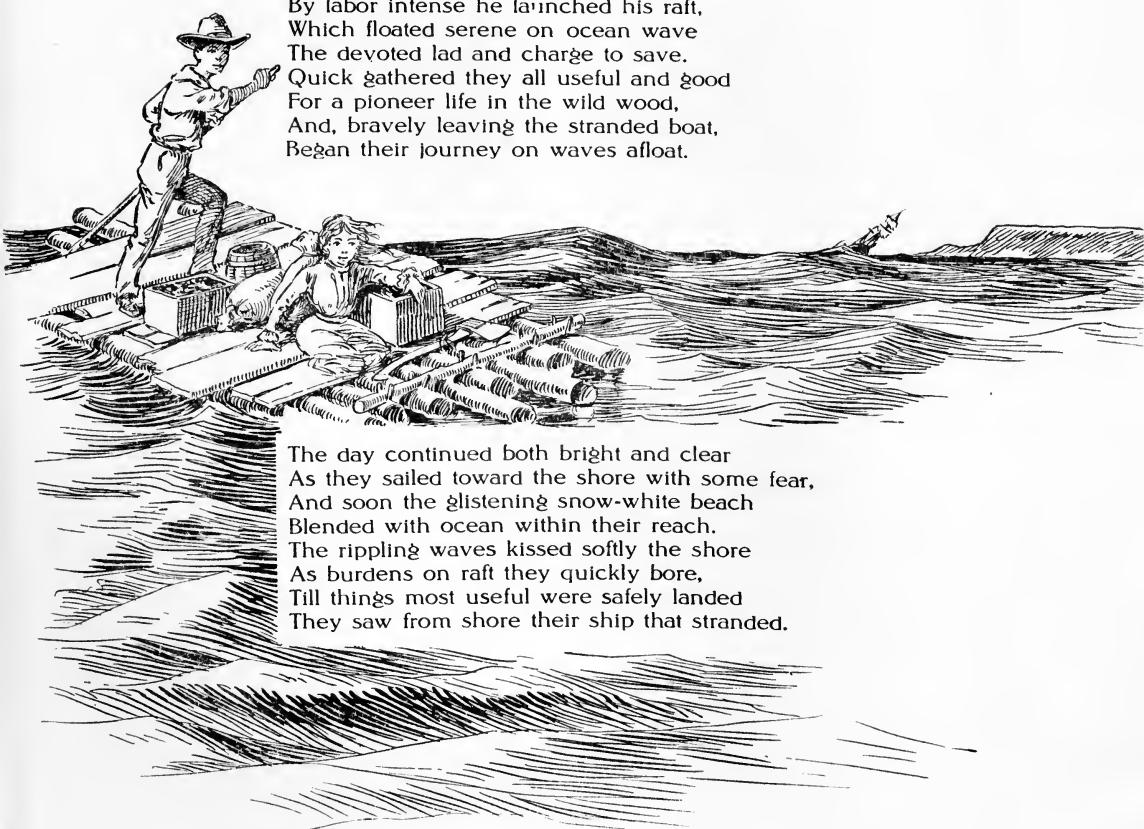
The great raging storm seemed but a dream
As ocean mirrored the bright sun beams;
The memory of sailors who were lost
Like a phantom of the past engrossed
Every thought and vision of the lad,
Mingling sunshine with thoughts yet sad,
Marring his happiness and delight
At the pleasure of a day so bright.

But thoughts of safety were in his mind,
If a land of promise he could find
For the rescue of his loving charge
By the building of a sailing barge.
His spirits rose at the very thought,
His heart was glad that he'd been taught
By manual training to do his best,
And with brawny muscle he was blessed.



He worked and studied to build a boat,
Or some other craft to keep afloat
Till tide of the sea floating before
Could reach the distant, beautiful shore.
In laboring thus to reach the main
He gazed through the glass both long and vain
To discover signs of human form,
Making their condition less forlorn.

With infinite pains he built a craft,
By labor intense he launched his raft,
Which floated serene on ocean wave
The devoted lad and charge to save.
Quick gathered they all useful and good
For a pioneer life in the wild wood,
And, bravely leaving the stranded boat,
Began their journey on waves afloat.

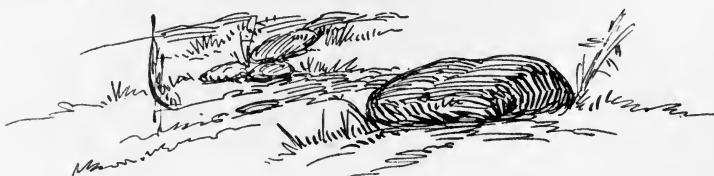


The day continued both bright and clear
As they sailed toward the shore with some fear,
And soon the glistening snow-white beach
Blended with ocean within their reach.
The rippling waves kissed softly the shore
As burdens on raft they quickly bore,
Till things most useful were safely landed
They saw from shore their ship that stranded.

And now they viewed the beautiful land,
The forest trees majestic and grand,
With generous growth of tropic hue
To eyes of these northland children new.
The graceful tendril of clinging vine
So tenderly with each other twine
That, covering thick the forest glade,
Made charming the grateful woodland shade.

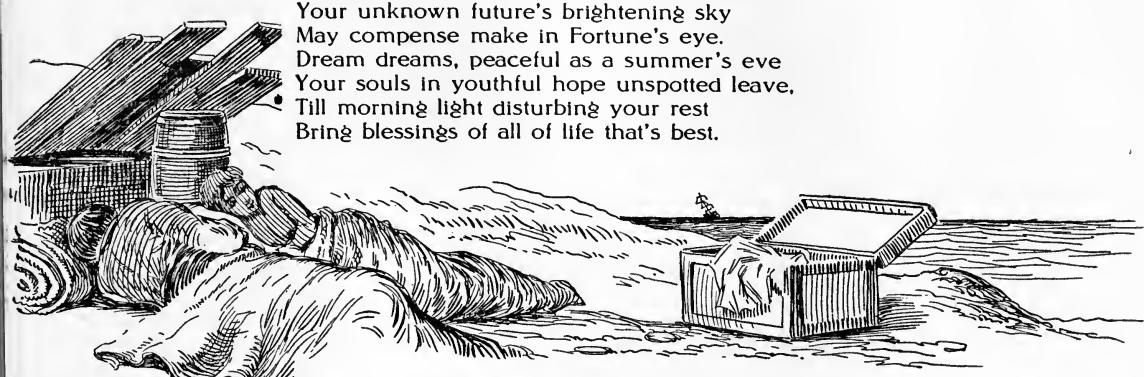
The foliage covering the ground was bright
And drank of the sun's reflected light,
Absorbing many and varying tints
In artist's eyes most wonderful glints.
And rich in bloom, in fragrance, and growth
As graceful maiden plighting her troth,
And sweet in perfume's generous breath
As flowers crushed and wounded to death,

The feathered songsters in gladness sang,
Forests and glens with their music rang,
Fine was their plumage, varied and gay,
Flashing colors of the sun's bright ray.
Oriole, lark and mocking-bird voice
Trilling to others their mating choice,
Till forest and vale rang with their song
Awakening echoes both loud and long.

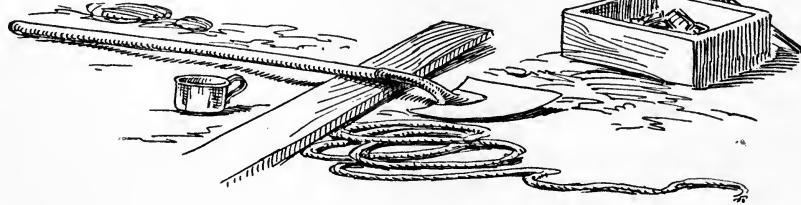


Listening to the sounds with thoughts intent,
Forgetting time with the day far spent,
Youth and child, seeing shadows appear,
Were reminded thus that night was near,
Partaking not of food nor of drink
In toilsome work with scarce time to think,
Tired and hungry themselves they fed,
On the glowing sand they laid their heads

Sleep well, ye children, tired and weary,
Perchance your waking hours made dreary,
Your unknown future's brightening sky
May compensate make in Fortune's eye.
Dream dreams, peaceful as a summer's eve
Your souls in youthful hope unspotted leave,
Till morning light disturbing your rest
Bring blessings of all of life that's best.



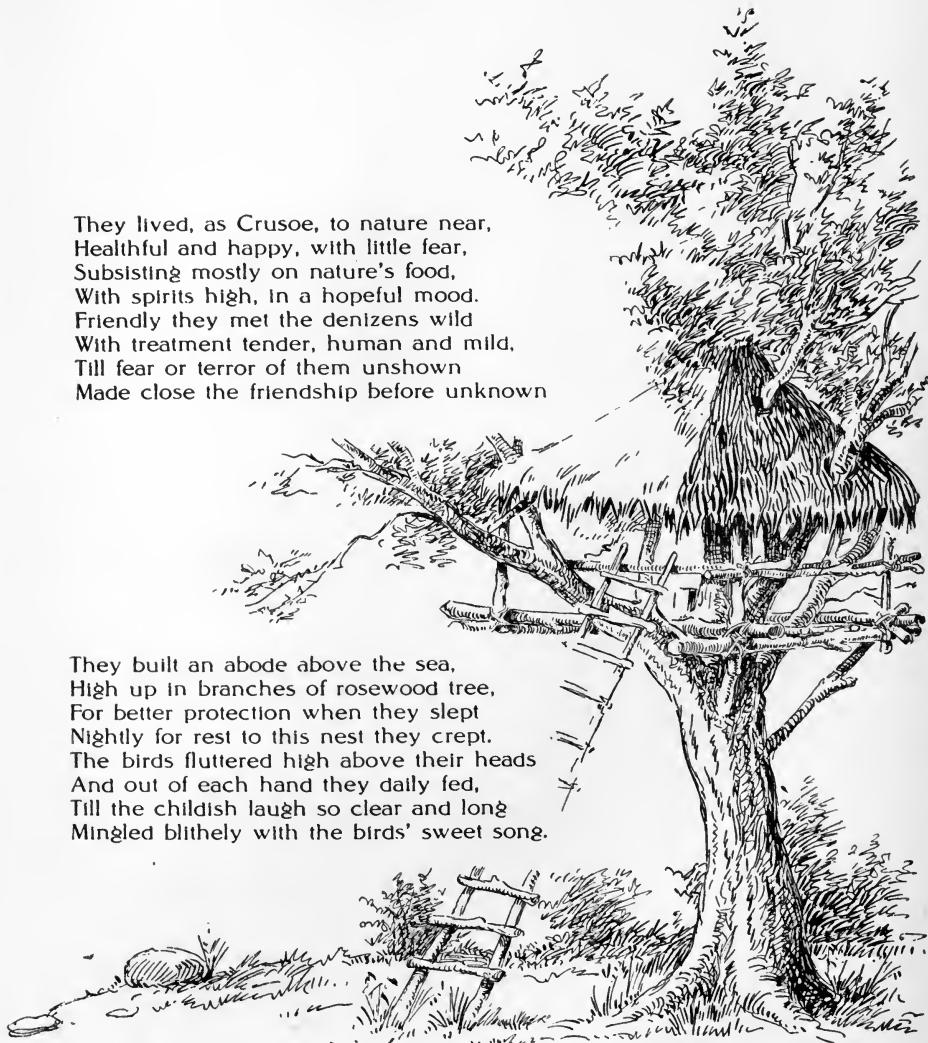
Tired nature's sweet restorer sought,
And dreamless sleep to these children brought,
Unsheltered, without fear, they lay
Until the light of another day.
But such a day! enchanting to be
Listening to birds' sweet melody
Which, never known in their northern home,
Is only found by those who roam.

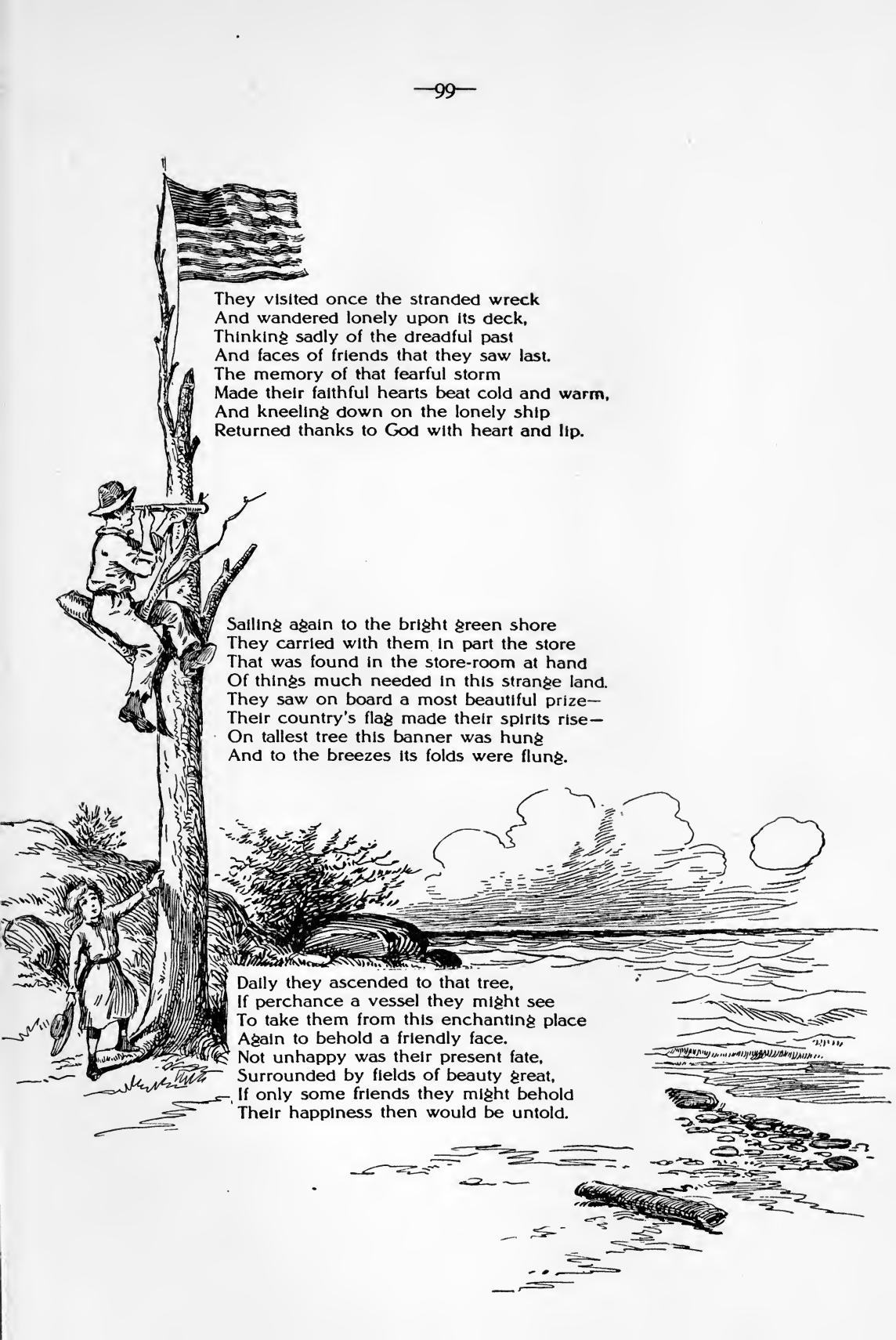


By day incessant they roamed to find
Some living human being so kind—
That care and converse lone hearts rejoice
In the music of another voice.
New beauties on land were daily seen
In blooming flowers and evergreen,
But though expectant of human kind
These rays of joy were darkly lined.

They lived, as Crusoe, to nature near,
Healthful and happy, with little fear,
Subsisting mostly on nature's food,
With spirits high, in a hopeful mood.
Friendly they met the denizens wild
With treatment tender, human and mild,
Till fear or terror of them unshown
Made close the friendship before unknown

They built an abode above the sea,
High up in branches of rosewood tree,
For better protection when they slept
Nightly for rest to this nest they crept.
The birds fluttered high above their heads
And out of each hand they daily fed,
Till the childish laugh so clear and long
Mingled blithely with the birds' sweet song.





They visited once the stranded wreck
And wandered lonely upon its deck,
Thinking sadly of the dreadful past
And faces of friends that they saw last.
The memory of that fearful storm
Made their faithful hearts beat cold and warm,
And kneeling down on the lonely ship
Returned thanks to God with heart and lip.

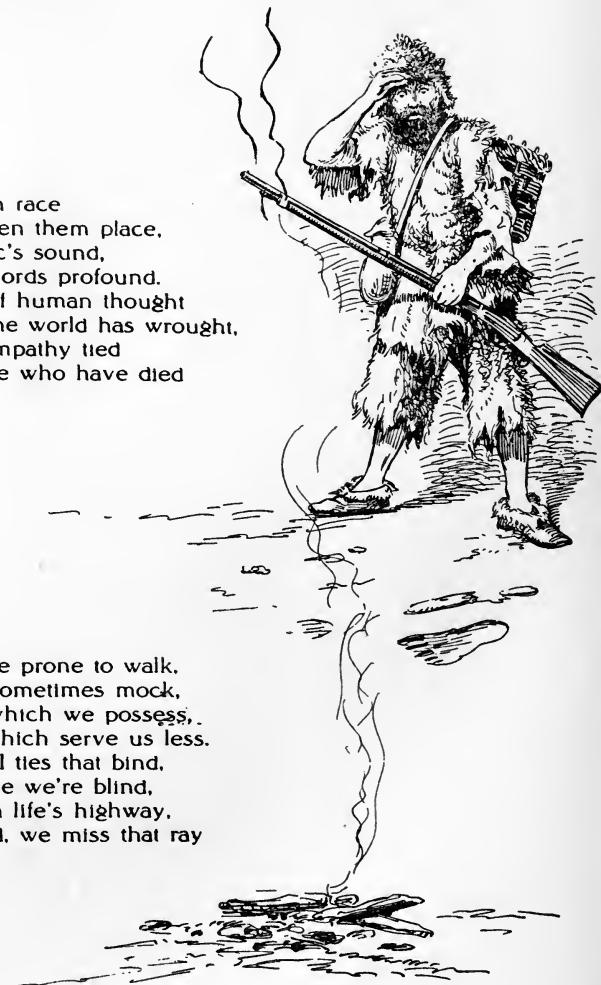
Sailing again to the bright green shore
They carried with them in part the store
That was found in the store-room at hand
Of things much needed in this strange land.
They saw on board a most beautiful prize—
Their country's flag made their spirits rise—
On tallest tree this banner was hung
And to the breezes its folds were flung.

Daily they ascended to that tree,
If perchance a vessel they might see
To take them from this enchanting place
Again to behold a friendly face.
Not unhappy was their present fate,
Surrounded by fields of beauty great,
If only some friends they might behold
Their happiness then would be untold.

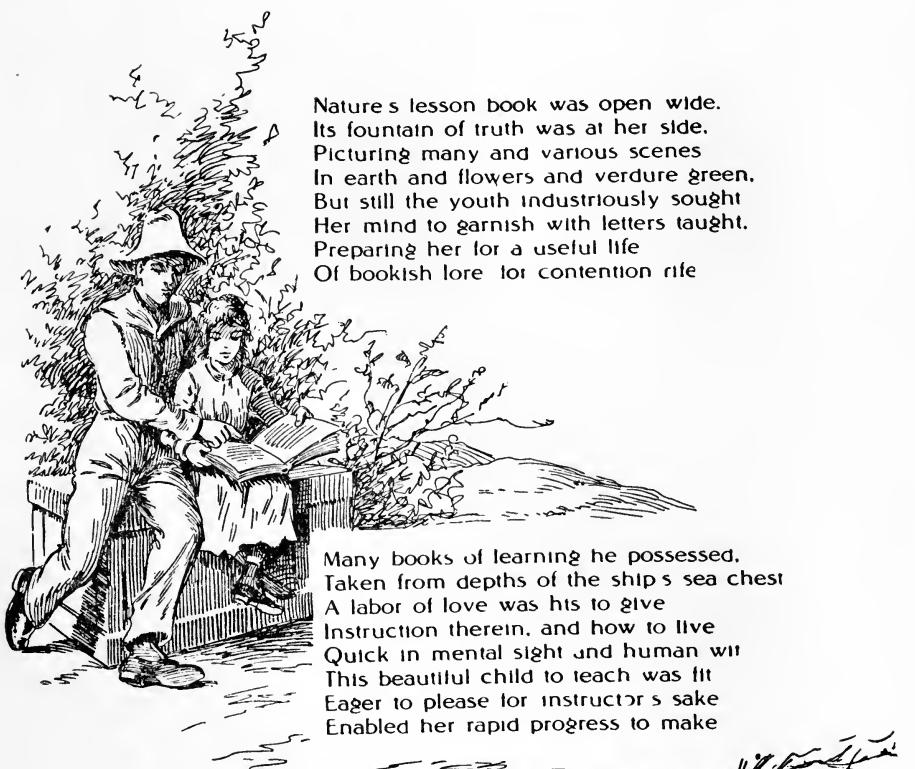
Grave bards may sing of a hermit life
To those unused to bustle and strife
But Crusoe's world appeals to but few,
Those only who this world would eschew,
Our self cries out for kindred or friends,
Enjoyment of life their presence lends
And thoughts of eternity spent alone
Elicits from us only a groan

In memory of the human race
Poets have sung and given them place,
On history's field, in lyric's sound,
By music's delight and words profound.
The sweetest exchange of human thought
Makes clear to us what the world has wrought,
And heart to heart in sympathy tied
All living souls with those who have died

In civilized paths, where prone to walk,
We at its trammels do sometimes mock,
Not missing the thing which we possess,
Oft wishing for those which serve us less.
Restrained by our social ties that bind,
To solace of human love we're blind,
And, stumbling along in life's highway,
O'erlooking what's good, we miss that ray



To youth unthinking, this picture gave
Of glimpse historic to make him grave
For the future welfare of his charge
Growing daily healthier strong and large
With loving nature she clung to him
Her cup of joy seemed full to the brim.
No thoughts or regrets disturbed her mind—
To worldly future an infant blind



Nature's lesson book was open wide.
Its fountain of truth was at her side.
Picturing many and various scenes
In earth and flowers and verdure green,
But still the youth industriously sought
Her mind to garnish with letters taught.
Preparing her for a useful life
Of bookish lore for contention rife

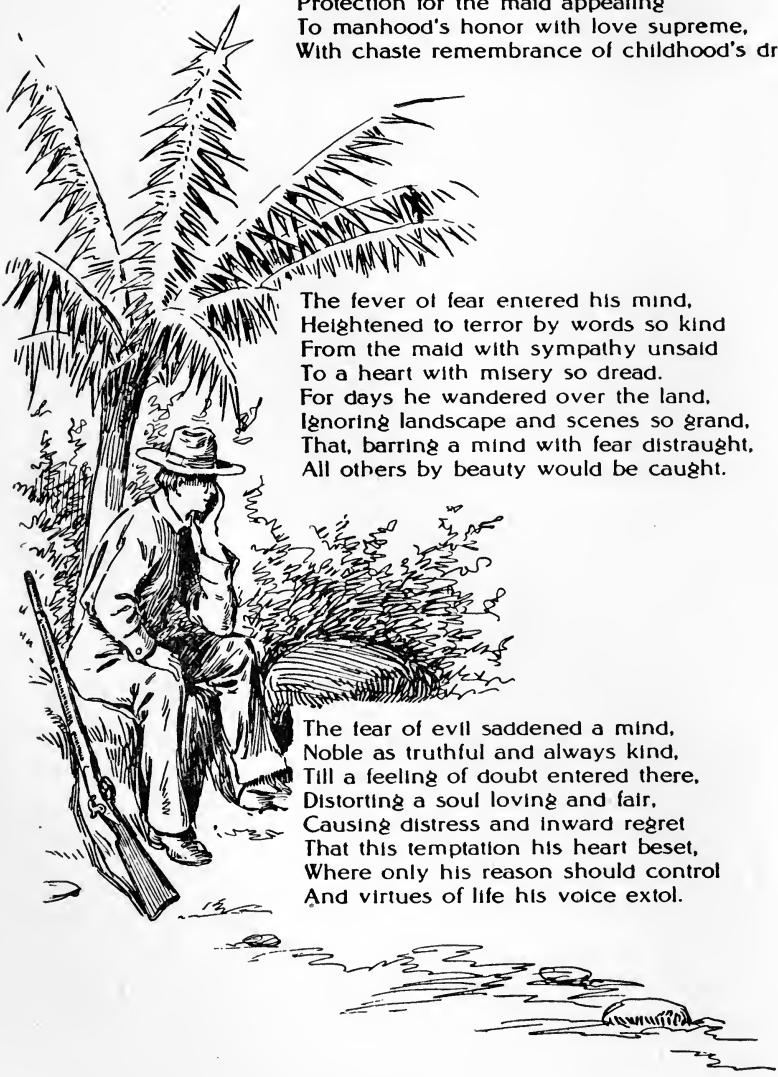
Many books of learning he possessed,
Taken from depths of the ship's sea chest
A labor of love was his to give
Instruction therein, and how to live
Quick in mental sight and human wit
This beautiful child to teach was fit
Eager to please for instructor's sake
Enabled her rapid progress to make

Thus days passed to months and then to years,
No ship came in sight to calm his fears,
And the youth's buoyant nature lost hope
Letting him in mental darkness grope
'Twas then the sympathy of the child.
Grown to maidenhood, charming and mild.
Was shown in every action and deed
And comforted with every hope in his need

Her innocent charm was unrestrained.
Each beauty of feature was retained.
The brown, healthy look of sun kissed face
Added piquant sweetness to her face
Her willowy form, blithesome and free,
Sporting in frolicksome waves with glee.
Made a picture of dainty girl! health
Unequaled in nature's matchless wealth

The denizens of the forest wild
Many of their leisure hours beguiled.
Disporting in pleasure on each day
Or adding life duties to such play
So tame and friendly had they become
That in such presence they loved to come
Not fearing danger of any known kind
Youth's rustic home with nestlings was lined





Another thought disturbed the youth,
In love's dream scarce conscious of the truth,
By affection's gentle reign undone
And passion's exacting rule begun
He fought incessantly 'gainst this feeling,
Protection for the maid appealing
To manhood's honor with love supreme,
With chaste remembrance of childhood's dream.

The fever of fear entered his mind,
Heightened to terror by words so kind
From the maid with sympathy unsaid
To a heart with misery so dread.
For days he wandered over the land,
Ignoring landscape and scenes so grand,
That, barring a mind with fear distraught,
All others by beauty would be caught.

The fear of evil saddened a mind,
Noble as truthful and always kind,
Till a feeling of doubt entered there,
Distorting a soul loving and fair,
Causing distress and inward regret
That this temptation his heart beset,
Where only his reason should control
And virtues of life his voice extol.

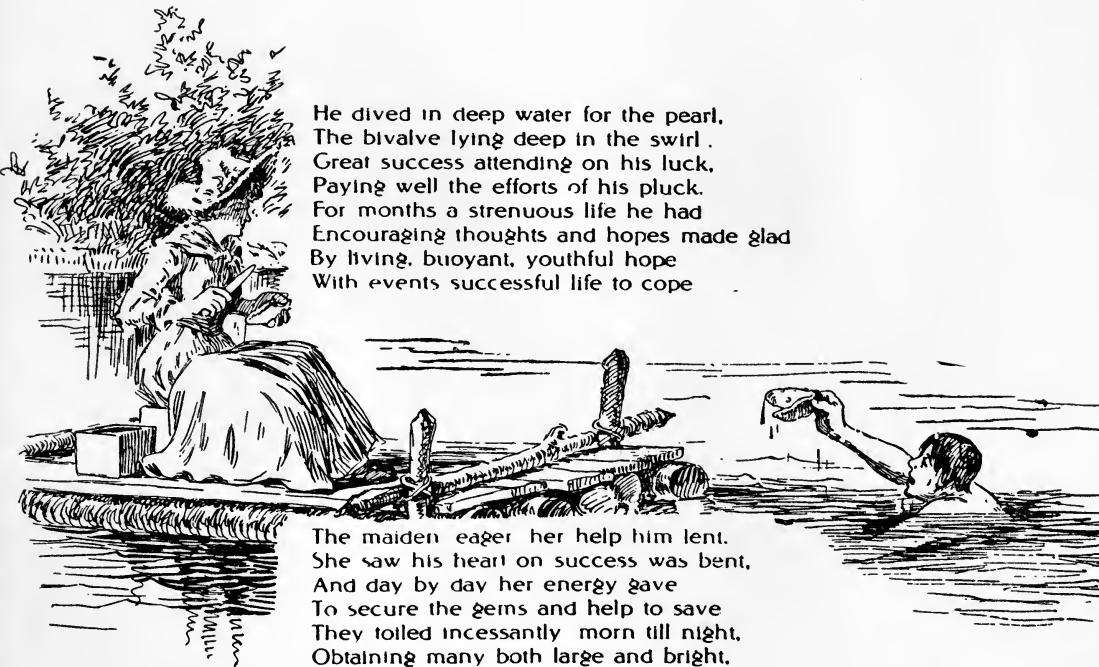
"How long," he questioned, "must this state last
To efface the memories of the past;
Banish the balance with right and wrong
Save shadows only of old home song?"
His father's advice and mother's prayer
Given in love and affection rare
Now keeping upright and free from dross
The youth in his strength to bear his cross.

Sunshine and shadows of many years,
Passed in rotation with hope and fears.
In mental vision he ceased to roam
But saw again his New England home.
He struggled bravely with his sad lot
But hope deferred maketh good or not,
As the yielding twig so forms the tree
In action devious or straight and free.



Reflection deep a picture portrayed
Of action to the world, not afraid
That conscience in distress could recall
One single disgraceful deed or fall.
Another thought intruded his mind,
What to do in future with mankind
If perchance their escape could be had
And their loyal hearts in joy made glad.

No provision for return had been made
By youth basking in sunshine and shade,
And his thought turned surely to the day
When no longer in this land they stay
His meridian of life was quite near,
And, viewing his future with much fear,
Determined the struggle to begin
And a place in fortune's ranks to win



He dived in deep water for the pearl,
The bivalve lying deep in the swirl.
Great success attending on his luck,
Paying well the efforts of his pluck.
For months a strenuous life he had
Encouraging thoughts and hopes made glad
By living, buoyant, youthful hope
With events successful life to cope

The maiden eager her help him lent.
She saw his heart on success was bent,
And day by day her energy gave
To secure the gems and help to save
They toiled incessantly morn till night,
Obtaining many both large and bright,
Until fortune seemed not far away
Bringing nearer to them that longed for day

This toil and purpose for him was good,
Defining the ground on which he stood,
And clearing his mind of visions sad
Which threatened at times to drive him mad.
He worked more cheerfully, seeking wealth
With better feeling and better health,
Until clearer seemed his mental sight
And stronger became his sense of right.

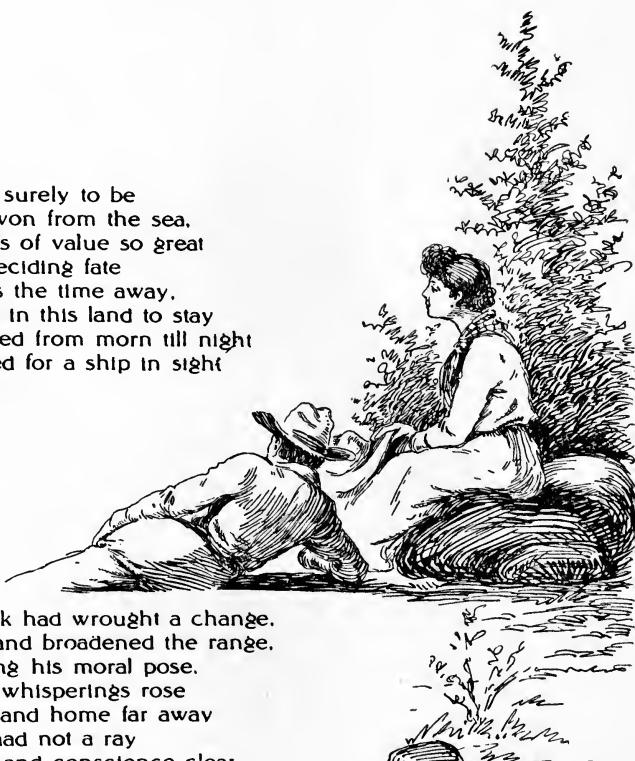
Learning long since their beautiful land
Was an island—a gem set in sand—
Washed by the waves of a southern sea
With foliage bright and fair to see,
Yet far from commerce's industrial road;
No white winged boats with their precious load
Had been seen by eyes eager to mark
A transport ship on which to embark.

Watching and working from day to day,
No idle thoughts to darken life's way,
Busy and joyous all the day long,
Cheering the way with laughter and song.
Each to the one being all in all,
Neither willing the other should fall,
Hoping against hope all for the best,
Thought for the other was love's sure test.

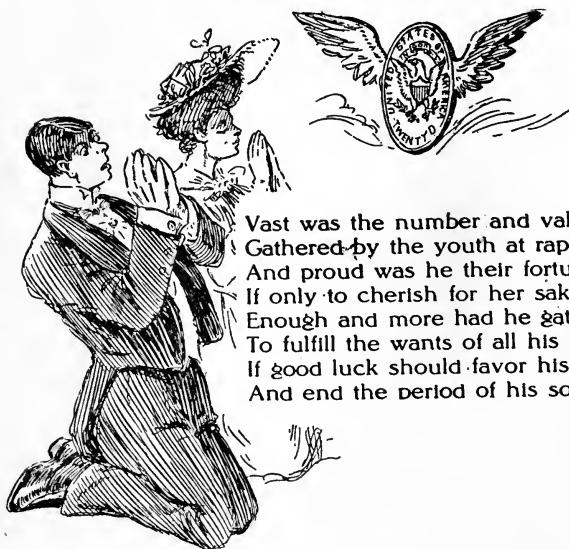
One purpose had made them heart and soul,
Eagerly anxious to reach that goal
Although their return seemed far away
Only hope's illusion shortened the stay
Dame Fortune favors the brave 'tis said.
Her votaries thus by them are led.
And lucky youth's most fortunate hold
A bright star of hope, of an optimist bold.

Hope's fruition was surely to be
By fortune's favor won from the sea,
With sparkling pearls of value so great
In civilized lands deciding fate
Still working to pass the time away.
While destined thus in this land to stay
They eagerly watched from morn till night
And earnestly hoped for a ship in sight

The blessing of work had wrought a change,
Brightened his life and broadened the range.
Till youth, recovering his moral pose,
Above temptation's whisperings rose
With loving friends and home far away
Hope of returning had not a ray
Yet buoyant nature and conscience clear
Lent sunshine and love for his good cheer.



If fortune's favors be named by wealth,
And not by virtue, merit or health,
Or measured by the standard of gold
By him whose fortunate acts are bold,
Then now, in deed as well as in name,
These stranded youths would be joined to fame,
The banner of fate its folds unfurl
With stores of wealth in the modest pearl.



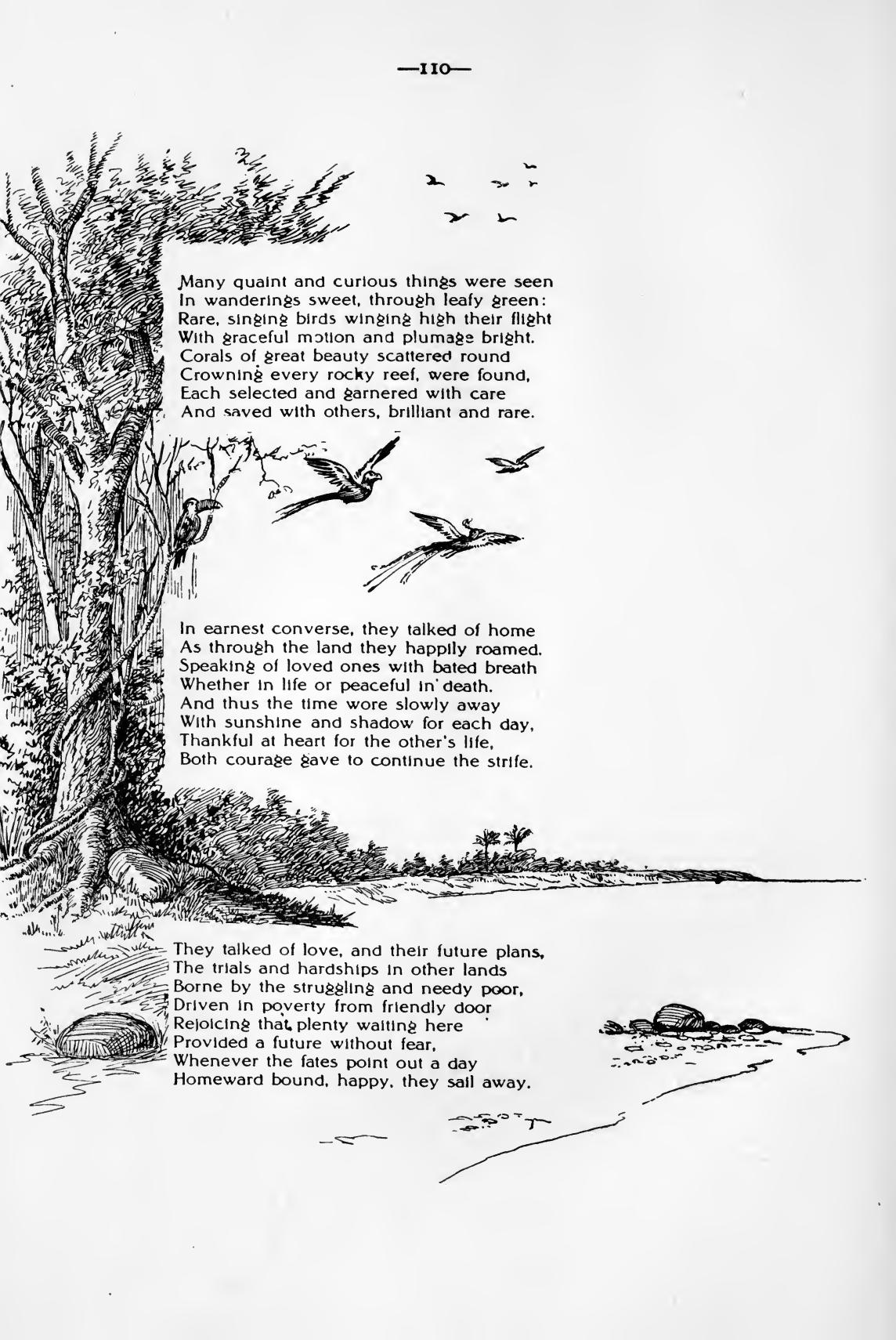
Vast was the number and value great,
Gathered by the youth at rapid rate,
And proud was he their fortune to make
If only to cherish for her sake.
Enough and more had he gathered in
To fulfill the wants of all his kin,
If good luck should favor his return
And end the period of his sojourn.

Now the desire to return was strong,
And join the ranks of the human throng,
Exchanging subjects with whom they meet,
Acquiring wisdom in converse sweet.
Watching and waiting from morn till night
By beacon fires until morning light,
Hoping against hope almost seemed vain,
While the silver moon should wax and wane.

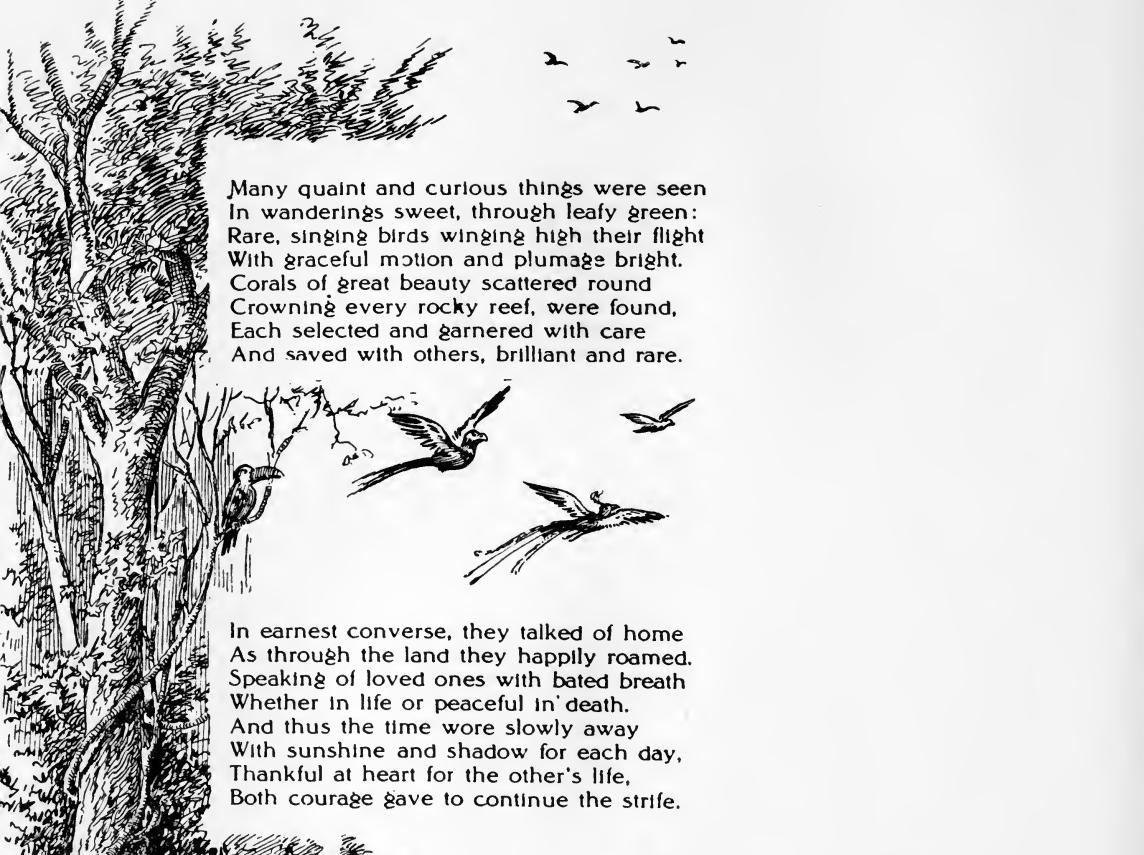
Once again a ship was passing by,
Coming within vision of the eye;
Unnoticed, the wifes were left to mourn
While the ship was sailing to its bourne.
Longer now they sought and delved for pearls,
Beauty to adorn in social whirl.
Bravely they bore disappointment great,
Till time and fortune decide their fate.

Dreaming of the future days to come,
The blessings of happiness—of home—
Driving from their youthful minds despair
In cherished illusions bright and fair
Dark clouds soon were banished from their hearts,
Cheerfully together they bore their parts,
Seeing clouds with a silver lining,
Passed not the days in useless pining.

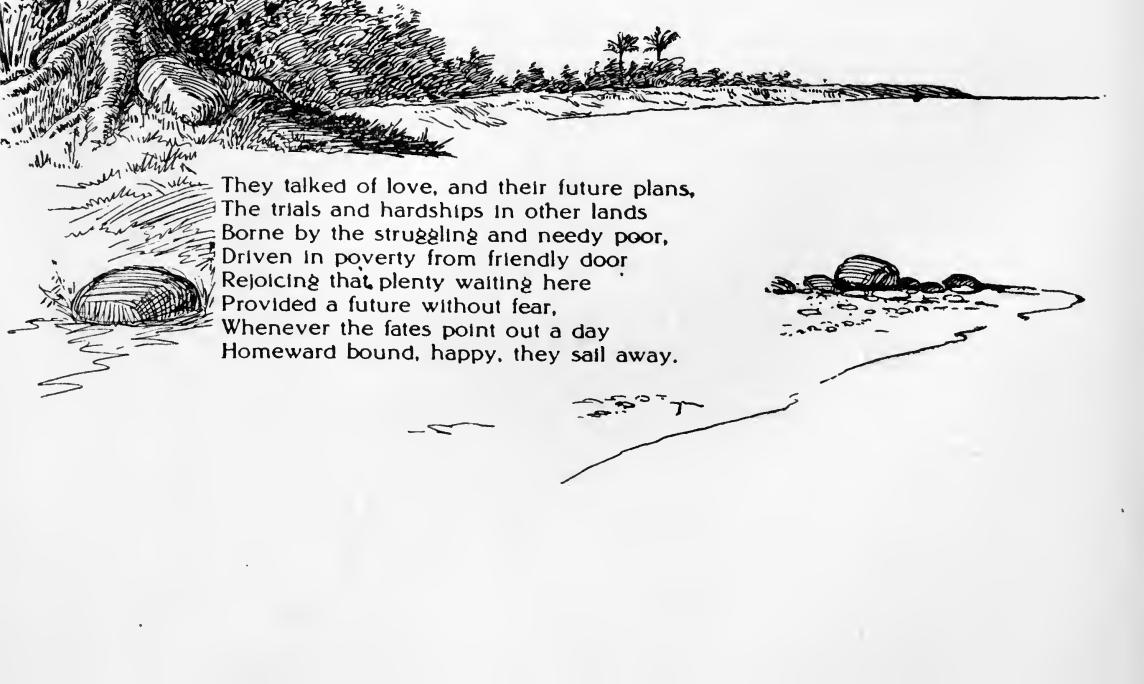
Unbounded wealth they had by labor
Beheld to no man for this favor
Watching and praying for some relief
Constant faith, losing not their belief
Daily now they wandered o'er the land
From mountain's high peak to burning sand.
Hand firm clasped in hand and heart to heart
Together they roamed not wishing to part



Many quaint and curious things were seen
In wanderings sweet, through leafy green:
Rare, singing birds winging high their flight
With graceful motion and plumage bright.
Corals of great beauty scattered round
Crowning every rocky reef, were found,
Each selected and garnered with care
And saved with others, brilliant and rare.



In earnest converse, they talked of home
As through the land they happily roamed.
Speaking of loved ones with bated breath
Whether in life or peaceful in death.
And thus the time wore slowly away
With sunshine and shadow for each day,
Thankful at heart for the other's life,
Both courage gave to continue the strife.

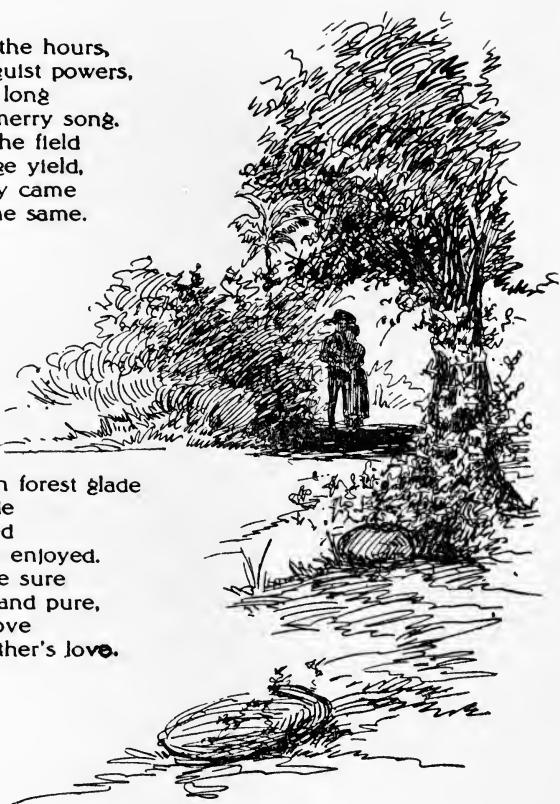


They talked of love, and their future plans,
The trials and hardships in other lands
Borne by the struggling and needy poor,
Driven in poverty from friendly door
Rejoicing that plenty waiting here
Provided a future without fear,
Whenever the fates point out a day
Homeward bound, happy, they sail away.

Wild-wood pets were ever in their thoughts,
With baby tricks which each had been taught
To while away many lonely days
In cunning antics and loving ways.
Till affection's grip upon the heart
Too strong and lasting for them to part,
Enlivening their life 'midst wildwood bowers
Filled their hearts like sunshine and flowers.

Some talking parrots beguiled the hours,
Brightening moments with linguist powers,
Chattering and singing all day long
With meaningless words and merry song.
Birds of the air and beasts of the field
In friendly actions their homage yield,
Fearing no harm, together they came
Like one family each loving the same.

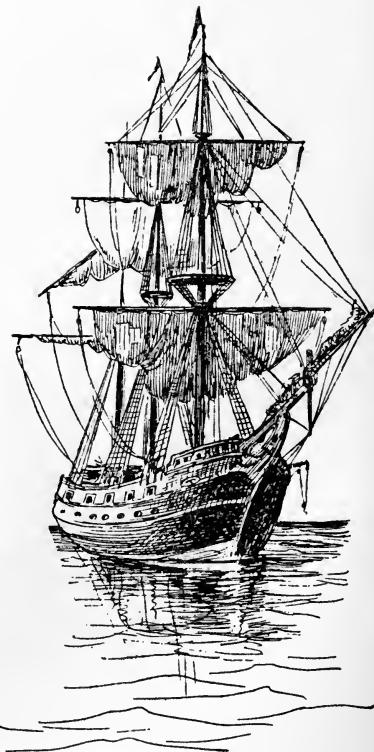
They roamed as lovers through forest glade
Lingered in cooling leafy shade
Enjoying with rapture unalloyed
Love's sunny dream pensively enjoyed.
In blissful quiet and confidence sure
Affection's devotion so strong and pure,
Gazing at night at the stars above
Thinking of naught but each other's love.



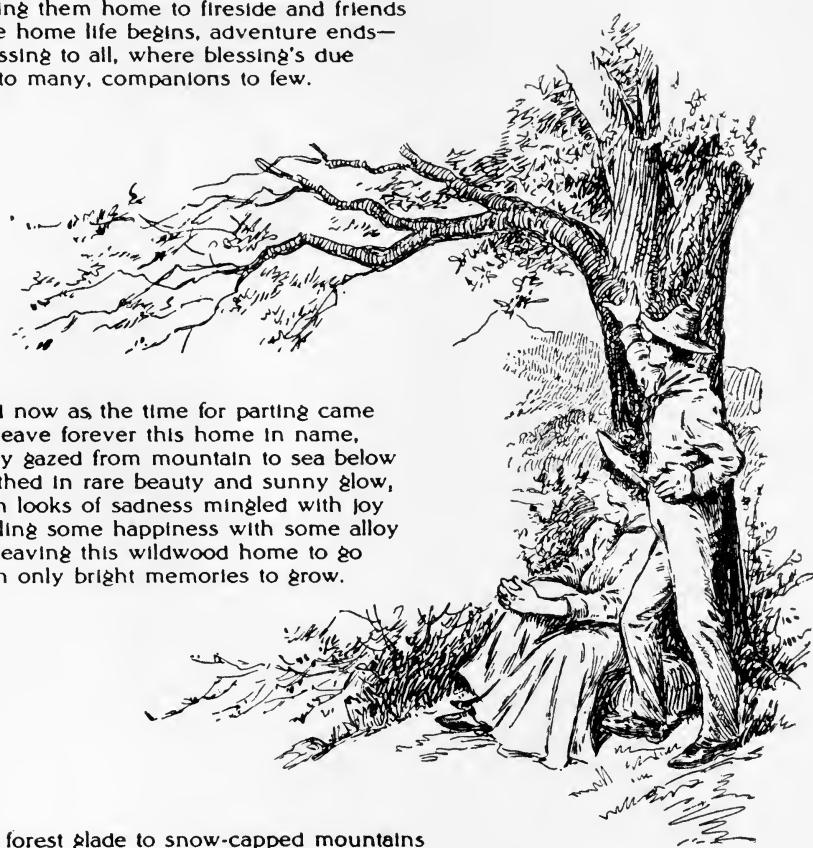
Time's ceaseless motion had fluttered near
When change so longed for would bring a tear
To eyes accustomed to sylvan days
And hearts grown warm in these wildwood ways.
When parting from scenes lovely and grand,
Their Crusoe home in a tropical land,
Which never again their sight might greet
Where passed many days joyous and sweet.

Hoping against hope so dark and drear
Away from kindred with growing fear
Anxious longing for home, kin and friends
Obscured the sorrow that parting lends
Little dreamed they what feeling would be
No more this beautiful land to see
Where time serene and happy had passed
And parting of ways must come at last.

The sun rising clear with cloudless sky
Disclosed on the main with sail set high
A noble ship majestic in white
Riding the waves beautiful and bright,
A glorious sight to joyous youth
Answering wishes and prayers in truth,
Raising fond hopes with quickening sense
In pictures of home and love intense.



No doubt now entered their thankful hearts.
In civilized lands bear their parts,
Hope's fruition appeared with the sail
Sent by Providence could scarcely fail—
To bring them home to fireside and friends
Where home life begins, adventure ends—
A blessing to all, where blessing's due
Help to many, companions to few.

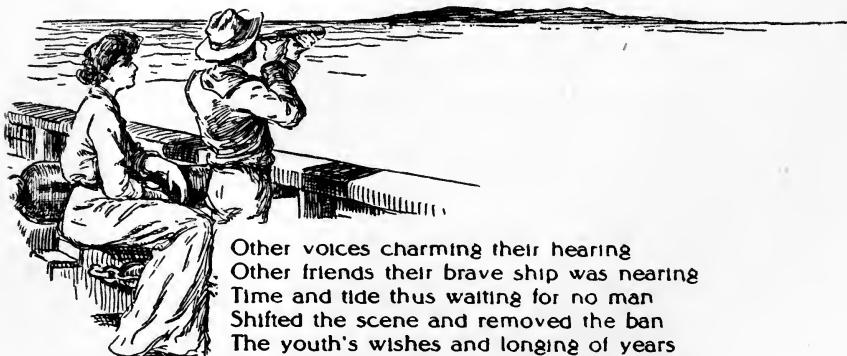


And now as the time for parting came
To leave forever this home in name,
They gazed from mountain to sea below
Clothed in rare beauty and sunny glow,
With looks of sadness mingled with joy
Feeling some happiness with some alloy
At leaving this wildwood home to go
With only bright memories to grow.

Up forest glade to snow-capped mountains
From ocean broad, to sparkling fountains
'Midst blooming flowers and meadows green
With glistening sands and ocean sheen
They had rowed, and roamed, both joyous and sad
With feelings oppressed or hearts made glad
They each reviewed in sorrow at last
These blessings, that brightened as they passed.

Again they stood entranced, on a boat,
A proud thing of life, a ship, afloat,
Gazing shoreward with sad, straining eyes
Parting at last with many fond sighs
They saw the wreck that early stranded
Though crushed,—broken,—them safely landed
All battered and torn on jagged rock
That darksome night with its fearful shock

They gathered their treasures from the shore
And brought them safe from the hidden store.
The modest pearl with the coral gems
From ocean tide to deep marshy fens
Beautiful and bright they came on board
And safely were in its strong box stored
Till wealth and plenty their hands possessed
With generous use, would make them blessed.



Other voices charming their hearing
Other friends their brave ship was nearing
Time and tide thus waiting for no man
Shifted the scene and removed the ban
The youth's wishes and longing of years
Through buoyant hope and varying fears
Seemed now destined in the briefest space
To be fulfilled at his old home place.



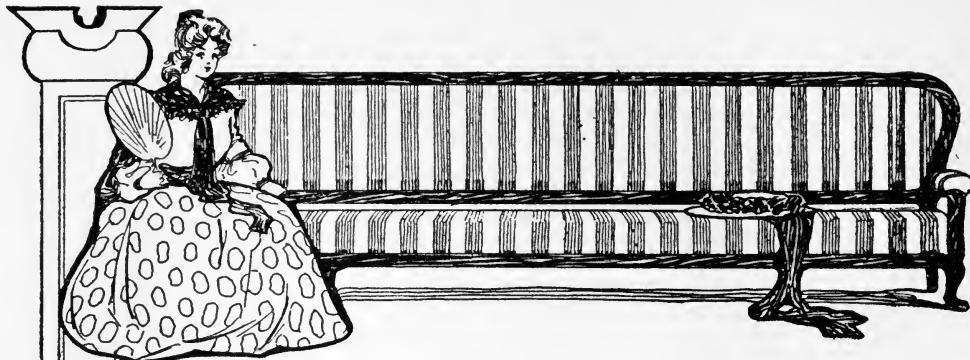
This beautiful maid with face so fair
With classical features and sunny hair
Whose ravishing charms won every heart
Unconscious, natural, bearing her part—
Had eyes and looks for none but the youth
Whose every act bore Imprint of truth
Till eyes seeking tokens not in vain
Answered eyes with love beaming again.



Sailing away from the land of bloom
With ship's prow pointed towards their home
Traversing waters unknown before
They sighted their old New England shore.
Deep feelings thrilled at sight of the land
So rugged, so beautiful and grand
Hearts swelling with joy without measure
Viewed scenes with overflowing pleasure.



Sing, O muse! rejoice that day is here
With hearts united and nought to fear,
Hope dawning clear in the morning light,
Faith shining forth from darkness of night
Hath brought the happy reward desired
By truth and loving faith inspired
Till clear through mountain and woodland dells,
Joyfully sound the merry wedding bells.



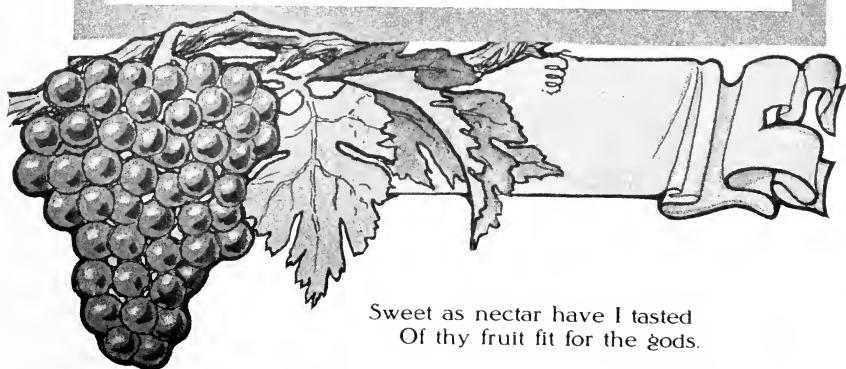
Nuestras Señoritas

The swish and swirl of petticoats
Is heard on every side,
In laughing chorus they are here
At spring and summer tide—
Our Girls.

With sparkling eyes and lightsome step
And merry voices sounding
Through room and hall in mirthful glee
Their dancing feet are bounding—
Our Girls.

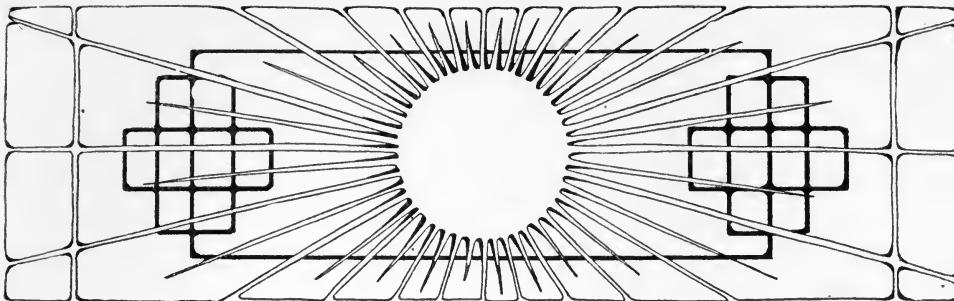
Oh, time and tide stay now your hand
And leave our present thus
That we may keep in youthful hope
These beings dear to us—
Our Girls.

THE
GRAPES



Sweet as nectar have I tasted
Of thy fruit fit for the gods.





Sunshine

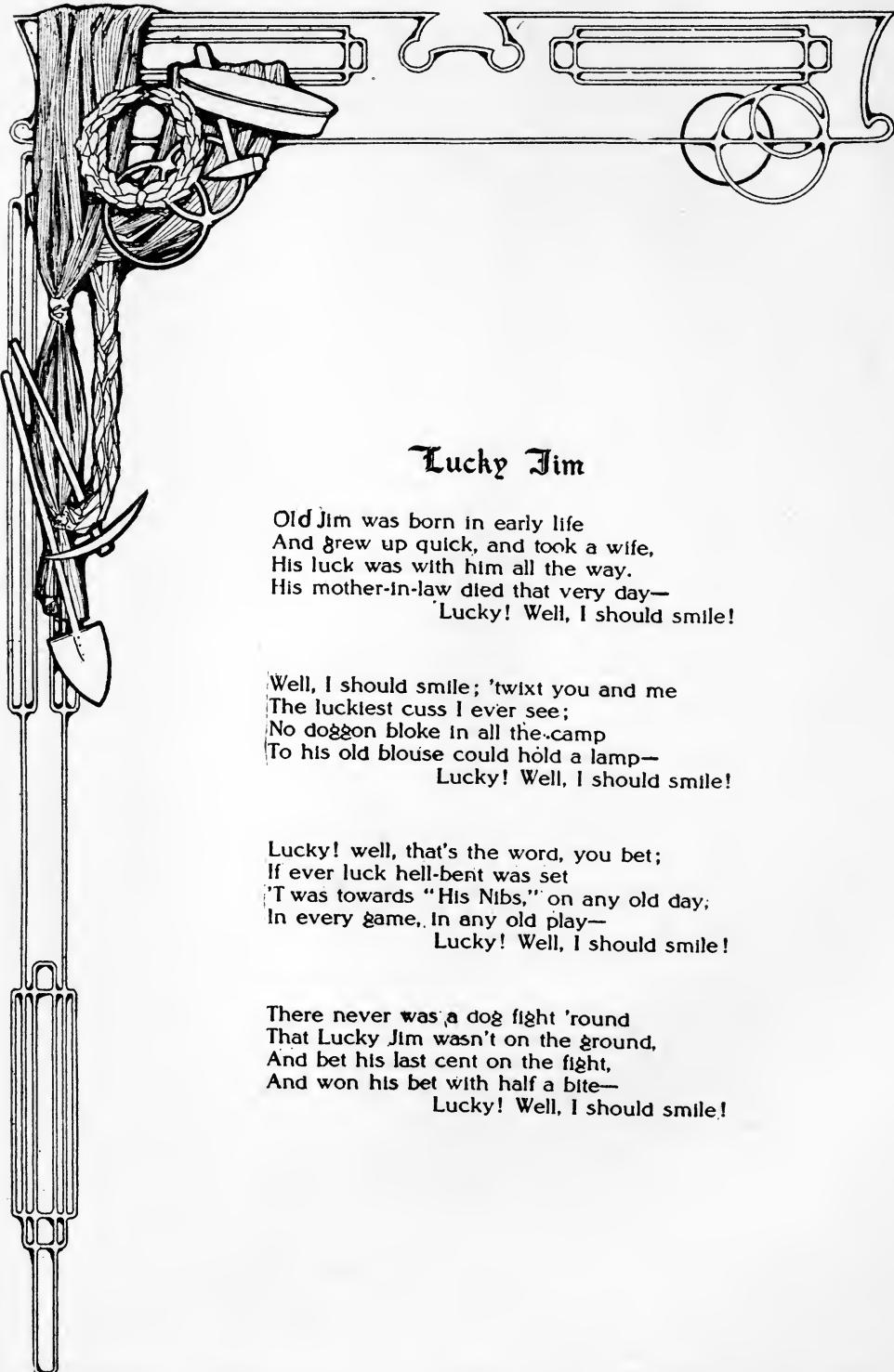
The joy, the light, the soul of all,
The very essence of our seeing,
The glorious rays which on us fall
Infuse new life, renew our being.

The birds awake at its caress
And warble forth their songs above,
In tuneful cadence thus to bless
Its cheering warmth and touch of love.

All nature brightens by its light,
The dewdrops sparkle at its touch,
Enhancing beauty in our sight
Of all we see and love so much.

Its brightness cheers us on our way,
And adds its blessing to our life,
Bids us be joyful while we may,
And cheerful in this world of strife.





Lucky Jim

Old Jim was born in early life
And grew up quick, and took a wife,
His luck was with him all the way.
His mother-in-law died that very day—
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

Well, I should smile; 'twixt you and me
The luckiest cuss I ever see;
No doggon bloke in all the camp
To his old blouse could hold a lamp—
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

Lucky! well, that's the word, you bet;
If ever luck hell-bent was set
'T was towards "His Nibs," on any old day;
In every game, in any old play—
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

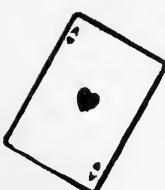
There never was a dog fight 'round
That Lucky Jim wasn't on the ground,
And bet his last cent on the fight,
And won his bet with half a bite—
Lucky! Well, I should smile!



The poker chips all fell his way,
To hold four kings did nary pay,
He'd have four aces up his sleeve
And shave you clean afore he'd leave—
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

Talk about oil kings, and get-rich-quicks.,
And all the world of lucky sticks,
He kept the inside track of all,
For luck with "mon" he had the call—
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

Blown from a rock, he struck pay dirt
That panned out gold from every hurt,
And posed from then as a man of parts,
With name well known in all the marts—
Lucky! Well, I should smile!





Scatter the Flowers

Under the sod we lay our dead,
Scatter the flowers upon his bed
Lest we forget for what he fought
And the lesson to us was taught—
Scatter the flowers.



For the flag he suffered and died,
In battle grim his soul was tried,
Quickly he went at honor's call,
Bravely he fought only to fall—
Scatter the flowers.



The bugle call he'll hear no more,
For him the struggle 'o'er life is o'er
Beneath the green peaceful he sleeps,
Heaven's refuge the reward he reaps—
Scatter the flowers.





On thy fair bosom, crystal lake,
Reflects the forest and the wild,
Thy silver surface mirrors make
For deers' sad eyes so clear and mild.

1



Bay Island

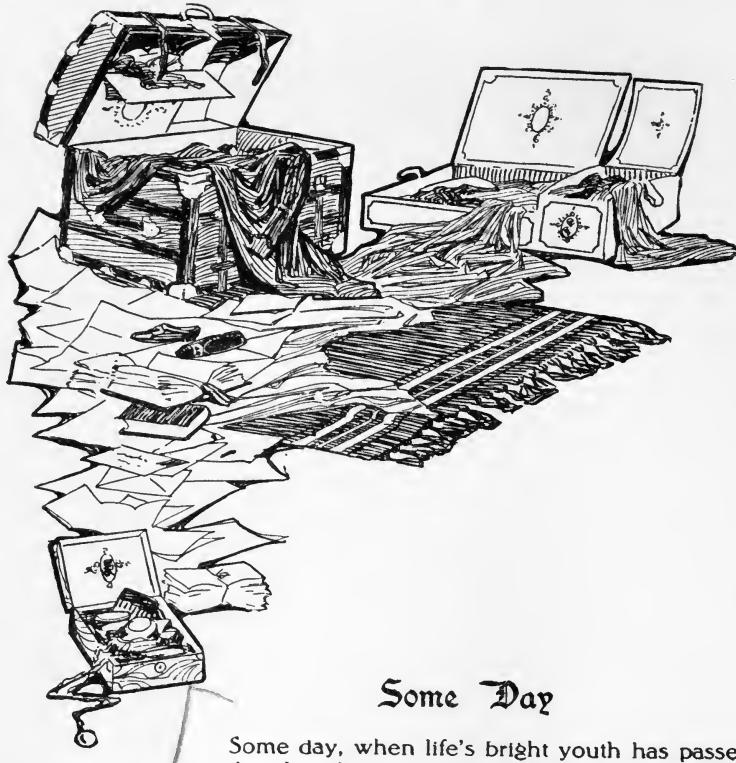
Rising from a mirrored surface
A tiny gem uplifts its crest,
To the earth not e'en a preface
In its compare could be so blessed.

At evening tide the glancing rays
In shadows deep enfold its crest,
Painting in crimson colored glaze
The waters smooth in which it rests.

The twinkling stars are laughing there
In beauteous garb transcendent,
Like diamonds set on bosom fair
They shine with a light resplendent

And glorious in the morning light
Viewed from this island fair to see,
The golden globe that shines so bright
Is pictured from this inland sea.





Some Day

Some day, when life's bright youth has passed
And lengthening days their shadows cast—
Our sun less bright, our sky less blue,
And friends we make seem far less true,
We then recall the missing heart
And mourn the hour we thus did part—
Some Day.

Youth's thoughtless days pass in review
And bring a blush to the cheek anew
For words repeat or thoughts unsaid
Whose import touched the heart that bled
And left an imprint on the mind
Recalled as cruel and unkind—
Some Day

A mother's smile illumed our way
Her love so sure made bright the day
Which mingling with each passing thought
A gladness to each hour was brought
To sweeten life and lighten care
Bringing to us brightness rare—
Some Day

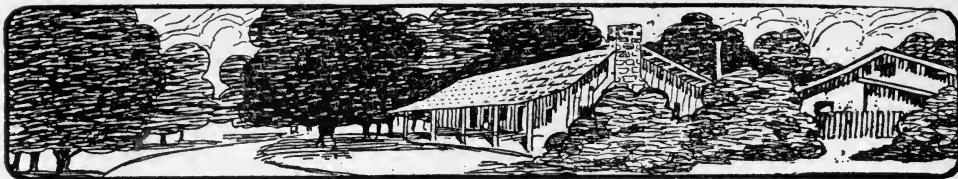




We cherish most in word and thought
Affection's care and precepts taught
When life's meridian has been passed
And duty's beacon shines at last
To show us self and error's way,
Correct our life, improve our stay—
Some Day.

Some day we'll see through gates ajar,
The radiant light that shines afar
A guiding star that led us there
Revealing then the golden star
On which we set our weary feet
To reach with joy those realms so sweet—
Some Day.

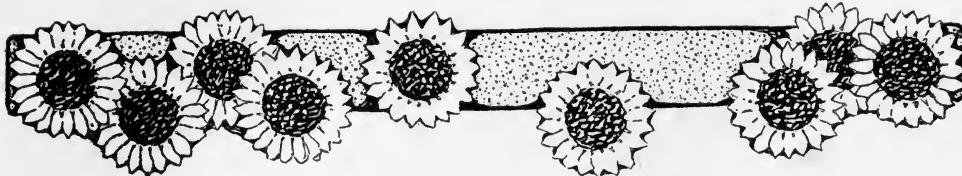




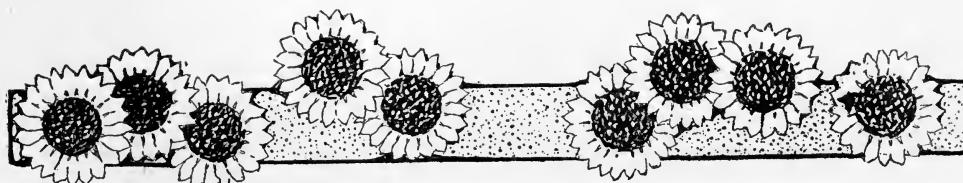
We'll Keep the Old Farm

Daddy, I 'low we'll keep the place—
We've camped here, you and me,
Upon this tater patch of ounr—
Let's stay here where we be.
You 'lowed I'd likely sell it, onct,
To Huntington or Munn,
And take the dough that we have saved
And have some togs and fun;
To go to live in Angelus
And grub on oyster stew,
To have an auto, grand, you bet,
And spin the country through.
I'm 'feared our heads will go to swell
As fast as autos go,
'Pears like it doesn't come to me
We ought ter sell her so.
I love the two-horned critter great,
The chickens in the yard,
The ducks, and geese, and hens about,
And pigs that squeal so hard.





The bright yellow sunflowers—round
That blossom by the road
To shelter in their shade so cool
The lizard, snake and toad.
I 'low 'tis broad as it is short
This chicken coop and farm,
'Twill hold us tight together Pa
And oughten of all harm.
Our childers we have raised out here,
They've growed and gone away
'Cept one wee babe we laid to rest—
With her we're bound to stay.
'Pears like we cannot leave that spot
Just over by the wood,
With posies growin' on the mound
Near where the chestnut stood.
I reckon we'll not sell the farm,
Our home and old cow's moo,
But comb the hayseed outn our hair
And keep the old place through.





Resurgam

Think not thy soul in gloom is lost
Whose life is dimmed by earth's dark clay
Soul-strength, to heal the fever tossed,
Is given those who will obey.

Christ healed the sick in days gone by,
His power made the blind to see,
From mind to mind the sacred tie
Cleansed them from sin and set them free.

Why think of earth when heaven's near,
Transcendent in its holy calm
To raise aloft without one fear
Our hearts, to feel its healing balm ?





Why lend our thoughts to darkening shade,
Obscure our paths with tear and sigh,
When upward looking, we are bade
To seek our wisdom from on high?

Should not our mind in warm desire,
Reflect its power on this frame,
Till earth and heaven us inspire
To cure the sick, and heal the lame?

What so beauteous as the light
That brightens darkness into day,
Bringing happiness to the sight
Of those whom death hath marked for prey?

Hope's fruition to us is given
To banish doubt and lingering pain,
Curtains of despair are riven
In health, like sunshine after rain.





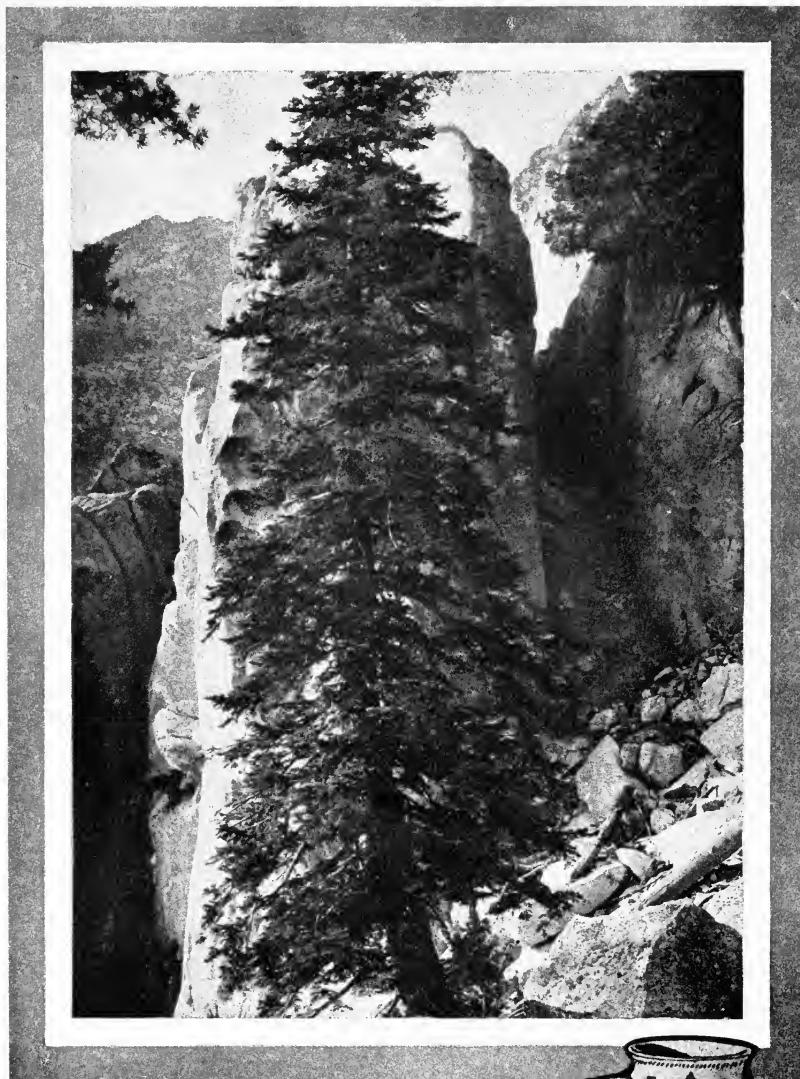
Our Governor

Behold the man armed for the fight,
Stand forth arrayed in armor bright;
No blemish stains his coat of mail;
To conquer as our chief we hail—
Our Governor.

“Stand for the right!” his motto reads;
All else is naught where’er he leads;
To do or die for truth or light
His voice is raised, his word is might—
Our Governor.



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Like bulwarks grand thy peaks have stood



Ping Pong

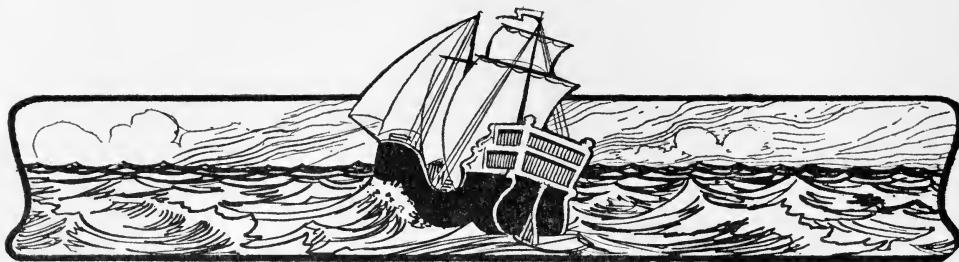
One streak of yellow and of white,
A flashing pet quick out of sight,
Now here, now there, now everywhere
He comes and goes and fills with care—
Our Ping Pong

Our neighbor's cat he trees alive
And minds us not though much we strive
To teach him else, and mend his ways,
Change his habits, prolong His days—
Our Ping Pong.

He takes a nip through trousers tight,
Grocer and ice men get a bite.
He is impartial in his likes,
He takes a nip and then he hikes—
Our Ping Pong.

Our little Fox he loves us well,
He goes not, comes not, at our yell,
But pleading eyes, mild as a dove,
Compel forgiveness and our love—
Our Ping Pong.



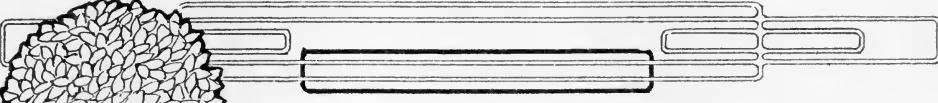


Our Mystic Life

It is when in deep dejection
That our thoughts in sad reflection
Backwards glance with sorrow blending
At the turning of the way—
When we, thorny paths are learning
And for absent ones are yearning
As life's storm clouds early gather
Over those so light and gay—
It is then with swift volition
Goaded on by our ambition
In the way our feet have chosen
We accept our weal or woe.

And we seek surcease of sorrow
In bright dreams of our tomorrow
As that many tinted prism
Lines our path with fragrant flowers
When this semblance us beguiling
Raises hopes and fosters smiling
As the phantoms quickly conjured
In this busy brain of ours—
Then we cease our constant roaming
And reflect in evening gloaming
On the mystic way of living
Unrevealed to human sight.



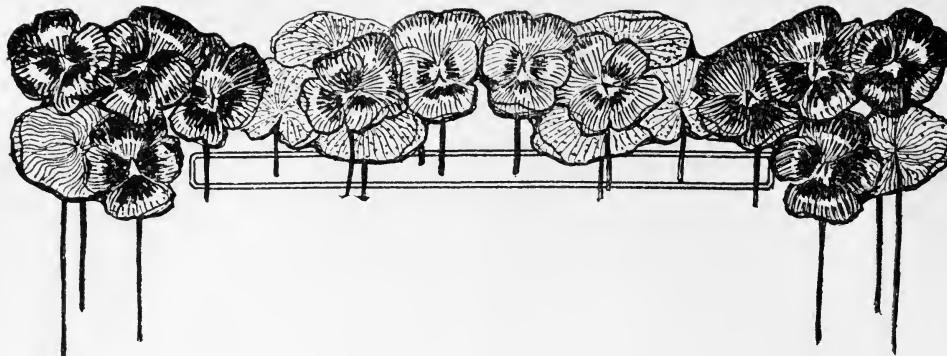


Entering life without our choosing
Every solace each refusing
For the darkness thus surrounding
Marks our helpless infancy—
Striving, struggling, for our being
Life enduring without seeing
Only hoping, working, praying
For a lamp to light our way—
Many on this highway turning
Student oil at midnight burning
Puzzling over life's unfolding
In the solving of the task.

Darkening clouds are slowly drifting,
Scenes of life are daily shifting
What is mortal ever moving
Moving constant, without rest?—
Doubtful still and still uncertain
Powerless yet to raise the curtain,
Plodding on and on forever
Knowing not what would be best—
Still are hoping, still pursuing
Daily fight and faith renewing
Till the storm clouds at last breaking,
Through the rift behold the sun.

As a token steady shining
Storm clouds have a silver lining
Unperceived by human seeing
It shines bright the other side—
Hope eternal never dying
Cease our sadness, cease our sighing
As the rift thus opens wider
And reveals the spirit guide—
Ever pointing, ever beckoning
As our mortals lose our reckoning
In the darkness that surrounds them
Pointing to the star above.





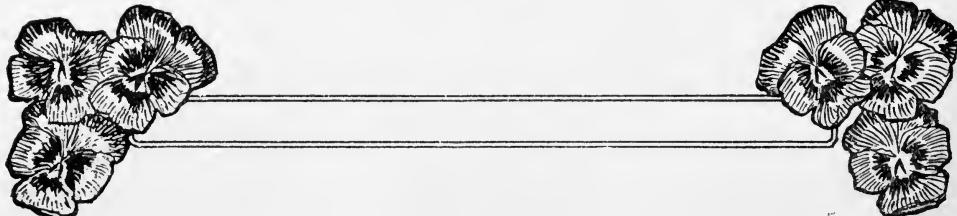
Why?

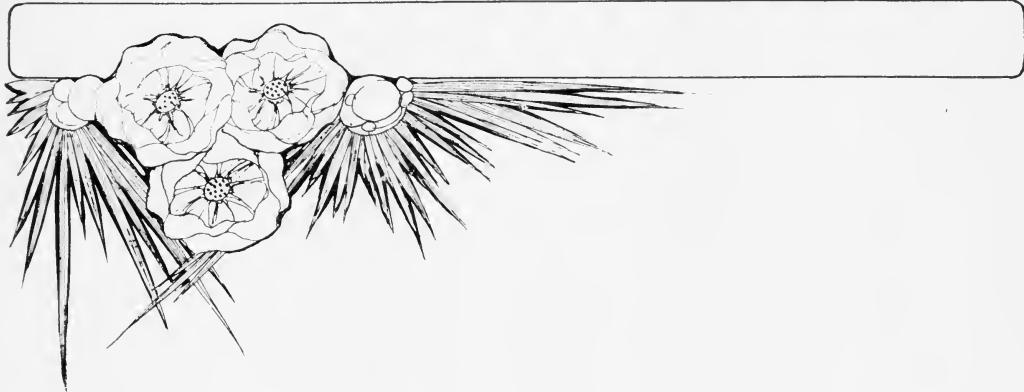
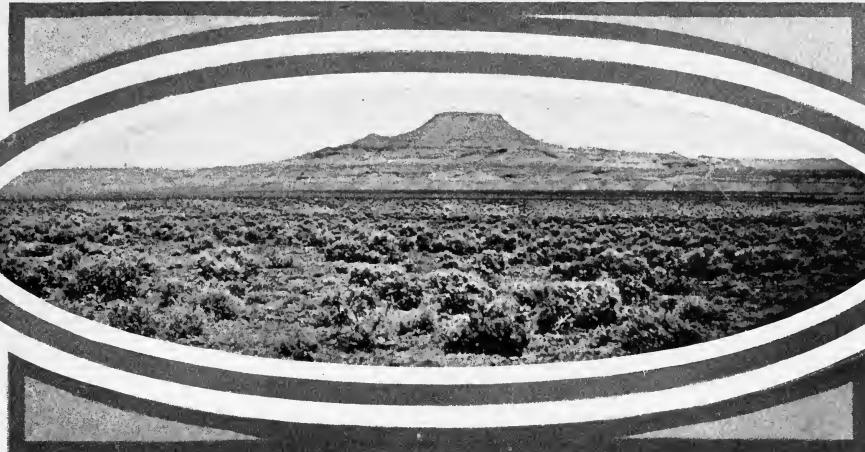
Why in nature should we cherish
What in human life must perish,
Filling all our thoughts with sorrow
Till the great doom of tomorrow—
Why?

Why ambition's ceaseless struggle,
Why with life forever juggle,
Scheming, working, with thoughts intense,
When so soon we must go hence—
Why?

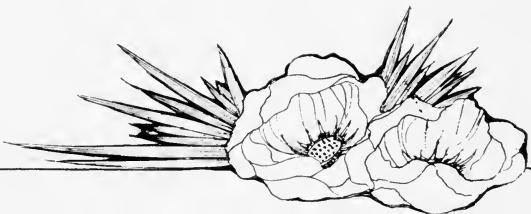
Why must youth and strength be squandered
Waiting future pleasures pondered,
Till the joys of life have vanished
And gray hairs our heads have garnished—
Why?

Why should we mourn the fleeting days
Or sadly on their twilight gaze
When life at most is but a span,
Its measure taken as began—
Why?





Lone sentinel of the plains
Majestic and grand
Beacon of faith and of hope
In every land.





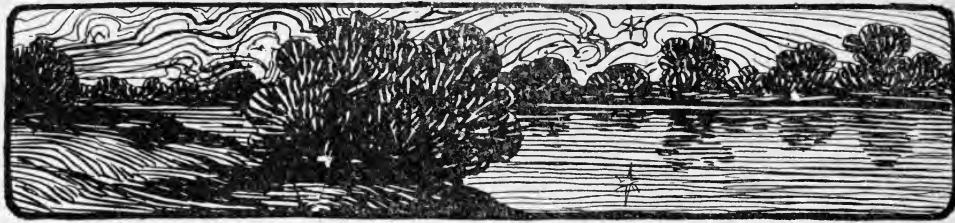
Florence

Thy magic touch sweet sounds evolve
Drawn from a mystic unknown sprite
Where ether souls inspire resolve.
In beings born from mystic light.

Sweet music sounds thy tuneful worth,
With dulcet tones it swells thy voice,
In perfect accord from thy birth
It dwells with thee its loving choice.

Twice blest art thou with such a friend
True, always true, from birth to death
Its blessings brighten to the end—
Thy comfort, with thy fleeting breath.

It wafts the spirit on its way,
In life or death it dries our tears,
Sweet cadence cheers in tuneful lay
Our earliest breath, our latest years.



A Single Star

The shade of night in sombre hue
O'erspread the Earth in mantle dark,
'Till evening light its curtains drew
And hushed the song of meadowlark.

The sky o'ercast with darkening clouds
Made deepest night intense in gloom,
'Till Nature in this mourning garb
Presented Life a living tomb.

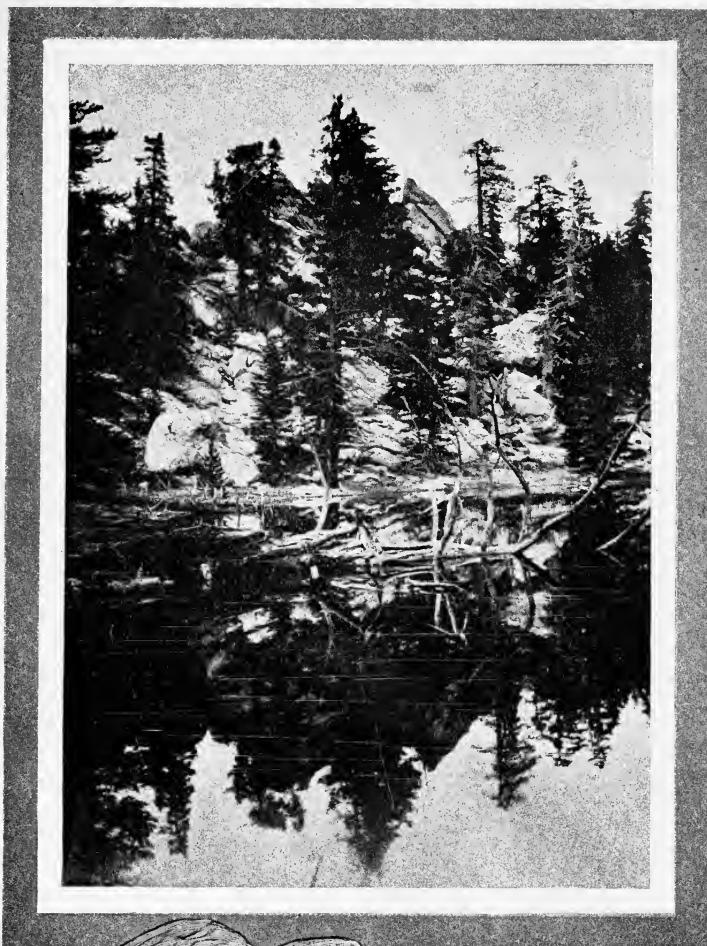
A stranger traveling on his way,
Overtaken by this dreary night,
Footsore and sad, with heavy step
Was plodding, weary, without light.

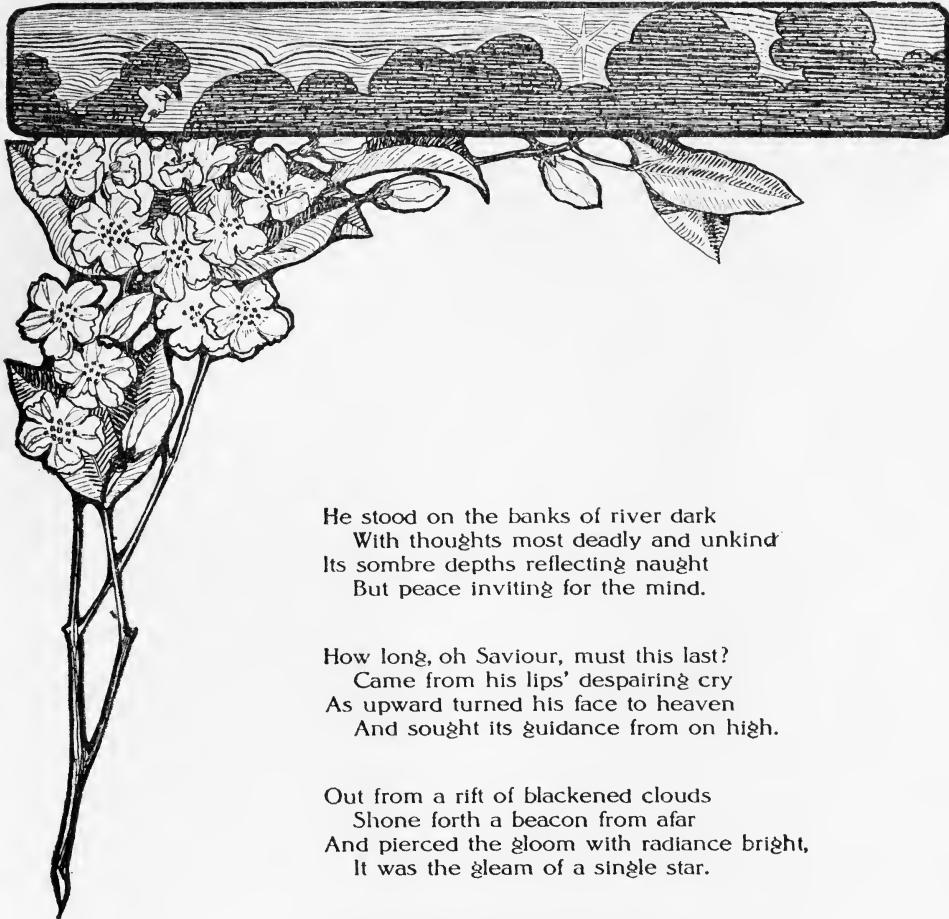
Dark thoughts and bad his mind entombed—
Fit emblem of the night o'erhead—
But deeper was its shade of gloom,
And darker were his hopes, near dead.

He groped and stumbled on his way,
Heedless, heartsick, and in despair,
Till life's dread burdens seemed too hard
For his sad soul, so weak, to bear.



1930





He stood on the banks of river dark
With thoughts most deadly and unkind
Its sombre depths reflecting naught
But peace inviting for the mind.

How long, oh Saviour, must this last?
Came from his lips' despairing cry
As upward turned his face to heaven
And sought its guidance from on high.

Out from a rift of blackened clouds
Shone forth a beacon from afar
And pierced the gloom with radiance bright,
It was the gleam of a single star.

This single star shone in his soul
Illumed a mind that ceased to roam,
Renewed his faith, his love, his joy,
Turning his quickened steps toward home.

It filled his heart with hope divine,
It shone in answer to his prayer,
From deep despond this single star
Freed his dark soul from sordid care.





Don't Know, Don't Care

If at times you know not what to do,
And burdens and cares obstruct your view,
Don't fret, but find a shady grotto,
And choose yourself this easy motto—
 Don't know, don't care.

When, in course of events, you see,
In spite of your plans, you're up a tree,
And your friends ask about your hoodoo,
Your answer give, like a stoic Sioux—
 Don't know, don't care.

If asked by some scholar, sage, or bard,
To perform what to you seems too hard,
Don't storm, or swear, or donate a lie,
But render them your quick reply—
 Don't know, don't care.



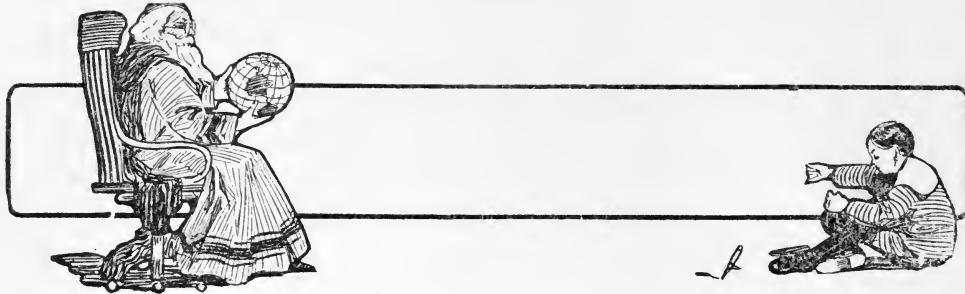


If things at times look black as a pall,
And you lose some sawdust from your doll,
Don't weep or wail till you get damp feet,
But all your friends^s with this motto greet—
Don't know, don't care.

If down on your luck, and things look black,
And your very best girl gives you the "sack,"
Don't rave, or sulk, or think things bad,
But sweetly say as though you were glad—
Don't know, don't care.

If you would find the philosopher's stone,
And through this world would go it alone,
Just make no moan, nor tell your woes,
But "spiel" to those who step on your toes—
Don't know, don't care.





Farewell

And now we say a long farewell
To time and to a mortal few
Who have not heard the tolling bell
Nor caught a glimpse of life anew—
Farewell.

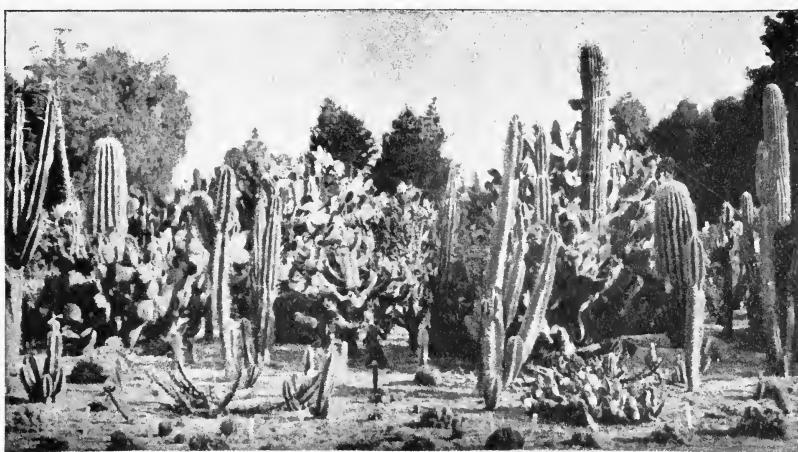
Farewell to scenes of childhood days
So fresh in youth and health and joy,
The highest hopes, the brightest rays,
Their imprint left without alloy—
Farewell.

Farewell ambition's harder road
In mature life we followed thee
Till heavy grew the weary load,
In value it has ceased to be—
Farewell.

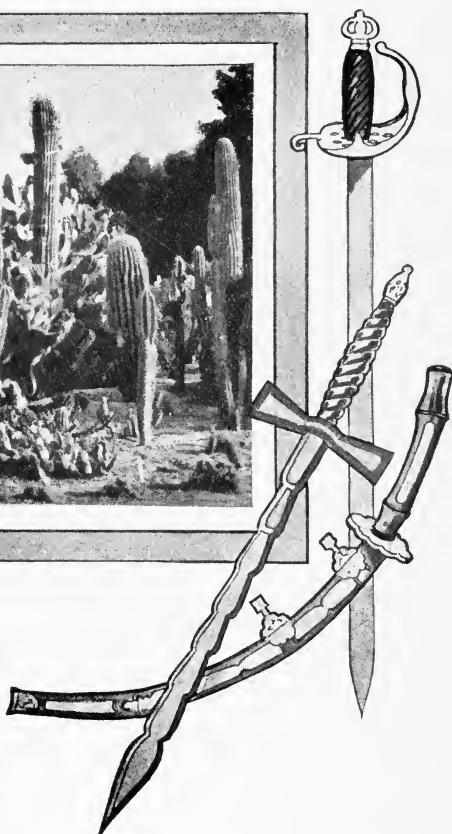
And now we bid a last farewell
To mourning friends and earthly strife,
Time's clock has struck our parting knell
That sounds for us another life—
Farewell.

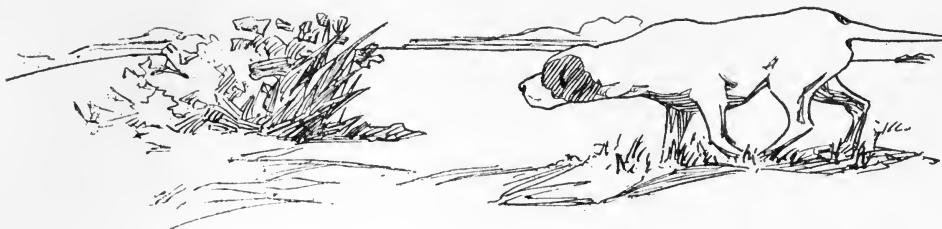


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"In the garden of the gods"
Thou art supreme.





Out Without a Gun

Isn't it strange what you can see
When hunting around for fun,
On the earth or up a tree,
When you're out without a gun?

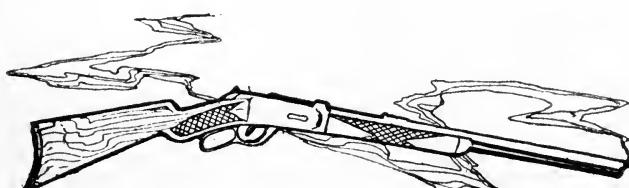
The dude struts upon the street
And he thinks he weighs a ton,
With his stare you'r bound to meet
When you're out without a gun.

Mashers try to catch the eye
Of each dimpled maid or nun
As you pass them with a sigh
That you're out without a gun.

The funny man, too, is out
Ready to inflict his pun
Upon every one about
When you're out without a gun.

The small bore gets your ear
And informs you he's undone,
Tells his troubles with a tear
When you're out without a gun.

Carry It sure every day
If you're hunting on the run,
Folks are gettng much too gay
When you're out without a gun.





Don't

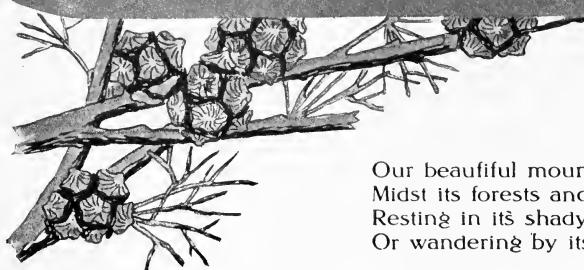
Don't think you are the only thing
With price so high that you must bring
Until your measure you have had
Outside the influence of your dad—
Don't.

Don't swell around with clothes so new
And really think you are a few
Till someone steps upon your corn
And makes you wish you were not born—
Don't.

Don't storm and scold when things go wrong
Or sing all day a doleful song
Till life a burden you can make
And all your friendship thus you break—
Don't.

Don't talk and talk and talk some more
Till every living thing you bore
To hear no thing but your own voice
And give your friends no other choice—
Don't.





Our beautiful mountain home,
Midst its forests and cliffs we roam,
Resting in its shady nooks
Or wandering by its dashing brooks.

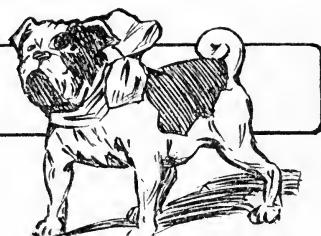
Our Jack

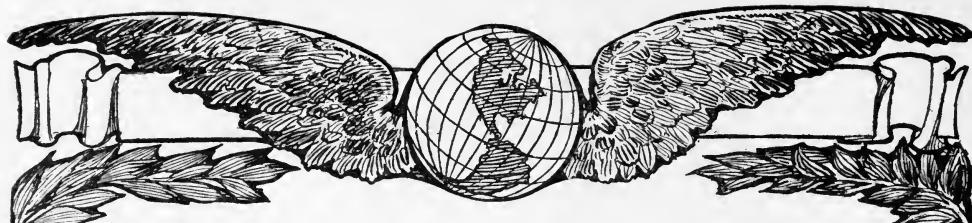
Old sturdy, stubborn, honest Jack,
Whose pedigree dates from 'way back,
A Pug who came to us one day,
Liked us so well he was bound to stay.

And stay he did, and here he is,
Attending strictly to his biz,
To sleep and eat, and sleep again,
Through sunshine, heat, in cold and rain.

He wants his way, and wants it bad,
Won't budge an inch if he is mad,
But never misses three square meals,
And to the cook for more appeals.

Enjoy this life, our poor old Jack!
Eat heartily—let nothing lack—
For Mother Earth will be your bed,
And you will be a long time dead.





Tempus Fugit

On Time's fleeting magic wings
Swiftly are we borne along,
To the end it nearer brings
Till we join the greater throng.

Youth's high hopes and higher aims
Brook no waiting or delay,
All the present seems so tame
But the future bright and gay.

Onward, forward to the end,
Youth makes joy and life so bright,
Speeding feet our fancy lends,
Brighter grows the future light.

Chasing fast the will-o'-wisp
By ambitions fevered flight,
From the time of baby lisp
Till our hair is snowy white.

Retrospection we have none
Till the end is brought too near,
Turning then, one star alone
Bids us onward without fear.

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Screened from our view
the sad eyed doe
Stood in hiding from
fancied foe.

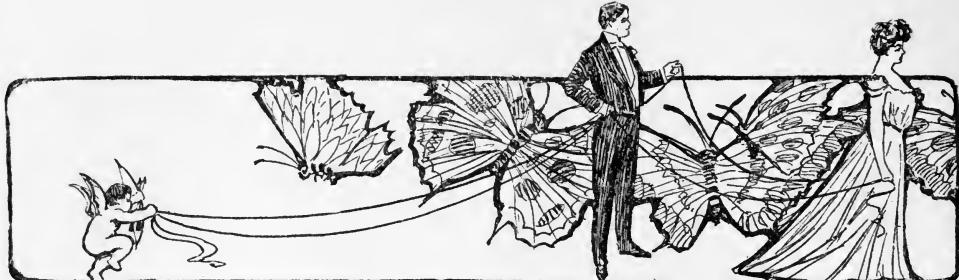


A Mother's Love

A mother's love so deep, so pure,
In every home it shines so bright,
Nothing on earth one half so sure,
Affection's guide to virtue's might.

In times of stress it never fails,
In arms secure through infant days.
To sympathy that boyhood hails
In mother's love and mother's gaze.

Her loving life a blessing brings,
Though many years she's passed and gone
Bright halo 'round her memory clings—
An echo of her cheery song.



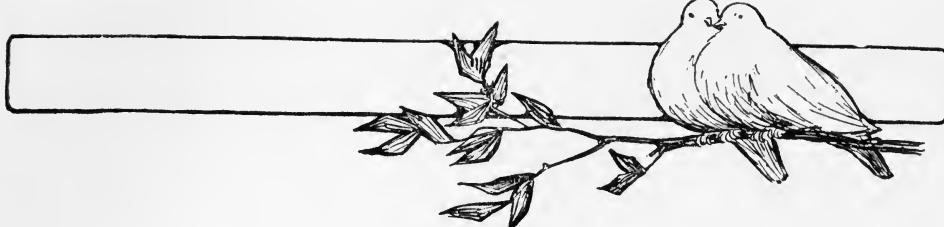
Engaged

Kind friends and neighbors, one and all,
Wherever you may be,
Extend we you our friendly call,
Our lives that you may see.

Warnings from you are somewhat late
In our earthly venture
Together we accept our fate,
Please us do not censure.

Your good will do we much desire
On life's uncertain road,
Your thoughts we very much admire
To help us bear our load.

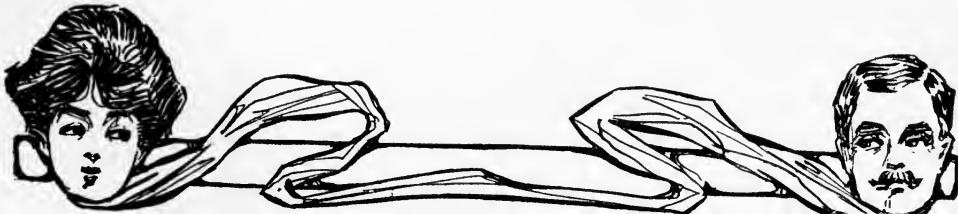




With snares and traps our way is strewn
On which we think there's more,
We've learned from our kind friends the tune
In modern old folks' lore.

Look then on us with kindly eyes,
Weigh us not harsh measure,
We'll sing to you in mournful sighs
Thoughts that may give pleasure.

Thanks for your book with thoughts replete
Of things we had not known,
Between its covers thoughts complete
You tell us what we've sown.





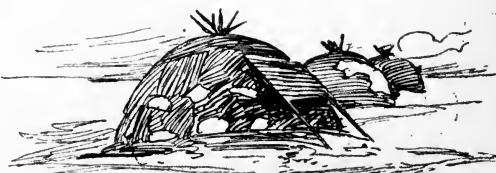
Home

Home is where affection lies,
On any land or sea,
It is where the heart string ties,
No matter where it be.

Love in hovel makes our home
When heart is warm and true
It is anywhere we roam
Or dwell with loving few.

Not riches nor palace grand
Can take affection's part,
It rules the brave in every land
When home is in the heart.

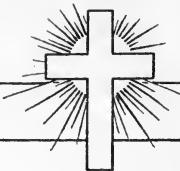
The humble loving roof tree
Is home in every place
The heart beats loyal and free
Throughout eternal space.





Neath the wide spreading vine
Where the tropic flowers bloom
The tendril blossoms twine
O'er this devoted home.

The romance of a life
Was written neath its shade,
Recording work and strife,
In this beauty-bowered glade.



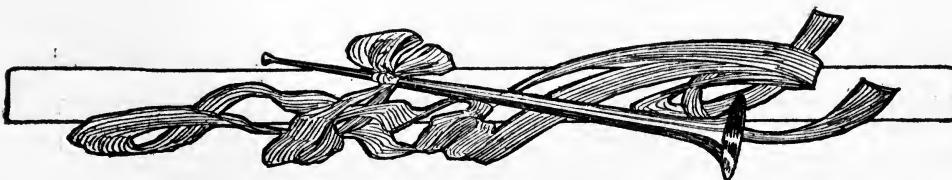
Shall We Meet Again?

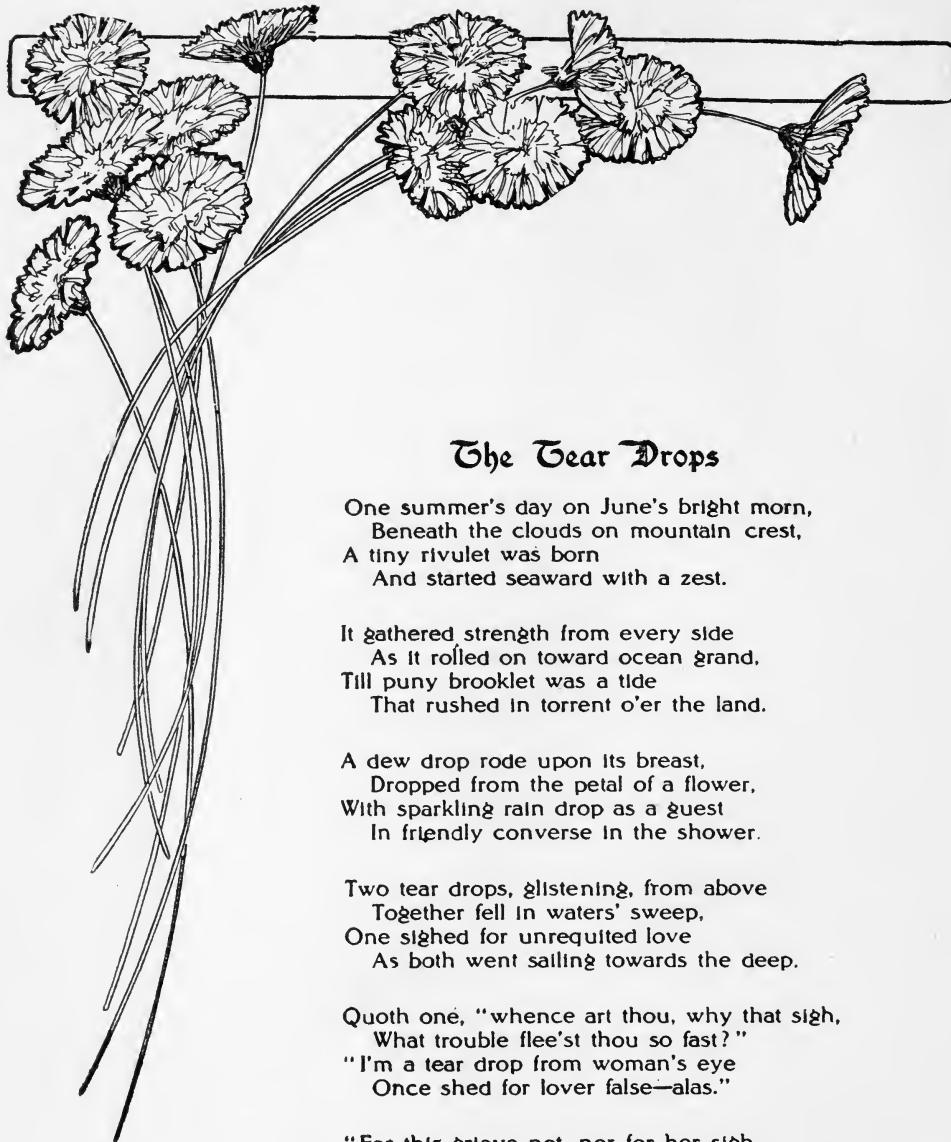
After life's fever of physical unrest;
Parting from living friends, loving and best,
After earth's sunlight has faded from our eyes
And we've severed forever all earthly ties,
Shall we meet again?

Is the upward struggle that we have bravely made
Through sorrow and disaster in every grade,
From bright, hopeful youth to the confines of age,
That happens to all, the pauper, bard or sage
To end in despair?

Can we not be sure when this life is ended
That our living soul in future is blended
With a bright joyous life to live forever,
Through eternity's unending endeavor,
Is open to us?

Let the craving of the heart in its desire,
Give the answer supreme to that we aspire
And the sweetness of life remain with us all,
Till the trumpet of Gabriel sounds its last call,
We shall meet again.





The Tear Drops

One summer's day on June's bright morn,
Beneath the clouds on mountain crest,
A tiny rivulet was born
And started seaward with a zest.

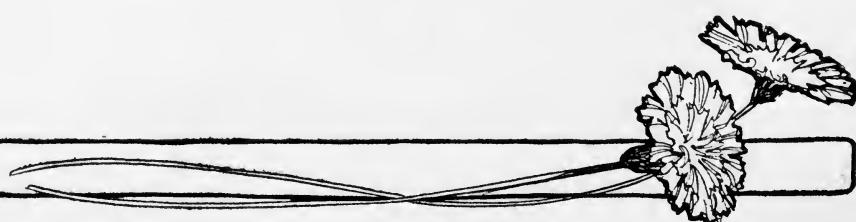
It gathered strength from every side
As it rolled on toward ocean grand,
Till puny brooklet was a tide
That rushed in torrent o'er the land.

A dew drop rode upon its breast,
Dropped from the petal of a flower,
With sparkling rain drop as a guest
In friendly converse in the shower.

Two tear drops, glistening, from above
Together fell in waters' sweep,
One sighed for unrequited love
As both went sailing towards the deep.

Quoth one, "whence art thou, why that sigh,
What trouble flee'st thou so fast?"
"I'm a tear drop from woman's eye
Once shed for lover false—alas."

"For this grieve not, nor for her sigh
That basely from her he tarried,
For I'm a tear drop from the eye
Of the woman that he married."





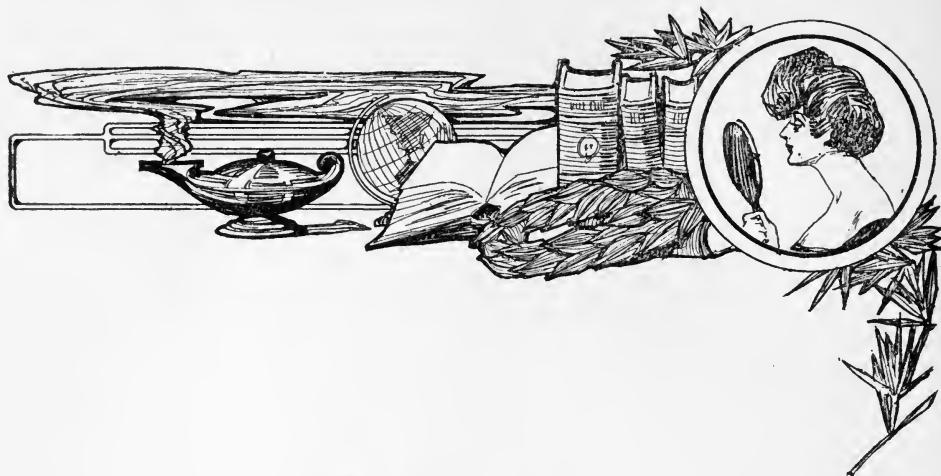
Through meadow and vale
This limpid streamlet goes
By hillside and dale
Its sparkling water flows.



The Old Mission

Solemn and stately thy massive
structure stands
Like a lone sentinel guarding
surrounding lands,
Venerable in years, thy solemn
requiem tolls,
We praise thee for what thou art
to famished souls.

Beneath thy shadow ages have
come and gone,
Bringing to thy altars a worshippin^g,
throng
To kneel, to praise and pray,
and then to perish
Leavin^g but a memory, friends
to cherish.



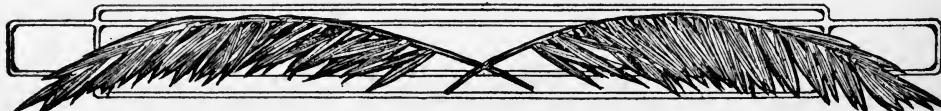
Know Thyself

One problem in life, the hardest to solve,
And struggle severe this task to evolve,
By efforts supreme that we must not shirk,
Through study incessant and sturdy work—
Thyself to know.

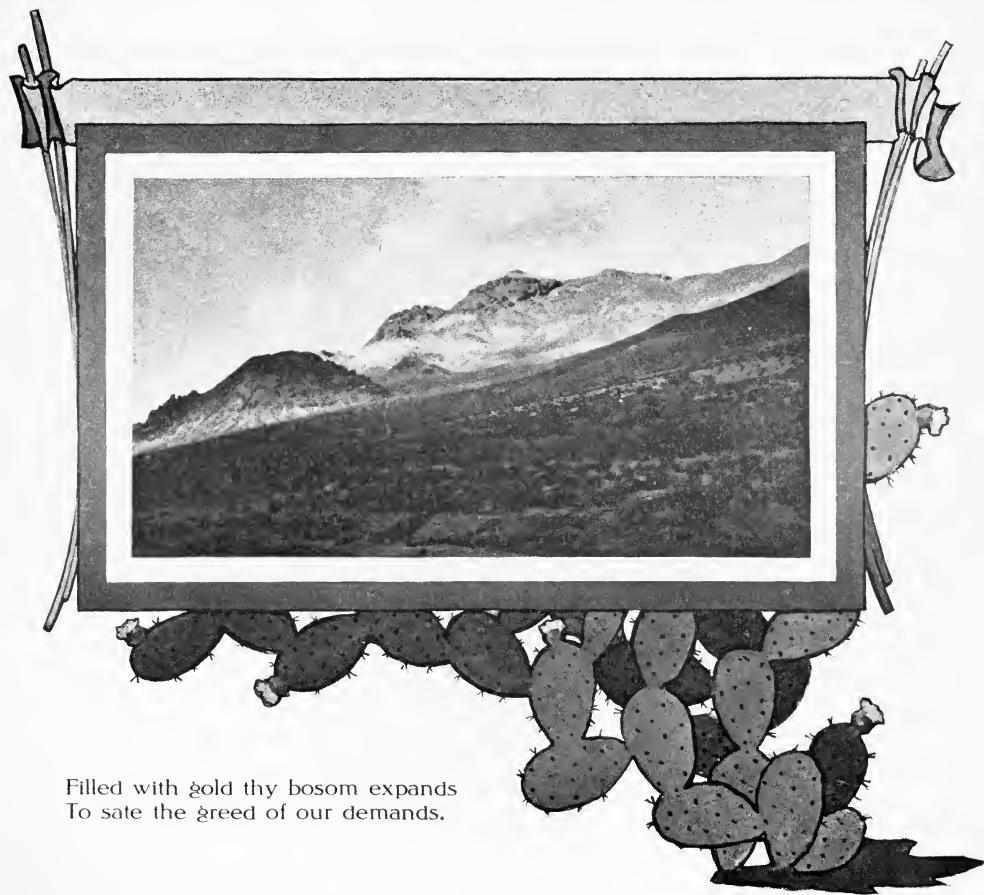
Our acquaintance with great men may be small,
With those in high places just none at all,
Yet wisdom that counts in this "vale," forsooth,
Is knowledge obtained by the way of truth—
Thyself to know.

You may study events from morning till night,
Absorb all the wisdom there is in sight,
But always be sure there is one thing to do,
Make knowledge complete thy task through and
through—
Thyself to know.

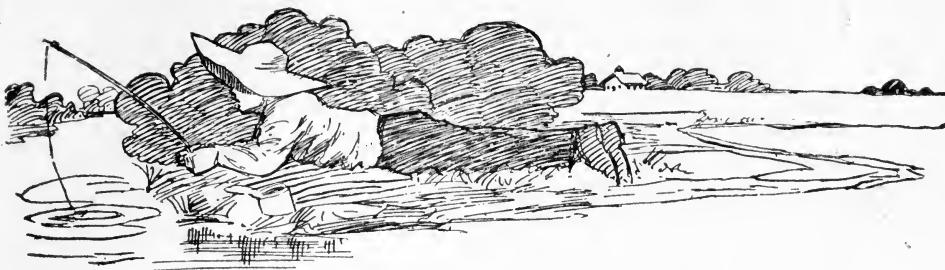
All other knowledge, though useful, 'tis true,
May assist you to pass life's journey through,
Yet no one thing can for a moment compare
In wisdom acquired, with quality so rare
Thyself to know.



Up, up, up
Up, up, up,



Filled with gold thy bosom expands
To sate the greed of our demands.



Youth's Arrogance

Behold the rising sun of youth,
Disdainful of maturer age,
Careless of knowledge, fact or truth,
And greater than wise bard or sage.

He liveth once, and only once,
In age self-confident and bold,
From brilliant youth to stupid dunce
He's seldom left out in the cold.

Could nature better them endow
The power to conquer each his fate
Than plant within their bosom now
This buoyant mood, this hopeful state.

Forgive, then, arrant self-conceit,
Or cover fault with charity's cloak,
When only nature's laws repeat
Youth's weapon for successful stroke.





The Yuletide

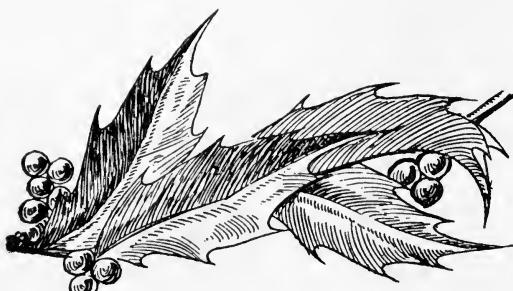
In each of our lives, the ebb and flow
Comes to us here,
Sometimes a caress, sometimes a blow—
Each brings a tear.

The tide is moving, it will not wait
On our delay,
The tick of a clock decides our fate—
It brooks no stay.

Our youthful hope the yuletide of life
Is with us then,
It passes us by in worldly strife—
We know not when.

We still hear a rustling wing ahead,
It leads us on;
So others will by its token be led
When we are gone.

May youth and hope long with you remain
And Yule abide,
Its sunshine and joy be your refrain
A Christmas tide.





These snow capped peaks
That pierce the sky
Are sturdy guards
On mountains high



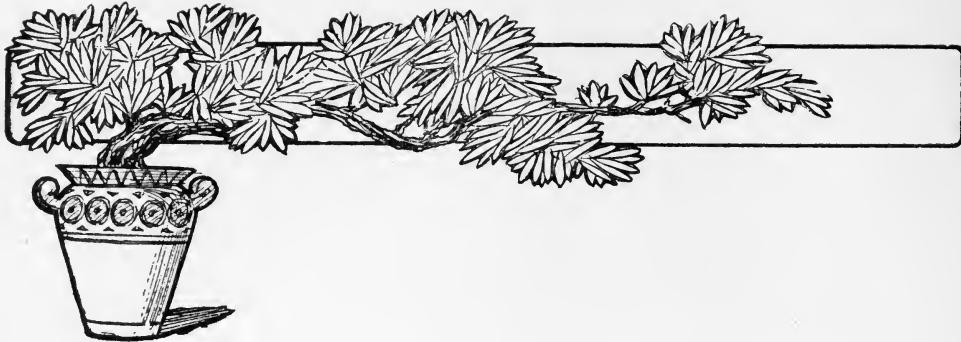
Somewhere

Somewhere or other, perhaps beyond present human sight,
Or hidden from our view, unsought, through mental stress unknown—
Obscure, almost forgotten by us, a lingering light—
Burns silently, like a twinkling star over tropic zone,
Our beacon light.

Somewhere, perhaps above the storm clouds under the shining sun,
Or buried beneath earth's cooling crest in fruition state;
May opportunity meet us then in efforts begun,
To reach our destiny yet unseen, tempting now our fate—
In mortal sight.

Somewhere, sometime, seeing from afar in wonder knowing,
We have reached the parting of the ways in life's short story—
Where, meeting face to face, rejoicing with heart still glowing,
Our destiny opens to our sight, a scene of glory
Is here at last.





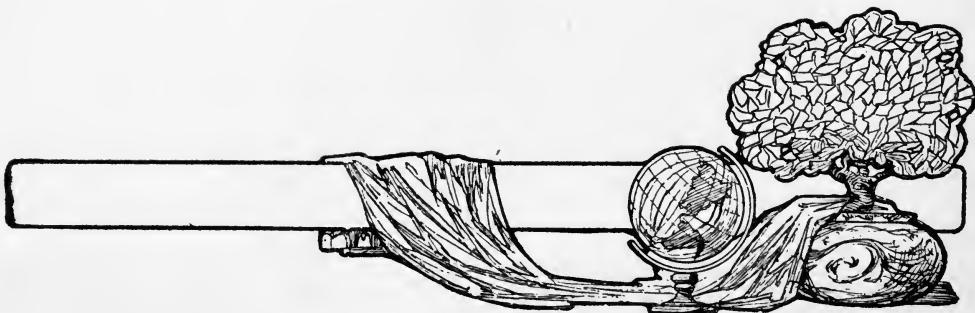
Metaphysis

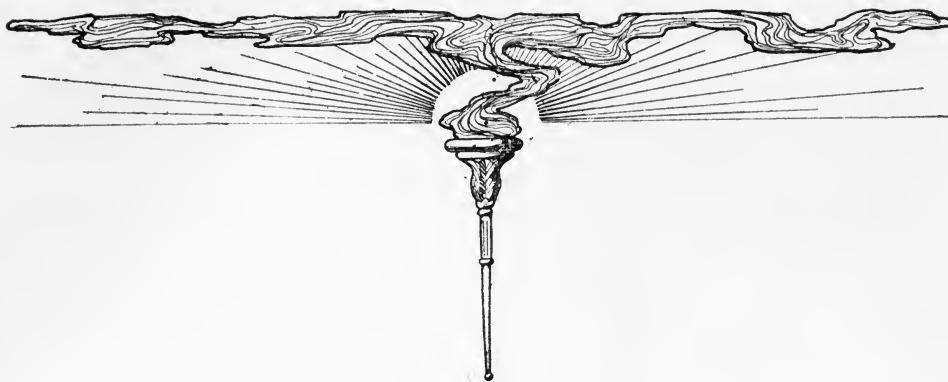
Could we with psychic gift bestowed
Divine Inspection make,
Unveiling curtained heavens around
Celestial view to take—

Or backward turning, ages eon
Eternity's cycle see
Where pictured in heaven's starry light
Past, present and future be—

There, listening, hear with bated breath
The music of the spheres,
Till harmony of sight and sound
Dispel our earthly fears.

Then visions dimmed by human touch
Translucent ether seem
And hidden mysteries of darksome
Path in brightness beam.





Till life eternal for the soul
In presence manifest,
Its guiding star our way illumines
And turns us to the best.

What then behold with visions clear
That we in darkness sought;
What mystic tangle there unveiled
Through knowledge here untaught?

From doubting souls, midst earthly scenes,
To worlds of dazzling light,
While myriad bright resplendent rays
Flash splendor on our sight.

Could we but know what then would show
Our heritage from birth,
We'd sing in rapturous melody
Sweet songs of joy and mirth.





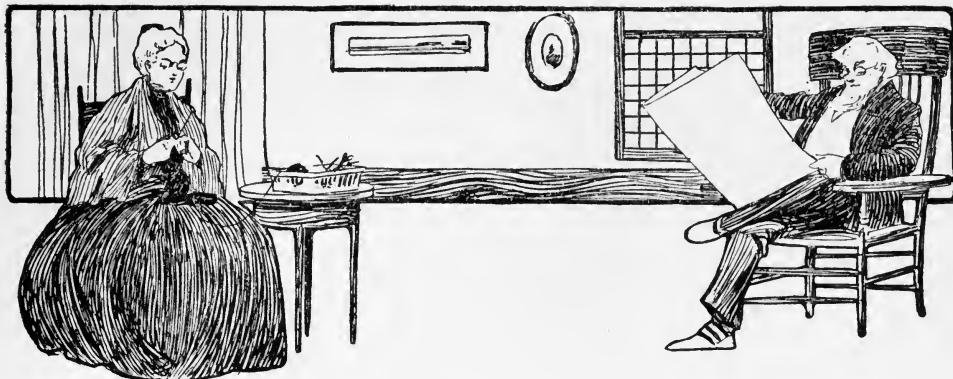
In the Twilight

In the twilight when the sombre shadows
Lengthen neath the trees
And the ever flitting fireflies glimmer
Through the trembling leaves—
When the feathered songsters, nesting, twitter
Soft their good night trill,
And the denizens of nature each
Prepare a rest tranquill

I have lingered in the twilight,
Thinking sadly of the past,
And recalled in musing memory
Faces thronging thick and fast,
As I pondered scenes of childhood
Opened to my vision clear,
And I saw as in a mirror
Happy faces once so dear.

Faces long since gone before us
And in visions only seen,
In affection's fond remembrance
Loved ones keep that memory green;
Faces smiling full in gladness,
Faces with a sunny gleam,
And those faces full of sadness
Which the future may redeem.





In my mother's smiling face is seen,
By memory's mystic sight,
The radiant beam of simple life
A'tuned to mundane light—
hear her charming voice resound
In harmony sweet and clear
That carries me through reflection's way
To scenes in memory dear

And I long with sighs of sadness
For the power them to recall,
To efface each word of harshness
And with love replace them all,
For down low within my bosom,
Where the heart throbs gently beat,
Stern regret's slow poison pierces
And its wound is long and deep.

And the twilight shadows deepened
As I mused in memory's light
When the darkness of the shadow
Warned me of approaching night,
Then I thought of time before me
And of all the time that's past
Till my faith soared onward, upward,
And reached its haven at last.



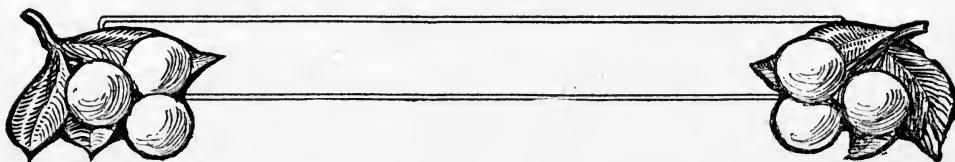


Dearest

Do I love thee? Ask in vain
If the flowers love the rain,
And the echo from a heart
That is broken when we part
Sounds the answer strong and true
That is given to but you.

Do I love thee? Ask again
If the sunshine and the rain
Bring the perfume all so sweet
To the flowers at thy feet,
And the answer is to know
That their sweetness tells thee so.

Do I love thee? Let thy heart
Give the echo as we part
By affection's strongest tie
That for thee was born on high,
And my love thou didst not sue,
Dearest, take it, strong and true.

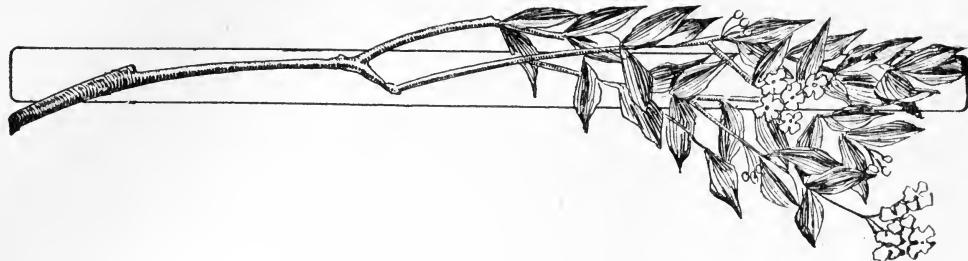


1888, 1889
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Calm and peaceful is thy bower
'Neath the shade of forest trees,
Bordered by both tree and flower,
Gently kissed by summer breeze.





Myrtle

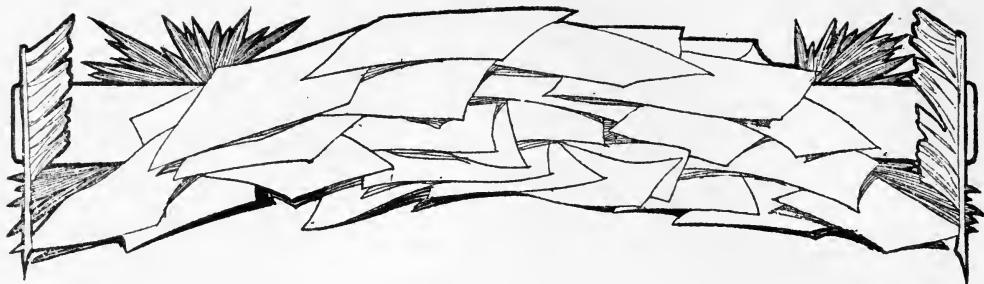
Sweet fragrance in the air
Thy name suggests,
So beautiful and fair
All must caress.

Thy namesake fresh and green
In morning light,
In dainty robe—I ween
A charming sight.

Though modest all admire
Its dainty glow,
You only can aspire
This charm to know.

Sing then, O Muse, the name
In dulcet song,
For it doth just the same
To each belong.





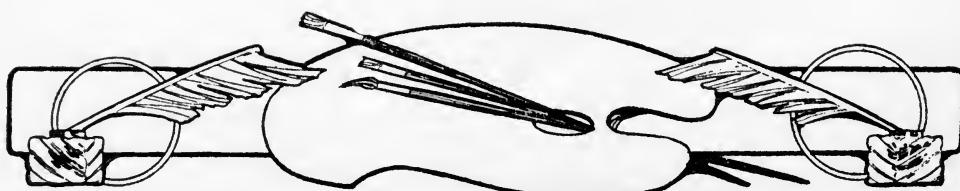
Dreamland

Who in fancy has not wandered
Through the silent dreamland maze,
And in waking has not pondered
On the scenes that met our gaze?

Such discordant thoughts are roaming
Through these wearied brains of ours,
As we sleep within the gloaming,
Dreamland taxing all our powers.

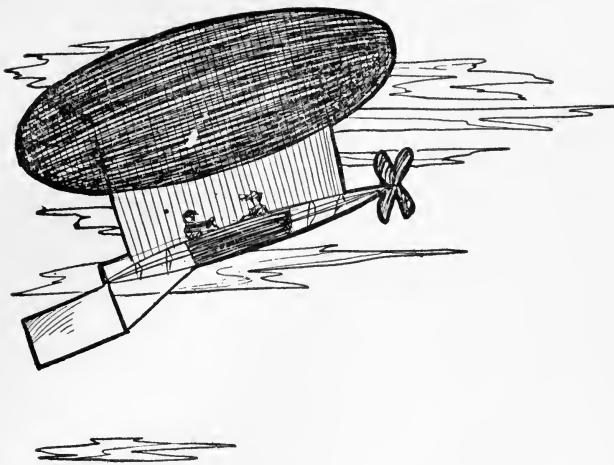
Night dreams, chasing us in childhood,
In fantastic garb appear,
Day dreams, waiting us in manhood
With their laughter, joys and tears.

In all countries and all ages
We are dreaming time away,
To the highest bards and sages
Dreamland brings the brightest lays.





Neath cooling shade of graceful palm
Clothed in its verdure bright and green,
The sombre earth reposes calm,
In tropic beauty nature's seen.



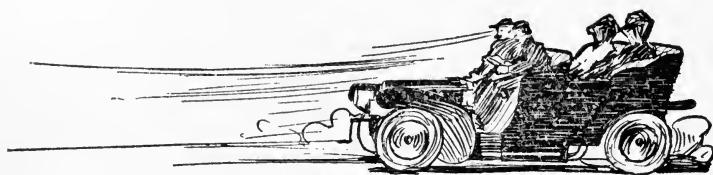
Contentment

“Man wants but little here below”
A swell automobile, or so
With a Rambler I’d be content
If nothing better to me is sent.

Should nothing else present itself
Plenty of “gelt” or other pelf
Would answer my warm heart’s desire
Almost as well’s a “Thomas Flyer.”

A “Lansing Yacht” should fill the wish
With Sir Isaac’s tackle for the fish
To pass serene a summer’s day
And in the sunshine dreaming lay.

The one sure thing that will content,
And one on which my heart is bent,
A motor airship in the sky
In which with Betsy I could fly.

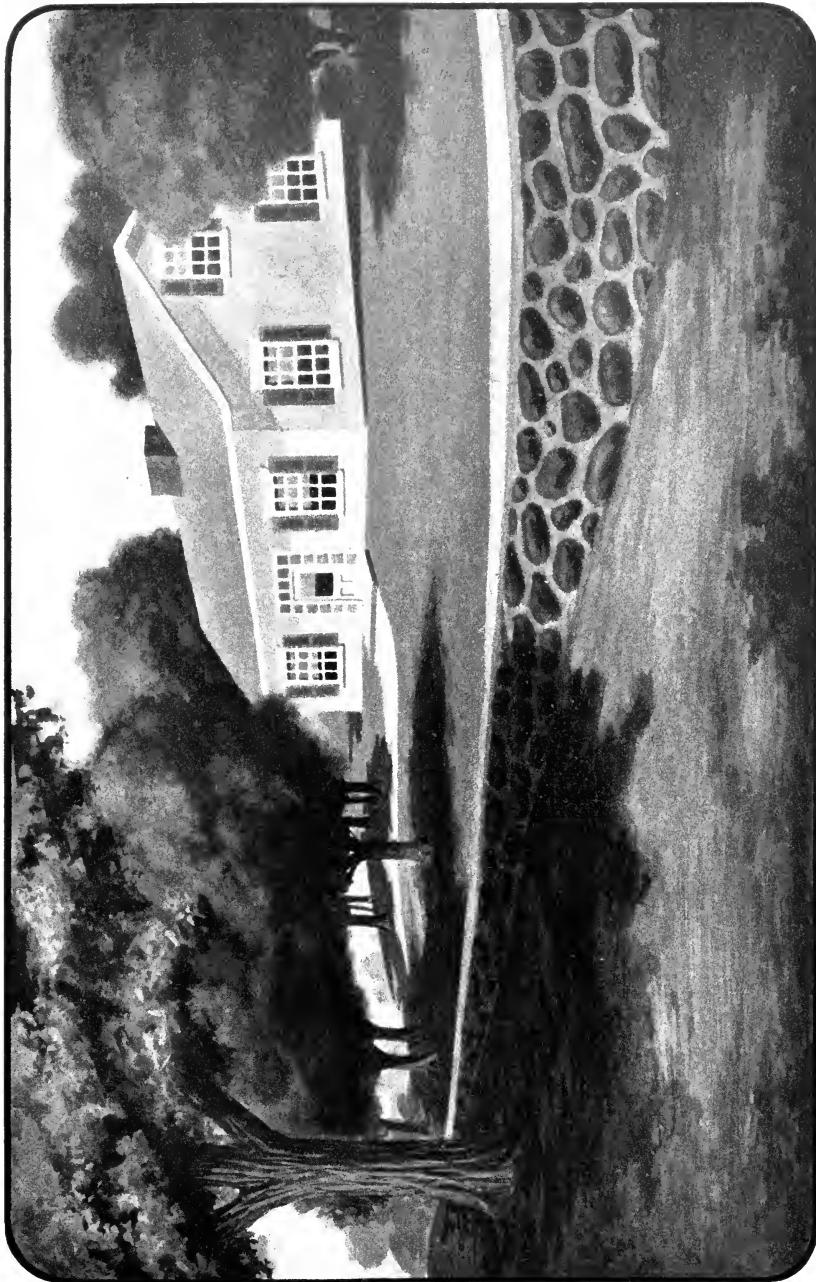




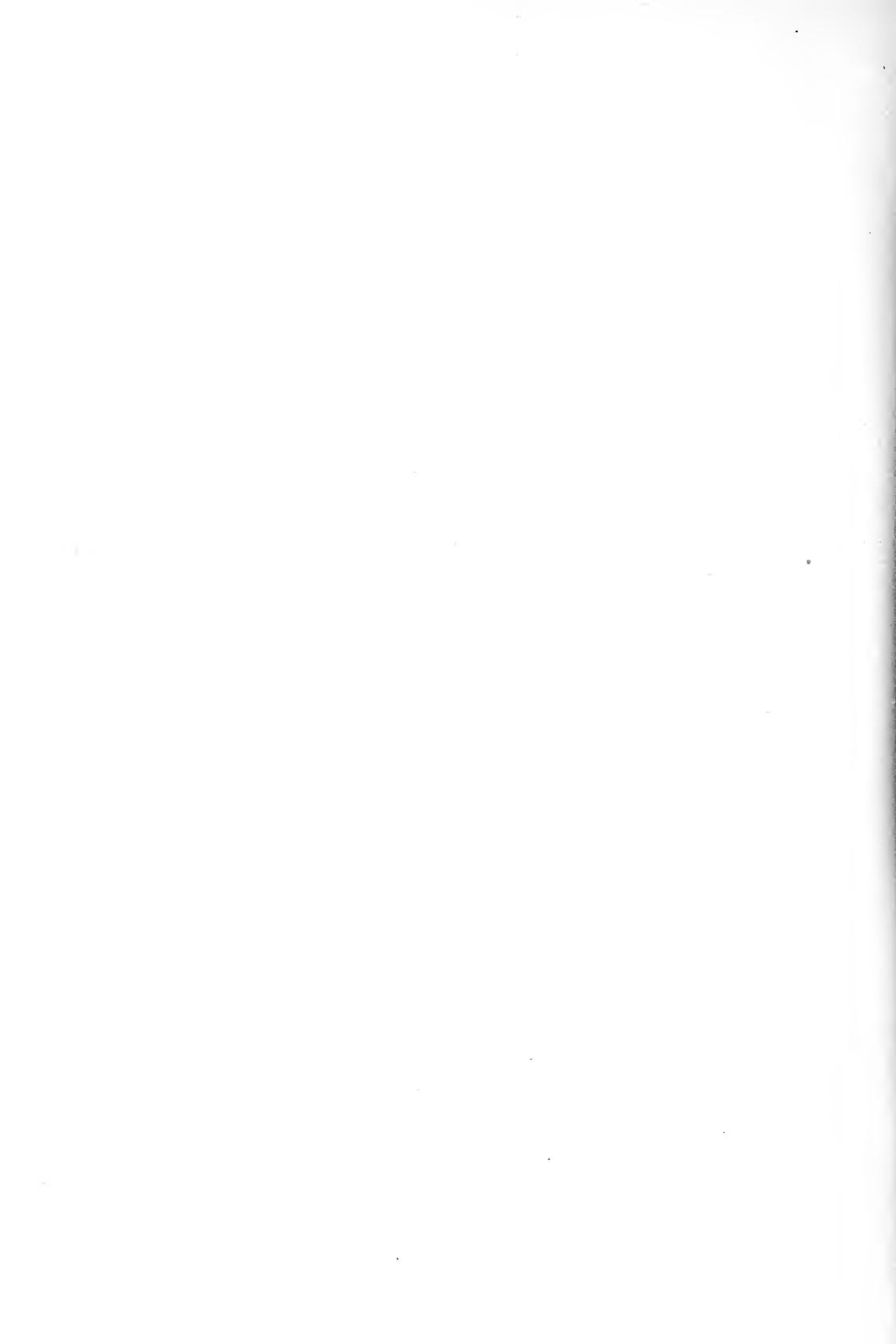
Good Night.

Good night, dear one, good night,
We part till morning light
Shall shine in brightning day,
By sun's resulgent ray.
Good night.

Good night, sweet heart of joy,
Pure gold without alloy,
I keep thus, while we part,
Thine image on my heart.
Good night.



“How dear to my heart
Are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection
Presents them to view.”



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